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Democracy Fights On

By Herbert Kaufman

GOD Himself cannot make an "ante statu quo" peace. The paths to Yesterday are irretaceable—the ruins that line them, irreplaceable. Yes; land can be returned, but who shall return their clean souls to seized women? What of the Lusitania and the towers of Louvain? How shall Spring be made to dance before blind eyes? How may the sweep of a pen decree Easter in Flanders and bid slain legions rise laughing from the sod?

"Ante statu quo!" Meaning, "Things just as they were."

Thus would the Prussian offer penance. Thus would we win the war and he the score. These are the terms on which he'd sheathe his hate.

Such a peace must all the more convince the German people of their superior quality and the superiority of their political system.

How can an uninvaded, prevailing empire, with still invincible armies on every front, be expected to repudiate leaders whom combined Christendom can't defeat.

Isolated, self-financed, self-nurtured, and terrifically outnumbered, Prussia may well read victory in a stalemate.

Peace with Junkerdom would be equivalent to a treaty with the Mississippi—and as futile. So long as outlaw rivers and races command old sources and follow old courses, both will break bounds at flood-tide.

Shall the cobra escape full-fanged? Shall the Rhine Monster live on to sow the world with dragon's teeth again? Shall the foul death of kinsmen on violated seas eternally stain our flag? Shall Mohammed's knife be left at Asia's throat? Shall Sedan's shame remain unwashed from French banners and ravished Belgium cry her debt in vain, while Hun and Turk ride free with sanguine hands and our hot, knightly oaths for loot?

Kaiser, though justice cost the half our blood and gold, we'll not have less! Democracy fights on.



DEVILS

By
Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Decoration by W.T. Benda

GOD made man, and man made devils—
All of earth's evils
Are shaped and molded by mortal thought.
Carelessly fashioned or carefully wrought,
Life after life and time on time.
Thought-forms grow into creatures of crime.
Roaming about in the regions of Mind,
Mischief to find.

Monstrous devils there are grown old
Through ages untold—
Devils old.

With sins repeated and unrepented,
Devils demented
By their own passions and lusts and greeds
Or by steady diets of moss-grown creeds.
History tells how these devils would boil
Their differing brothers in kettles of oil.
And we know how the Maid of Orleans fared!
Still, if they dared,

Devils there are who would do it again,
Stalking among us as sanctified men,
Bleating aloud of their love for God,

Yet using the rod
Or the scourge on some brother whose faith seems
too broad.

Imps of jealousy, envy, and spite
Grow into big devils, sometimes in a night—
Big, black, red-eyed devils of war,
Whom we all abhor.

W.T. Benda

S
There are feminine devils who must, I opine,
Have been mermaids or fishes, when seaward the swine
Ran over the cliffs and were drowned; but the legion
Of devils was saved, for it found in that region
Mermaids and jellyfish ready to give
All the comforts of home and to help them to live.

Then into forms human
Each came as a woman—
Delilah and Jezebel, Lilith and all—
Females who stand but that others may fall,
And females who gossip and stir up strife
And are thorns in the flesh of the neighborhood life.

But the worst type of all, of the many that roam
Abroad in the land, is the devil at home—
A narrow-souled mean little devil of self—
A petulant elf
Who smiles on the street, but at his (or her) board
Sits scowling or groaning or saying some word
That hurts those who hear it—
A mosquito-like spirit
That keeps up a buzzing and maddening hum,
And only is dumb
While sinking its sting into somebody's heart.

Oh, this is the devil who plays a large part
In the world everywhere; yet full often his voice
(Or hers) in the churches is heard to rejoice
Over certain salvation for those who "believe."
Alas, you poor devils, you cannot deceive
The God of the Universe. You will be driven
Straight out of his heaven
Back into the sea by the Christ as of old;
And you will behold
Your thoughts and your deeds coming back on yourself,
You mean little petulant home-spoiling elf.

God made man and man made devils,
But all earth's evils
Will wear themselves out as the cycles roll,
And nothing will live but the God in each soul.





She could visualize that interior as if she had only to turn the frame for the smell of wood fire and the snap of pine logs and for the scene of two high-back chairs and the wooden crib between

Bittersweet

By Fannie Hurst

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

least atoms of us? If not of the least, Gertie Slayback was of the very lesser. When she unlocked the front door to her rooming-house of evenings, there was no one to expect her, except on Tuesday, which evening, it so happened, her week was up. And when she left of mornings with her breakfast crumblessly cleared up and the box of biscuit and condensed-milk can tucked unsuspectingly behind her camisole in the top drawer, there was no one to regret her.

There are some of us who call this freedom. Again there are those for whom one spark of home fire burning would light the world.

Gertie Slayback was one of these. Half a lifetime of opening her door upon this or that desert aisle of hall bedroom had not taught her heart how not to sink, or the feel of daily rising in one such room to seem less like a damp bathing-suit donned at dawn.

The only picture, or call it atavism if you will, which adorned Miss Slayback's dun-colored walls was a passepartout snowscape, night closing in and pink cottage windows peering out from under eaves. She could visualize that interior as if she had only to turn the frame for the smell of wood fire and the snap of pine logs and for the scene of two high-back chairs and the wooden crib between.

What a fragile, gracile thing is the mind that can leap thus from nine Bargain-Basement hours of hairpins and darning-balls to the downy business of lining a crib in Never-Never Land and warming No Man's slippers before the fire of imagination!

There was that picture so acidly etched into Miss Slayback's brain that she could close her eyes in the slitlike sanctity of her room and, in the brief moment of courting sleep, feel the pink penumbra of her vision begin to glow.

Of late years, or, more specifically, for two years and eight months, another picture had invaded, even superseded, the old—a stamp-photograph likeness of Mr. James P. Batch in the corner of Miss Slayback's mirror, and thereafter No Man's slippers became number eight and a half C, and the hearth a gilded radiator in a dining-living-room somewhere between the Fourteenth Street subway and the Land of the Bronx.

How Miss Slayback, by habit, not gregarious, met Mr. Batch is of no consequence, except to those smug ones of us to whom an introduction is the only means to such an end.

At a six o'clock that invaded even Union Square with heliotrope dusk, Mr. James Batch mistook—who shall say otherwise?—Miss Gertie Slayback, as she stepped down into the wintry shade of a subway kiosk, for Miss Whodoesitmatter. At seven o'clock, over a dish of lamb stew à la White Kitchen, he confessed, and if Miss Slayback affected too great surprise and too little indignation, try to conceive six, nine-hour week-in and week-out days of hairpins and darning-balls, and then, at a heliotrope dusk, James P. Batch, in invitational mood, stepping in between it and the papered walls of a dun-colored evening. To further enlist your tolerance, Gertie Slayback's eyes were as blue as the noon of June, and James P. Batch, in a belted-in coat and five kid finger-points protruding ever so slightly and rightly from a breast-pocket, was hewn and honed in the image of youth. His the smile of one for

MUCH of the tragical lore of the infant mortality, the malnutrition, and the five-in-a-room morality of the city's poor is written in statistics, and the statistical path to the heart is more figurative than literal.

It is difficult to write stylistically a per-annum report of thirteen hundred and twenty-seven curvatures of the spine, whereas the poor specific little vertebra of Mamie O'Grady, daughter of Lou, your laundress, whose alcoholic husband once invaded your very own basement and attempted to strangle her in the coal-bin, can instantly create an apron-bazaar in the vestry-room.

That is why it is possible to drink your morning coffee without nausea for it over the head-lines of forty thousand casualties at Ypres, but to push back abruptly at a three-line notice of little Tony's, your corner bootblack's, fatal dive before a street-car.

Gertie Slayback was statistically down as a woman wage-earner, a typhoid case among the thousands of the borough of Manhattan for Nineteen-one, and her twice-a-day share in the three hundred and eighty-one million seven hundred and eighty-seven thousand and eighty-two subway-fares collected in the present year of our Lord.

She was a very atomic one of the city's four millions. But, after all, what are the kings and peasants, poets and draymen but great, greater, or greatest, less, lesser, or

whom Life's cup holds a heady wine, a wrinkle or two at the eye only serving to enhance that smile, a one-inch feather stuck upright in his derby hatband.

It was a forelock once stamped a Corsican with the look of emperor. It was this hat-feather, a cock's feather at that and worn without a sense of humor, to which Miss Slayback was fond of attributing the consequences of that heliotrope dusk.

"It was the feather in your cap did it, Jimmie. I can see you yet, stepping up with that innocent grin of yours. You think I didn't know you were flirting? Cousin from Long Island City! 'Say,' I says to myself, I says, 'I look as much like his cousin from Long Island City, if he's got one, as my cousin from Hoboken, and I haven't got any, would look like my sister if I had one.' It was that sassy little feather in your hat."

They would laugh over this ever-green reminiscence on Sunday park-benches and at intermission at moving pictures when they remained through to see the show twice. Be the landlady's front parlor ever so permanently rented out, the motion-picture theater has brought to thousands

of young city starvelings, if not the quietude of the home, then, at least, the warmth, and a juxtaposition and a deep darkness that can lave the sub-basement throb of temples and is filled with music with a hum in it.

For two years and eight months of Saturday nights,

each one of them a semaphore dropping out across the gray road of the week, Gertie Slayback and Jimmie Batch dined for one hour and sixty cents at the White Kitchen. Then arm and arm up the million-candle-power flare of Broadway, content, these two who had never seen a lake reflect a moon or a

slim fir pointing to a star, that life could be so manifold. And always, too, on Saturday, the tenth-from-the-last row of the De Luxe Cinematograph, Broadway's Best—Orchestra Chairs, fifty cents, Last Ten Rows, thirty-five; the give of velvet-upholstered chairs, perfumed darkness, and any old love-story moving across it to the ecstatic ache of Gertie Slayback's high young heart.

On a Saturday evening that already at the six-o'clock closing of Hoffheimer's Fourteenth Street Emporium was pointed with stars, Miss Slayback, whose blondness under fatigue could become ashy, emerged from the bargain basement almost the first of its frantic exodus, taking the place of her weekly appointment in the entrance of the Popular Drug Store

adjoining, her gaze, something even frantic in it, sifting the passing crowd.

At six o'clock, Fourteenth Street pours up from its basements, down from its lofts, and out from its Five and Ten Cent stores, shows, and arcades, in a great homeward torrent—a sweeping torrent that flows full-flush to the subway, the elevated, and the surface-cars, and then spreads thinly into the least pretentious of the city's homes. The five flights up, the two rooms rear, and the third floor back.

Standing there, this eager tide of the Fourteenth Street, thus released by the six-o'clock flood-gates, flowed past Miss Slayback. White-nosed, low-chested girls in short-vamp shoes and no-carat gold vanity-cases. Older men, resigned that ambition could be flayed by a yardstick. Young men, still impatient of their clerkships.

It was into the trickle of these last that Miss Slayback bored her glance—the darting, eager glance of hot eyeballs and inner trembling. She was not so pathetically young as she was pathetically blond, a treacherous, ready-to-fade kind of blondness that one day, now that she had found that very morning her first gray hair, would leave her ashy.



At a six o'clock that invaded even Union Square with heliotrope dusk, Mr. James Batch mistook—who shall say otherwise?—Miss Gertie Slayback, as she stepped down into the wintry shade of a subway kiosk, for Miss Whatdoesitmatter

Suddenly, with a small catch of breath that was audible in her throat, Miss Slayback stepped out of that doorway, squirming her way across the tight congestion of the sidewalk to its curb, then in and out, brushing this elbow and that shoulder, worming her way in an absolutely supreme anxiety to keep in view a brown derby hat bobbing right

briskly along with the crowd, a greenish-black bit of feather upright in its band.

At Broadway, Fourteenth Street cuts quite a caper, deploying out into Union Square, an island of park, beginning to be succulent at the first false feint of spring rising, as it were, from a sea of asphalt. Across this park Miss Slayback worked her rather frenzied way, breaking into a run when the derby threatened to sink into the confusion of a hundred others, and finally learning to keep its course by the faint but distinguishing fact of a slight dent in the crown. At Broadway, some blocks before that highway bursts into its famous flare, Mr. Batch, than whom it was none other, turned off suddenly at right angles down into a dim pocket of side street and into the illuminated entrance of Ceiner's Café Hungarian. Meals at all hours. Lunch, thirty cents. Dinner, fifty cents. Our Goulash is Famous.

New York, which speaks more languages to the square block than any other area in the world, Babylon included, loves thus to dine linguistically, so to speak. To the Crescent Turkish Restaurant, for its Business Men's Lunch, comes Fourth Avenue whose antique-shop *patois* reads across the page from right to left. Sightseeing automobiles on mission and commission bent allow Altoona, Iowa City, and Quincy, Illinois, fifteen minutes stop-in at Ching Ling Foo's Chinatown Delmonico's. Spaghetti and red wine have set New York racing to reserve its *tables d'hôte*. All except the Latin race.

Jimmie Batch, who had first seen light, and that gaslight, in a block in lower Manhattan which has since been given over to a milk-station for a highly congested district, had the palate if not the purse of the cosmopolite. His digestive range included *borsch* and *chow maigne*, *risotto* and ham-and.

To-night, as he turned into Café Hungarian, Miss Slayback slowed and drew back into the overshadowing protection of an adjoining office-building. She was breathing hard, and her little face, somehow smaller from chill, was nevertheless a high pink at the cheek-bones.

The wind swept round the corner, jerking her hat, and her hand flew up to it. There was a fair stream of passers-by even here, and occasionally one turned for a backward glance at her, standing there so frankly indeterminate.

Suddenly Miss Slayback adjusted her tam-o'-shanter to its flop over her right ear and, drawing off a pair of dark-blue silk gloves from over immaculately new white ones, entered Ceiner's Café Hungarian. In its light, she was not so obviously blonder than young; the pink spots in her cheeks had a deepening value to the blue of her eyes, and a black-velvet tam-o'-shanter revealing just the right fringe of yellow curls is no mean aid.

First of all, Ceiner's is an eating-place. There is no music except at five cents in the slot, and its tables for four are perpetually set each with a dish of sliced radishes, a bouquet of celery, and a mound of bread, half the stack rye.

Its menus are well thumbled and badly mimeographed. Who enters Ceiner's is prepared to dine from barley soup to apple strudel. At something after six begins the rising sound of cutlery, and already the newcomer fears to find no table.

Off at the side, Mr. Jimmie Batch had already disposed of his hat and gray overcoat, and tilting the chair opposite him to indicate its reservation, shook open his evening



There was an instant of silence between them, the kind of silence that can shape itself into a commentary upon the inefficacy of mere speech

paper, the waiter withholding menu at this sign of rendezvous.

Straight toward that table Miss Slayback worked quick, swift way, through this and that aisle, jerking back and seating herself on the chair opposite almost before Mr. Batch could raise his eyes from off the sporting-page.

There was an instant of silence between them, the kind of silence that can shape itself into a commentary upon the inefficacy of mere speech. A widening silence, which, as they sat there facing, deepened until, when she finally spoke, it was as if her words were pebbles dropping down into a well.

"Don't look so surprised, Charlie," she said, propping her face calmly, even boldly, into the white-kid palm; "you might fall off the Christmas tree."

Above the snug, four-inch collar and bow tie, Mr. Batch's face was taking on a dull ox-blood tinge that spread back, even reddening his ears. Mr. Batch had the frontal bone of a clerk, the horn-rimmed glasses of the literarily astig-

matic, and the sartorial perfection that only the rich can afford not to attain. He was staring now quite frankly, and his mouth had fallen open.

"Gert!" he said.

"Yes," said Miss Slayback, her insouciance gaining with his discomposure, her eyes widening, and then a dolly kind of glassiness seeming to set in; "you wasn't expecting me, Jimmie?"

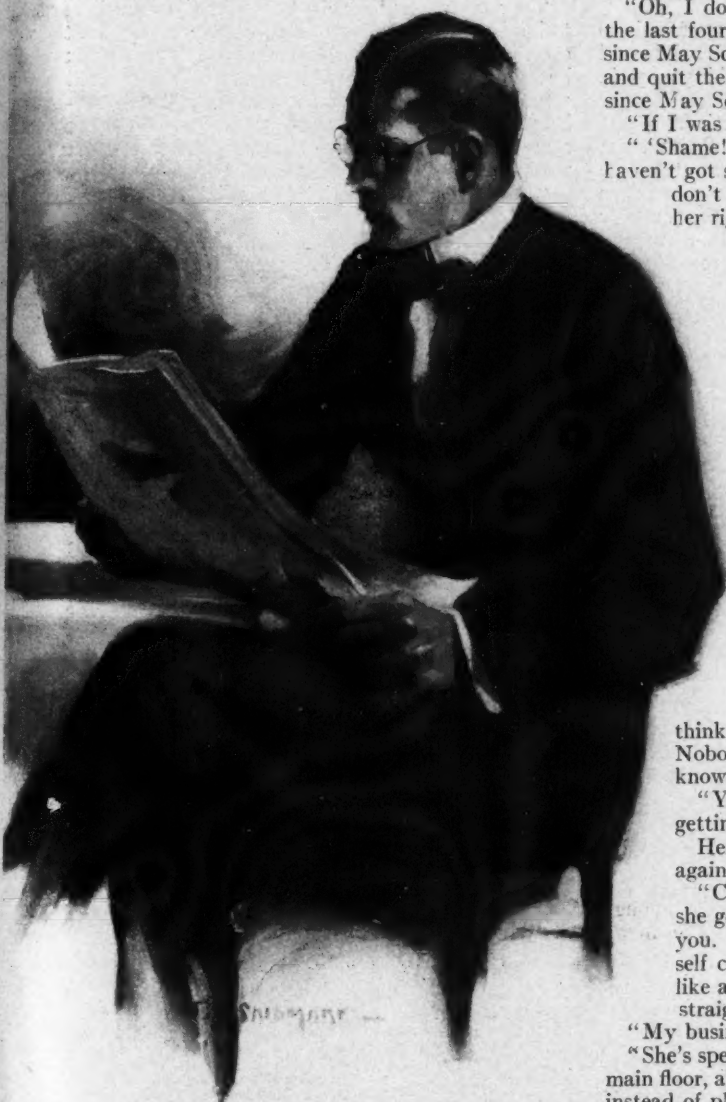
He jerked up his head, not meeting her glance.

"What's the idea of the comedy?"

"You don't look glad to see me, Jimmie."

"If you—think you're funny!"

She was working out of and then back into the freshly white gloves in a betraying kind of nervousness that belied the toss of her voice.



"Well, of all things! Mad-cat! Mad, just because you didn't seem to be expecting me."

"I—there's some things that are just the limit—that's what there are. Some things that are just the limit, that no fellow would stand from any girl, and this—this is one of them!"

Her lips were trembling now.

"You—you bet your life there's some things that are just the limit."

He slid out his watch, pushing back.

"Well, I guess this place is too small for a fellow and a girl that can follow him around town like a—like—"

She sat forward, grasping the table-sides, her chair tilting with her.

"Don't you dare to get up and leave me sitting here! Jimmie Batch, don't you dare!"

The waiter intervened, card extended.

"We—we're waiting for another party," said Miss Slayback, her hands still rigidly over the table-sides and her glance like a steady drill into Mr. Batch's own.

There was a second of this silence while the waiter withdrew, and then Mr. Batch whipped out his watch again, a gun-metal one with an open face.

"Now, look here: I got a date here in ten minutes, and one or the other of us has got to clear. You—you're one too many, if you got to know it."

"Oh, I do know it, Jimmie! I been one too many for the last four Saturday nights. I been one too many ever since May Scully came into five hundred dollars' inheritance and quit the Ladies' Neckwear. I been one too many ever since May Scully became a lady."

"If I was a girl and didn't have more shame!"

"Shame! Now you're shouting, Jimmie Batch! I haven't got shame, and I don't care who knows it. A girl don't stop to have shame when she's fighting for her rights."

He was leaning on his elbow profile to her.

"That movie talk can't scare me. You can't tell me what to do and what not to do. I've given you a square deal all right. There's not a word ever passed between us that ties me to your apron-strings. I don't say I'm not without my obligations to you, but that's not one of them. No siree—no apron-strings."

"I know it isn't, Jimmie. You're the kind of a fellow wouldn't even talk to himself for fear of committing himself."

"I got a date here now any minute, Gert, and the sooner you—"

"You're the guy who passed up the Sixty-first for the Safety-first Regiment."

"I'll show you my regiment some day."

"I—I know you're not tied to my apron-strings, Jimmie. I—I wouldn't have you there for anything. Don't you think I know you too well for that? That's just it. Nobody on God's earth knows you the way I do. I know you better than you know yourself."

"You better beat it, Gertie. I tell you I'm getting sore."

Her face flashed from him to the door and back again, her anxiety almost edged with hysteria.

"Come on, Jimmie—out the side entrance before she gets here. May Scully ain't the company for you. You think if she was, honey, I'd—I'd see myself come butting in between you this way, like—like a—common girl. She's not the girl to keep you straight. Honest to God she's not, honey!"

"My business is my business—let me tell you that."

"She's speedy, Jimmie. She was the speediest girl on the main floor, and now that she's come into those five hundred, instead of planting it for a rainy day, she's quit work and gone plumb crazy with it."

"When I want advice about my friends, I ask for it."

"It's not her good name that worries me, Jimmie, because she ain't got any. It's you. She's got you crazy with that five hundred, too—that's what's got me scared."

"Gee, you ought to let the Salvation Army tie a bonnet under your chin."

"She's always had her eyes on you, Jimmie. Ain't you men got no sense for seeing things? Since the day they moved the Gents' Furnishings across from the Ladies'

Neckwear, she's had you spotted. Her goings-on used to leak down to the basement all-righty. She's not a good girl, May ain't, Jimmie. She ain't, and you know it. Is she? Is she?"

"Aw!" said Jimmie Batch.

"You see! See! Ain't got the nerve to answer, have you?"

"Aw—maybe I know, too, that she's not the kind of a girl that would turn up where she's not—"

"If you wasn't a classy-looking kind of boy, Jimmie, that a fly girl like May likes to be seen out with, she couldn't find you with magnifying glasses, not if you was born with the golden rule in your mouth and had swallowed it. She's not the kind of girl, Jimmie, a fellow like you needs behind him. If—if you was ever to marry her and get your hands on them five hundred dollars—"

"It would be my business."

"It'll be your ruination. You're not strong enough to stand up under nothing like that. With a few hundred unearned dollars in your pocket, you—you'd go up in spontaneous combustion, you would."

"It would be my own spontaneous combustion."

"You got to be drove, Jimmie, like a kid. With them few dollars, you wouldn't start up a little cigar store like you think you would. You and her would blow yourselves to the dogs in two months. Cigar stores ain't the place for you, Jimmie. You seen how only clerking in them was nearly your ruination—the little gambling-room-in-the-back kind that you pick out. They ain't cigar stores; they're only false faces for gambling."

"You know it all, don't you?"

"Oh, I'm dealing it to you straight. There's too many sporty crowds loafing around those joints for a fellow like you to stand up under. I found you in one, and as yellow-fingered and as loafing as they come, a new job a week, a—"

"Yeh, and there's some pep to variety, too."

"Don't throw over, Jimmie, what my getting you out of it to a decent job in a department store has begun to do for you. And you're making good, too. Higgins told me to-day, if you don't let your head swell, there won't be a fellow in the department can stack up his sales-book any higher."

"Aw!"

"Don't throw it all over, Jimmie—and me—for a crop of dyed red hair and a few dollars to ruin yourself with."

He shot her a look of constantly growing nervousness, his mouth pulled to an oblique, his glance constantly toward the door.

"Don't keep no date with her to-night, Jimmie. You haven't got the constitution to stand her pace. It's telling on you. Look at those fingers yellowing again—looka—"

"They're my fingers, ain't they?"

"You see, Jimmie, I—I'm the only person in the world that likes you just for what—you ain't—and hasn't got any pipe-dreams about you. That's what counts, Jimmie, the folks that like you in spite and not because of."

"We will now sing Psalm Number Two hundred and twenty-three."

"I know there's not a better fellow in the world if he's kept nailed to the right job, and I know, too, Jimmie, there's not another fellow can go to the dogs any easier."

"To hear you talk, you'd think I was about six."

"I'm the only girl that'll ever be willing to make a whip out of herself that'll keep you going and won't sting, honey. I know you're soft and lazy and selfish and—"

"Don't forget any!"

"And I know you're my good-looking good-for-nothing, and I know, too, that you—you don't care as much—as much for me from head to toe as I do for your little finger. But I—I like you just the same, Jimmie. That—that's what I mean about having no shame. I—do like you so—so terribly, Jimmie!"

"Aw, now, Gert!"

"I know it, Jimmie—that I ought to be ashamed. Don't think I haven't cried myself to sleep with it whole nights in succession."

"Aw, now, Gert!"

"Don't think I don't know that I'm laying myself before you pretty common. I know it's common for a girl to—come to a fellow like this, but—but I haven't got any shame about it—I haven't got anything except fight for—what's eating me. And the way things are between us now is eating me."

"I—why, I got a mighty high regard for you, Gert!"

"There's a time in a girl's life, Jimmie, when she's been starved like I have from something of her own all her days; there's times, no matter how she's held in, that all of a sudden comes a minute when she busts out."

"I understand, Gert, but—"

"For two years and eight months, Jimmie, life has got to be worth while living to me, because I could see the day, even if we—you—never talked about it, when you would be made over from a flip kid to—the kind of a fellow who would want to settle down to making a little—two-by-four home for us. A—little two-by-four all our own with you steady on the job and advanced maybe to forty or fifty a week and—"

"For God's sake, Gertie! This ain't the time or the place to—"

"Oh, yes, it is. It's got to be, because it's the first time in four weeks that you didn't see me coming first."

"But not now, Gert; I—"

"I'm not ashamed to tell you, Jimmie Batch, that I've been the making of you since that night you threw the wink at me. And—and it hurts, this does. God, how it hurts!"

He was plaiting the table-cloth, swallowing as if his throat had constricted and still rearing his head this way and that in the tight collar.

"I—never claimed not to be a bad egg. This ain't the time and the place for rehashing—that's all. Sure you been a friend to me. I don't say you haven't. Only, I can't be bossed by a girl like you. I don't say May Scully's any better than she ought to be. Only, that's my business. You hear—my business. I got to have life and see a darn sight more future for myself than selling shirts in a Fourteenth Street department store."

"May Scully can't give it to you, her and her fast crowd."

"Maybe she can and maybe she can't."

"Them few dollars won't make you; they'll break you."

"That's for her to decide, not you."

"I'll tell her myself; I'll face her right here and—"

"Now, look here: If you think I'm going to be let in for a holy show between you two girls, you got another think coming. One of us has got to clear out of here, and quick, too. You been talking about the side door—there it is. In five minutes I got a date in this place that I thought I could keep like any law-abiding citizen. One of us has got to clear, and quick, too. God, you wimmin make me sick, the whole lot of you!"

"If anything makes you sick, I know what it is. It's dodging me to fly around all hours of the night with May Scully, the girl who put the tang in tango. It's eating around in swell sixty-cent restaurants like this and—"

"Gad, you're middle name ought to be Nagalene."

"Aw, now, Jimmie, maybe it does sound like nagging; it ain't, honey. It—it's only my—my fear that I'm losing you and—and my hate for the every-day grind of things and—"

"I can't help that, can I?"

"Why, there—there's nothing on God's earth I hate, Jimmie, like I hate that bargain basement. When I think it's down there in that manhole I've spent the best years of my life, I—I wanna die. The day I get out of it, the day I don't have to punch that old time-clock down there next to the Complaints-and-Adjustment desk, I—I'll never put my foot below sidewalk level again to the hour I die. Not even if it was to take a walk in my own gold mine."

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DRAWN BY T. D. SRIDMORE

"Only, my boy's got a wife—a brand-new wife to support, ain't he?" "That's what he has!" said Mr. Batch, stroking her forearm but still gazing through and beyond whatever roofs he was seeing

"It ain't exactly a garden of roses down there."

"Why, I hate it so terrible, Jimmie, that sometimes I wake up nights, gritting my teeth with the smell of steam-pipes and the tramp of feet on the glass sidewalk up over me. Oh, God, you dunno—you dunno!"

"When it comes to that, the main floor ain't exactly a maiden's dream, or a fellow's, for that matter."

"With a man it's different. It's his job in life, earning and—and the woman making the two ends of it meet. That's why, Jimmie, these last two years and eight months, if not for what I was hoping for us, why—why—I—why, on your twenty a week, Jimmie, there's nobody could run a flat like I could. Why, the days wouldn't be long enough to putter in. I—don't throw away what I been building up for us, Jimmie, step by step—don't, Jimmie!"

"Good Lord, girl, you deserve better'n me!"

"I know I got a big job, Jimmie, but I want to make a man out of you—temper, laziness, gambling, and all. You got it in you to be something more than a tango lizard or a cigar-store bum, honey. It's only you ain't got the stuff in you to stand up under a five-hundred-dollar windfall and—and a sporty girl. If—if two glasses of beer make you as silly as they do, Jimmie, why, five hundred dollars would land you under the table for life!"

"Aw—there you go again!"

"I can't help it, Jimmie. It's because I never knew a fellow had what he's cut out for written all over him so. You're a born clerk, Jimmie."

"Sure, I'm a slick clerk, but—"

"You're born to be a clerk, a good clerk, even a two-hundred-a-month clerk, the way you can win the trade, but never your own boss. I know what I'm talking about. I know your measure better than any human on earth can ever know your measure. I know things about you that you don't even know yourself."

"I never set myself up to nobody for anything I wasn't."

"Maybe not, Jimmie; but I know about you and—and that Central Street gang that time, and—"

"You!"

"Yes, honey; and there's not another human living but me knows how little it was your fault. Just bad company, that was all. That's how much I—I love you, Jimmie, enough to understand that. Why, if I thought May Scully and a set-up in business was the thing for you, I'd say to her, I'd say, if it was like taking my own heart out in my hand and squashing it, I'd say to her, I'd say, 'Take him, May.' That's how I—I love you, Jimmie. Oh, ain't it nothing, honey, a girl can come here herself this low to you—"

"Well, haven't I just said you—you deserve better."

"I don't want better, Jimmie; I want you. I want to take hold of your life and finish the job of making it the kind we can both be proud of. Us two, Jimmie, in—in our own decent two-by-four. Shopping on Saturday nights. Frying in our own frying-pan in our own kitchen. Listening to our own phonograph in our own parlor. Geraniums and—and kids—and—and things. Gas-logs. Stationary wash-tubs. Jimmie! Jimmie?"

Mr. James P. Batch reached up for his hat and overcoat, cramming the newspaper into a rear pocket.



"Come on," he said, stalking toward the side door and not waiting to see her to her feet.

Outside, a banner of stars was over the narrow street. For a chain of five blocks he walked, with a silence and speed that Miss Slayback could only match with a running quickstep. But she was not out of breath. Her head was up, and her hand, where it hooked into Mr. Batch's elbow, was in a vise that tightened with each block.

You who will mete out no other approval than that vouched for by the stamp of time and whose contempt for the contemporary is from behind the easy refuge of the classic, suffer you the shuddering analogy that between Aspasia, who inspired Pericles, Theodora, who suggested the Justinian Code, and Gertie Slayback, who commandeered Jimmie Batch, is a sistership which rounds them, like a lasso thrown back into time, into one and the same petticoat dynasty behind the throne.

True, Gertie Slayback's mise en scène was a two-room kitchenette apartment situated in the Bronx at a surveyor's farthest point between two subway stations, and her present state one of frequent red-faced forays down into a packing-case. But there was that in her eyes which witchingly bespoke the conquered but not the conqueror. Hers was actually the titillating wonder of a bird which, captured, closes its wings that surrender can be so sweet.

Once she sat on the edge of the packing-case dallying a hammer, then laid it aside suddenly to cross the littered room and placed the side of her head to the immaculate waistcoat of Mr. Jimmie Batch, red-faced, too, over wrenching up with hatchet-edge a barrel-top.



"Come on," said Mr. Batch. "Wait: I want to hear what he's saying"

"Jimmie darling, I—I just never will get over your finding this place for us."

Mr. Batch wiped his forearm across his brow, his voice jerking between the squeak of nails extracted from wood.

"It was you, honey. You give me the 'To Let' ad, and I came to look, that's all."

"Just the samey, it was my boy found it. If you hadn't come to look, we might have been forced into taking that old dark coop over on Tompkins Street."

"What's all this junk in this barrel?"

"Them's kitchen utensils, honey."

"Kitchen what?"

"Kitchen things that you don't know nothing about except to eat good things out of."

"What's this?"

"Don't bend it! That's a celery-brush—ain't it cute?"

"A celery brush!" Why didn't you get it a comb, too?"

"Aw, now, honey-bee, don't go trying to be funny and picking through these things you don't know nothing about. They're just cute things I'm going to cook something grand suppers in for my something awful bad boy."

He leaned down to kiss her at that.

"Gee!"

She was standing, her shoulder to him and head thrown back against his chest. She looked up to stroke his cheek, her face foreshortened.

"I'm all black and blue pinching myself, Jimmie."

"Me, too."

"Every night when I get home from working here in the flat, I say to myself in the looking-glass, I say, 'Gertie Slay-back, what if you're only dreaming?'"

"Me, too."

"I say to myself, 'Are you sure that darling flat up there with the new pink-and-white wall-paper and the furniture arriving every day is going to be yours in a few days when you're Mrs. Jimmie Batch?'"

"Mrs. Jimmie Batch"—say, that's immense!"

"I keep saying it to myself every night, 'One day less.' Last night, it was two days. To-night, it'll be—one day, Jimmie, till I'm—her."

She closed her eyes and let her hand linger up at his cheek, head still back against him so that, inclining his head, he could let rest his lips in the ash-blond fluff of her hair.

"Talk about 'can't wait.' If to-morrow was any further off, they'd have to sweep out a padded cell for me."

She turned to rumple the smooth, light thatch of his hair.

"Bad boy! Can't wait! And here we are getting married all of a sudden, just like that! Up to the time of this draft business, Jimmie Batch, 'pretty soon' was the only date I could ever get out of you, and now here you are crying over one day's wait. Bad honey-boy!"

He reached back for the pink newspaper so habitually protruding from his hip-pocket.

"You ought to see the way they're neck-breaking for the marriage-license bureaus since the draft. (Continued on page 109)

Penrod Jashber

His career as a Detective

By Booth Tarkington

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

PENROD SCHOFIELD becomes a frequenter of moving pictures, and witnesses many plays dealing with crime in which the arm of the law always wins out. Consequently, he loses his former admiration and envy of bandits, outlaws, and the "crook" tribe in general, and decides to become a detective. George B. Jashber, creature of his imagination and one-time despised minion of the law, now becomes a hero, and Penrod begins to think of himself as the redoubtable George B. A detective's badge obtained from an admirer of Della, the cook, serves to complete the illusion, and Penrod is ready for business.

His attempts at tracking the movements of his schoolteacher, Miss Spence, nearly lead to capture and the early wreck of his career, and he next turns his attention to Mr. Herbert Hamilton Dade. Dade is a young man recently come to town, and no one knows much about him. Nevertheless, he has made friends and has taken to calling on Penrod's sister Margaret. Mr. Schofield does not exactly like the attentions of this stranger to his daughter, and in the course of an argument on the subject with his wife, the latter remarks sarcastically that probably Mr. Dade is a professional horse-thief. Penrod overhears this and takes it seriously. He will find out where Dade keeps his stolen horses! So, one evening, after a call on Margaret, he trails Dade's footsteps, and, besides noting that he meets and converses with a bearded man, discovers not where the horses are but the place of Dade's abode, which proves to be the Young Men's Christian Association building.

PART III

HERMAN AND VERMAN JOIN

WHEN Penrod got home that evening, Mrs. Schofield was standing at the front gate, looking up and down the street in the darkness. For this reason, Penrod, having seen her before she saw him, quietly entered the yard by climbing over the side fence. Then he sauntered out of obscurity into the faint oblong of light that, issuing from the open door, thinly illumined his mother's anxious back as she leaned over the gate. He yawned casually, inquiring,

22



"Penrod, be quiet! I didn't say you were telling an untruth. I only said——"
"Well, it *looked* like it," he insisted accusingly

"Whatch' doin' out here, mamma?"
"Penrod!" She jumped, turning upon him sharply. "Where on earth have you been till this time of night?"
"What, mamma?"
"Where have you been? Do you know it's after ten o'clock?"
"No'm," he said meekly; "I didn't think it was late."
"It's disgraceful, and your father's very angry. Where have you been?"
"Why, I haven't been anywhere, mamma," he protested plaintively. "I—I haven't lifted my little finger, but you ack like I been doin' sumpthing wrong, and I haven't been doin' anything at all."
"Where were you?"
"Just playin'."
"With *whom* were you playing?"
"Why, just around," he responded, his tone aggrieved but reasonable.
"You weren't over at Sam Williams'," said Mrs. Schofield. "We telephoned, and Sam said he hadn't seen you at all."
"Mamma, I didn't say I was at Sam's, did I?" he protested. "I don't see why you got to go and claim, all of a sudden, when I never said I was anywhere *near* Sam's, and go and say I'm telling a l——"

"Penrod, be quiet! I didn't say you were telling an untruth. I only said——"

"Well, it *looked* like it," he insisted accusingly. "I guess I can't lift my little finger around here but I got to go and get accused of sumpting I never did except just lift my little finger. I expect there's hardly any other boys around here their mother wouldn't let 'em lift their little finger without scolding 'em just because I lifted my little f——"

"Oh, stop talking about your little finger!" cried Mrs. Schofield, losing patience, and conscious of a vague bafflement. "You march into the house and go straight up to bed. I don't know what your papa's going to do to you. He's as upset as he can possibly be."

Upon this, Penrod entered the house with some natural hesitation, but was relieved to hear the sound of a shoe dropping upon the floor of his father's bedroom, Mr. Schofield being thus revealed as in process of disrobing for the night, and evidently not so wholly succumbed to agitation as his wife had indicated to their son. In fact, all that Penrod heard from him was a murmured question, a little later, and this came through an open transom over the closed door.

"Where'd he say he'd been?"

"Just playing in the neighborhood," Mrs. Schofield replied. "But it's dreadful, his staying-out till after ten. It's no way for children to be brought up, and you *must* do something. I don't see how you can lie there and go to sleep so calmly when you know how worried I was over it."

Silence was the answer, though probably not intended as one, and, since nothing more was to be gained in that quarter, George B. Jashber, barefooted and in his nightgown, presently stole back to his own room and slid into bed.

In spite of some physical weariness, he did not at once fall asleep, but lay open-eyed, thinking exultantly. Probably a genuine, adult, official plain-clothes man, or detective, tracking a suspected person to residence in a Young Men's Christian Association, might have felt rather discouraged, might have abandoned the trail altogether. Not so with the open mind of a boy. For Penrod, it was absolutely as easy to imagine a horse-thief having his lair in the Y. M. C. A. as anywhere else in the world. Why not? And George B. would be hot upon the trail again to-morrow!

The difference between a man's way of thought, in such matters, and a boy's was exemplified at the lunch-table, several days later, when Mr. Schofield once more dwelt grumpily upon the subject of Mr. Dade.

"Papa, you're just unreasonable!"

Margaret protested, after a discussion which had brought evidence of some emotion into her voice and expression.

"Why can't I go walking with him?"

"Because we don't know who he is."

"But he goes to everybody's house, and everyone likes him," said Margaret.

"Why, he's been here to dinner in your own house, papa!"

"Well, I didn't ask him," her father retorted.

"Papa, what's the matter with you? Why don't you like him?"

"I've told you."

"Well, what do you *want* to know about him?"

"I'd like to know one thing that I should think even you might consider *fairly* important," Mr. Schofield returned, with satire. "I'd like to know where he lives."

Margaret's eyes glowed sudden triumph.

"He lives at the Y. M. C. A."

"What?"

"He lives at the Young Men's Christian Association," she said, laughing lightly.

"How do you know?"

"He told me the other evening that he'd taken rooms there, and he telephoned me from there this morning. I met him at the church bazaar, and he lives at the Young Men's Christian Association, papa."

Mr. Schofield's expression, after a moment of incredulity, had become one of simple and unmanly disappointment. Margaret's, following an opposite course, now offered a charming contrast of liveliness.

"Is there anything more you want me to find out about him, papa?"

The defeated man made no reply other than to eat morosely, whereupon his wife laughed aloud.

"You can go for that walk, dear," she said to Margaret. "Papa's a funny man when he decides to take prejudices, but it looks as though he'd have to give this one up."

Mr. Schofield said nothing for a time; then he set his napkin beside his plate, rose, and, not looking at his wife or daughter, uttered the reluctant words:

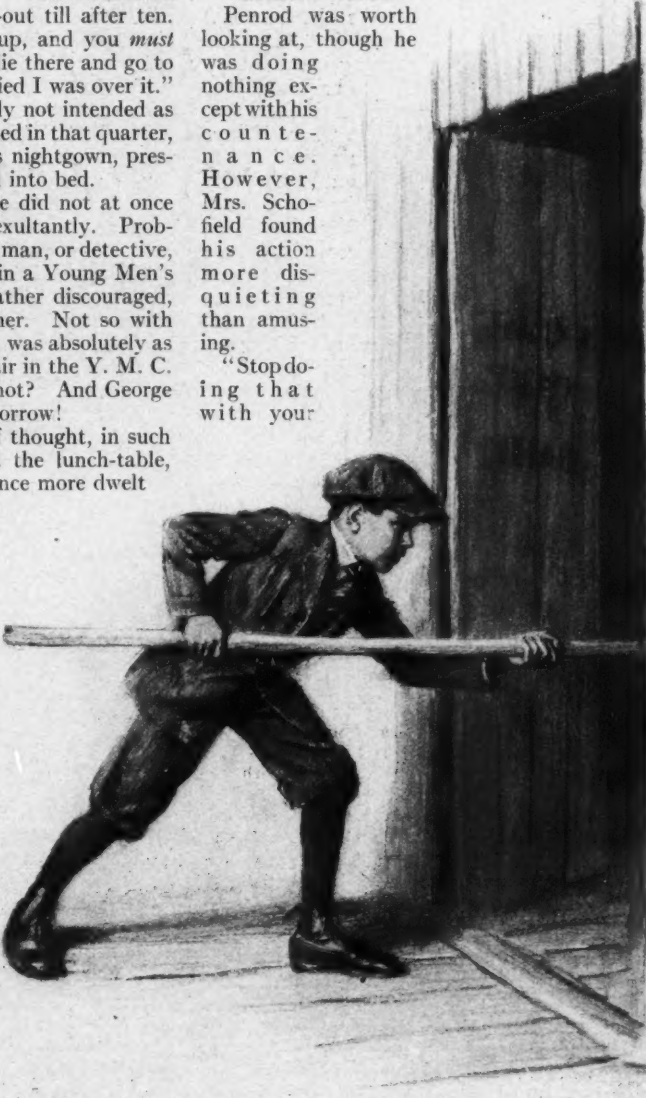
"Well, you may be right—for once."

Instantly they broke into peals of laughter, and then, as he left the room, the happy and suffused Margaret pointed across the table at her brother, and shouted,

"Look at Penrod!"

Penrod was worth looking at, though he was doing nothing except with his countenance. However, Mrs. Schofield found his action more disquieting than amusing.

"Stop doing that with your



Penrod poked his clothes-prop savagely into the darkness of the harness-closet

face, Penrod!" she exclaimed. "You'll ruin your eyes, and you'll be all wrinkled before you're twenty years old. You must get out of that habit; it's awful!"

Penrod, slightly discomfited, relaxed, and, breathing heavily, left the table, followed by continued admonitions from his mother and absurd manifestations of pleasure on the part of Margaret. Disposing of these insulting sounds by closing a door upon them, he went out to the office of George B. Jashber's private detective agency in the carriage-house of the horseless stable, and presently, seated in the wheelbarrow, held an important conversation with an imaginary client. He spoke in a low voice, yet audibly.

"All right, missuz; you say your ole horse got stolen? All right, missuz; I bet I get him back for you in *no* time! Answer one question, please: Who was it stole him? I bet it was ole Dade, wasn't it? I thought so; I thought so! Pray take a seat, missuz. I got to get some o' my men up here." (Here Penrod used an imaginary telephone.) "Hello! Gimme number Two hundred and eighty-nine. Hello! Is that you, Bill? Bill, send Jim up to my office; I want him. We got a big case goin' on up here now, Bill." (He hung up the receiver, placed the stub of a lead-pencil in the corner of his mouth to serve as a cigar; then, rising, he rapped upon the wall of the harness-closet, listened attentively, rapped again, and returned to the wheelbarrow.) "That's Jim. He's one o' my best men. Come in, Jim. Jim, this lady here's mad at the Dade gang because they stole her horse and everything. We got to help her, Jim. You got your ottomatch with you, Jim? All right. Now, missuz, you go on down-town with Jim to where it says Y. M. C. A. over the door, and you go on around in the alley that's behind there, and keep lookin' and lookin', and when your ole horse comes along, you tell Jim which one it is, and Jim'll grab him and make them give him up. Fifteen dollars, please. Good-day, missuz. Jim, come back here soon's you get the ole horse for her, because we got some more cases about the Dade gang, and I got to—"

Penrod paused abruptly; he started and rose to his feet, staring widely at the thin partition-wall of the harness-closet, while several small but lively chills twittered down his spine. From the invisible emptiness beyond that partition there had come sounds impossible for rats, cats, or dogs to make. Unmistakably, these sounds were of human construction; they consisted of muffled gaspings and of profound, irrepressible chokings—and they continued, becoming louder. Penrod stood it for perhaps eight seconds; then he nervously threw an old rake-handle at the wall of the harness-closet, and, uttering one loud cry of alarm, ran out into the yard.

Immediately arming himself with a clothes-prop, he returned as far as the open double doors of the carriage-house.

"Hey, you!" he shouted, in a trembling voice. "You get out of our harness-closet, you ole tramp, you! You better get out o' there—my father's a policeman!"

The gasping and choking forthwith became a penetrating, silvery African giggle interrupted by sputtering and guffaws; whereupon Penrod, immensely reassured but enraged, entered the carriage-house and poked his clothes-prop savagely into the darkness of the harness-closet.

"You get out o' there, you ole niggers, you!" he stormed. "I'll show you who you're laughin' at in there!"

Hysteric calls for mercy preceded the issuing-forth into the light of Herman and Verman, two colored boys who lived in the alley. They were weak with laughter and in no condition to resist the clothes-prop.

"Lemme 'lone!" Herman begged, feebly defending himself. "Don' hit me no mo'—*please* don'! We 'uzn't doin' nothin' to you, Penrod. We'uz dess liss'nun'!"

"Listenin' to what?" Penrod demanded fiercely.

"Liss'nun' to you," said Herman, who was forced to do all the explaining, as his very small brother, Verman, was unfortunately tongue-tied. "Me and Verman, we all time out in our alley hyuh you talk so much to yousef ev'y

time you come out in de stable, we say 'What 'at ole boy all time talkin' to hisse'f?' So whiles you in de house eatin', we git in de closet, an' when you c'mence talkin' so big wif dishyere missuz an' Bill an' all 'at Dade talk, Verman went an' begin to laugh an' cut up. Couldn' he'p it, cause you playin' so funny!"

"Playin'!" Penrod echoed scornfully. "I guess I'll show you that wasn't playin'! I guess if I told you once what it was about, *your* ole eyes wouldn't stick out! Oh, no!"

He frowned bitterly as he spoke, but Verman so far lacked in impressionableness as to burst anew into shrill laughter.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Hay hake a heek, mihhuh!" Penrod correctly interpreted this as "Pray take a seat, missuz," and the mockery was the more unbearable because Verman thought fit to illustrate it by projecting his plaintively insignificant abdomen and patting it pompously. "Hay hake a heek, mihhuh!" he gurgled, and strutted grotesquely, but his burlesquing ended in a shriek, as the outraged Penrod, unable to bear further insult in patience, swung the clothes-prop in an extensive semicircle which culminated at a point identical with a patch upon Verman's thin trousers.

"Oo hop ak!" Verman remonstrated.

"All right then," said Penrod. "You stop bein' so smart about sumpting you don't know what it's about, then. I tell you, this is sumpting perty danger's, and I guess you'd like to have a chance to get sumpting to do with it if I was to let you, only I wouldn't."

"What 'at?" Herman asked. "What all 'ishyere talk you makin'?"

"You see that?" Penrod demanded, pointing to the sign painted upon the harness-closet; and Herman and Verman examined with some interest the symbols of George B. Jashber's profession and location.

"Who is all 'ishyere Jaspuh?" Herman inquired. "What all 'iss deteckatuff writin' mean? Whaibouts any Mist Jawge B. Jaspuh?"

"It's me," said Penrod simply.

"Who?"

"Me."

"What you talkin' about, white boy? You ain' no Mist Jaspuh. You Penrod."

"I'll show you who I am!" Penrod retorted hotly. "You just looky here once, and I guess you'll see." And, throwing back the breast of his jacket, he displayed, pinned near his left armpit, the little metal shield he had bought from Della's Jarge.

The effect upon Herman and Verman was definite and complete in every way. In their altered attitudes, in their silence, in their almost protuberant eyes, they showed it. To them, such a badge was official; there was no denying such a thing. The contrast between the visible person of Penrod Schofield and their preconceived notions of a detective mattered nothing. This white boy, always a little mysterious, was unquestionably, unsuspectably Number One hundred and three. The glittering shield said so. Herman and Verman were overwhelmed.

"I guess you got gumption enough to know who I am now!" said the insufferable Penrod.

"Huccome—huccome all 'ishyere?" Herman faltered. "Huccome it?"

"Hi!" Verman murmured faintly.

Penrod's expression at this moment was so profound that his mother could barely have borne it.

"Looky here," he said slowly: "I'm shadowin' the Dade gang—"

"What 'at shad?" Herman asked.

"Shadowin'," Penrod explained impatiently. "It means followin' 'em around wherever they go, and—my goodness, haven't you ever been to a 'movie' show, Herman?"

"Plenty!"

"Well, the Dade gang are the worst crooks there is, and I'm after 'em. You be Bill, Herman; and Verman, you

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DRAWN BY NORTH GREENE

"Well, the Dade gang are the worst crooks there is, and I'm after 'em. You be Bill, Herman:
and Verman, you can be Jim"

can be Jim. I'll let you work for me, and I'll tell you all what to do, because you'll be my men. You must always call me 'George,' or else 'Number Hunderd and three.' Well, come ahead, Bill and Jim; we better start down-town, because we——"

"Down-town?" Herman echoed vaguely. "Wha' fo' we got to go on down-town?"

"My goodness! We can't sit around here all day and shadow anybody, can we? I'll tell you what to do while we're walkin', won't I? We'll keep in the alleys all the way down, because we don't want anybody to know who my men are or about me bein' Number Hunderd and three. Come on, Bill; come on, Jim! I guess we got a perty danger's job on our hands this time, men!"

Herman and Verman had joined, whether they knew it just at that time or not. Penrod and his badge swept them off their feet. And, a moment later, the two smallish figures and the third very small and raggedy one might have been seen hurrying down the alley. Penrod talked continually in a low, important voice, and Herman and Verman listened with eagerness.

And it was only a few days after this that Mr. Dade commented upon a singular phenomenon which he had remarked as a characteristic of life in that town. He and Margaret were sitting upon the steps of the porch, enjoying the evening silence, when a curious hooting, somewhat like an owl's, came from some shrubberies in a corner of the fence. This sound was responded to by a melancholy but wholly undoglike series of barks out of other bushes more remote. Mr. Dade made a gesture of discomfort.

"What is that?" he said.

Margaret laughed.

"Only Penrod and some boys, playing."

An odd voice issued from the fence corner.

"Oh Mihhuh Habe hippum om hump hep!" it cried. "He hippum om hump hep hi mow!"

"What's that?" Mr. Dade asked nervously.

"It's only Verman," Margaret answered, laughing again.

"What!"

Margaret spelled the name. "He's a little tongue-tied ducky boy," she added. "He lives in our alley."

"Well, that's curious," the visitor observed thoughtfully. "I've stumbled over a hundred colored boys down-town in the last few days. It seems to me that the colored boys in this town have an actual habit of getting between people's feet; but the odd thing about it is that if I have stumbled over a hundred; at least fifty of 'em were tongue-tied."

As Mr. Dade's significant remark to Margaret amply indicates, Verman (otherwise "Jim," and, later, "Number Hunderd and five") was of incomparable service to George B. Jashber. His value must be esteemed greater than Herman's, though the latter was both faithful and intelligent, for Verman's impediment of speech made him (to put his virtue in a word) probably the most efficient assistant detective that the world has seen. This defect of his, which he ever regarded less as a misfortune and more as a gift, made it possible for him to give secret information to his associates at any time, in the most public places, and in the loudest and frankest manner.

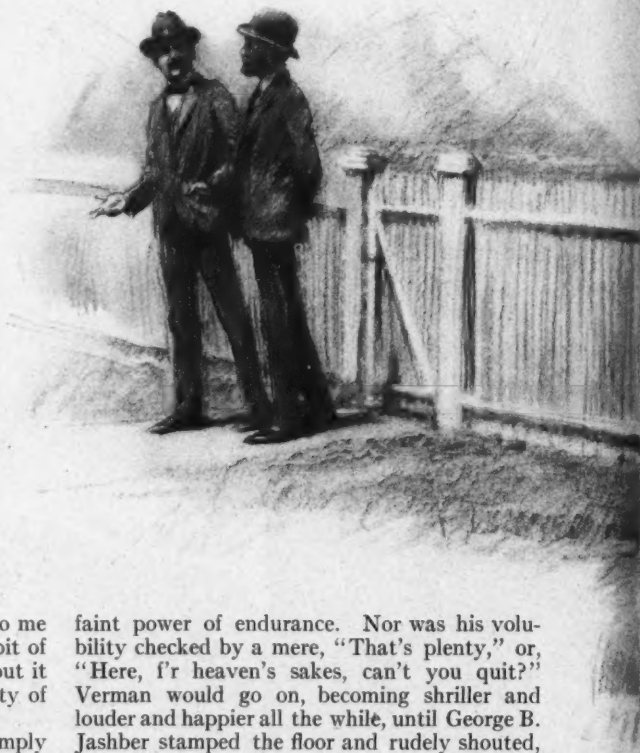
Thus, Verman called forth upon the night air:

"Oh Mihhuh Habe hippum om hump hep! He hippum om hump hep hi mow," which Penrod and Herman, lurking out of sight of the shadowed person, were sufficiently familiar with the Vermanic cipher to interpret: "Ole Mister Dade sittin' on front steps! He sittin' on front steps right now!"

And when Mr. Dade would almost walk over Verman upon the threshold of the Young Men's Christian Association building, Verman, in the very act of extricating him-

self, would freely and loudly shout, "He hum howp," or, "He hoe him," whereupon Herman, posted within hearing, would relay the message to George B. Jashber round an alley corner: "He comin' out," or, "He goin' in."

Herman was the only person who understood Verman at all readily, though Penrod, through familiarity, could at times decipher Verman's meanings with fair results. However, George B. Jashber sometimes lost patience with his talented assistant during the ceremony known to George B. and Jim and Bill as "office." Penrod's continuing studies of detectives at the "movies" led direct to this institution. Penrod would sit in the wheelbarrow in the carriage-house, with sheets of paper before him upon a box, and he would frown and take notes while Herman and Verman "reported." Herman's report was usually simple and uninspired, but Verman loved to talk. He found his opportunity upon these occasions, and, with eyes dilating and gestures as unintelligible as his utterance, he would make a report that seldom failed to shatter George B. Jashber's



faint power of endurance. Nor was his volubility checked by a mere, "That's plenty," or, "Here, f'r heaven's sakes, can't you quit?" Verman would go on, becoming shriller and louder and happier all the while, until George B. Jashber stamped the floor and rudely shouted, "Oh, shut up!"

When quiet (save for Verman's giggle) was restored,

"What's he been talkin' about, Herman?"

"Nothin'. Dess all time say same fing he done say firs time he say it."

Nevertheless, Penrod compiled and kept (usually in the sawdust-box) something which stood for a record of the movements of Herbert Hamilton Dade; and this document, though fragmentary, must at least have satisfied the typical "movie" and short-story detective who was its inspiration.

One morning, Penrod showed a recent page of the "report" to Marjorie Jones, and, standing by, watched her in his most sidelong manner as she read it. She read it aloud, of necessity slowly, and a little bit too much in the tone of one conscientious over a task at school.

"Office," she began. "George B. Jashber. Report. Report of Bill and Jim. We got to catch this cook——"

"Crook!"

"What is a crook, Penrod?" Marjorie asked, not profoundly interested.

"You go on readin'. You'll see."

Marjorie proceeded.

"We got to catch this cook"—crook, I mean—and keep on the trail—"trail," I guess it means—"trail, night- and daytime. Jim report. The scoddel—scowendel—scoundeler—the scoundeler went to get his diner—dinner—at a place where it says good meals forty cents. Bill report. The scoundeler talk to the crook with the false black whick—whickers—"

"Whiskers! My goodness, Marjorie, don't you know—"

"Whiskers," Marjorie went on, "Whiskers down in

This more sharply piqued him.

"Play!" he echoed morosely. "I guess if you knew sumpting about it, you wouldn't talk so much! It's a perty danger's biznuss."

"What like?" she inquired mildly.

"Well, you know what I showed you that day?"

"What day?"

Penrod jumped up from the grass where they were sitting in Marjorie's yard. He began to walk toward the gate.

"All right!" she called after him. "If you want to go home mad, 'stead of telling me what it is, I don't care!"

Upon this, Penrod hesitated, halted, then came back and sat beside her again.

"You know what I showed you," he said plaintively. "What makes you want to ack as if—"

"Honest, I don't, Penrod!" she assured him earnestly. "I don't remember any—"

"Well, look!" And he threw back his coat, displaying the glittering symbol of his chosen calling. This time, he allowed her time for a longer inspection.

"It's right pretty, Penrod," she said, and examined the inscription upon the shield with a little curiosity, though its significance was lost upon her, for she read the letters separately. "P, V, D, T, E, T, E, C, A, G, C, Y," she read, slowly, and then her face brightened. "Oh, Penrod, I know what it is now! It's sumpting like what they put in schoolbooks that say over it, P, R, E, F, A, C, E, and stands for 'Peter Rice eats fish and catches eels,' if you read it forward; and, if you read it backward, it means 'Eels catch alligators; Frank eats raw potatoes!'"

"It don't anything o' the sort mean Peter Rice—"

"Oh, I didn't mean yours did!" Marjorie interrupted. "I only meant yours means sumpting like that."

"It does not!"

"We'll then, what does yours mean, Penrod?"

Penrod breathed hard.

"It means sumpting you wouldn't know what I was talkin' about if I was to tell you," he replied coldly. "I did tell you one thing, and you never hardly noticed."

"What was it?"

"Chasin' these crooks. I told you it was a perty danger's biznuss."

"Penrod, you said you'd tell me what a crook is."

"Well"—he looked cautiously over his shoulder before proceeding, "a crook is—well, crooks are somebody that ought to be arrested. Anybody that's in jail is a crook, like horse-thieves and all. 'I'm after a gang of crooks now.'"

Marjorie seemed perplexed.

"You are?"

"Yes, I am."

"What did they do to you, Penrod?" (Continued on page 107)



Marjorie's father, Mr. Paoli Jones, was just entering the front gate, and by his side walked the man with the false black whiskers

the barber stairs. George B. Jashber report. I was with Bill. The crooks said it was cool in the barber and not much news the one with false wh—whiskers said he got his hair cut. End of report."

"Hand it back!" said Penrod, and replaced the report in the inner pocket of his jacket.

"What does it mean, Penrod?" Marjorie asked politely, and except for her politeness, her expression inclined toward a vacancy which piqued George B. Jashber. "Is it something you play all by yourself?"

When Alice

By Jack

Illustrated by

THIS, of Alice Akana, is an affair of Hawaii, not of this day but of days recent enough, when Abel Ah Yo preached his famous revival in Honolulu and persuaded Alice Akana to tell her soul. But what Alice told concerned itself with the earlier history of the then surviving generation.

For Alice Akana was fifty years old, had begun life early, and, early and late, lived it spaciouly. What she knew went back into the roots and foundations of families, businesses, and plantations. She was the one living repository of accurate information that lawyers sought out, whether the information they required related to land boundaries and land gifts, or to marriages, births, bequests, or scandals. Rarely, because of the tight tongue she kept behind her teeth, did she give them what they asked, and when she did was when only equity was served and no one was hurt.

For Alice had lived, from early in her girlhood, a life of flowers and song and wine and dance, and, in her later years, had herself been mistress of these revels by office of mistress of the hula-house. In such atmosphere, where mandates of God and man and caution are inhibited, and where woozled tongues will wag, she acquired her historical knowledge of things never otherwise whispered and rarely guessed. And her tight tongue had served her well, so that, while the old-timers knew she must know, none ever heard her gossip of the times of Kala-kaua's boat-house, or of the high times of officers of visiting war-ships, or of the diplomatists and ministers and consuls of the countries of the world.

So, at fifty, loaded with historical dynamite sufficient, if it were ever exploded, to shake the social and commercial life of the Islands, still tight of tongue, Alice Akana was mistress of the hula-house, manageress of the dancing girls who hula'd for royalty, for *luau*s (feasts), house-parties, *poi*-suppers, and curious tourists. And, at fifty, she was not merely buxom but short and fat in the Polynesian-peasant way, with a constitution and lack of organic weakness that promised incalculable years. But it was at fifty that she strayed, quite by chance of time and curiosity, into Abel Ah Yo's revival meeting.

Now Abel Ah Yo, in his theology and word-wizardry, was a much mixed personage. In his genealogy, he was much more mixed, for he was compounded of one-fourth Portuguese, one-fourth Scotch, one-fourth Hawaiian, and one-fourth Chinese. The pentecostal fire he flamed forth was hotter and more variegated than could any one of the four races of him alone have flamed forth. For in him were gathered together the canniness and the cunning, the wit and the wisdom, the subtlety and the rawness, the passion and the philosophy, the agonizing spirit-groping and the legs up to the knees in the dung of reality of the four radically different breeds that contributed to the sum of him. His, also, was the clever self-deceitment of the entire clever compound.

When it came to word-wizardry, he was master of slang and *argot* of four languages. For in Abel Ah Yo were the live verbs and nouns and adjectives and metaphors of all four. Of no race, a mongrel *par excellence*, a heterogeneous scabble, the genius of the admixture was superlatively Abel Ah Yo's. Like a chameleon, he titubated and scintillated grandly between the diverse parts of him, stunning by frontal attack and surprising and confounding by flanking sweeps the mental homogeneity of the more simply constituted souls who came in to his revival to sit under him and flame to his flaming.



Alice had lived, from early in her girlhood, a life

—JOURNALIST, 1910, BY ALICE AKANA

Told Her Soul

London

G. Patrick Nelson

a number of short stories dealing region of the globe which is the vivid and characteristic work. romance of the Islands deeply them to us as a land of matchless he know Hawaii, for a consider- years was spent there. The fol- Honolulu setting, will be followed Mr. London's posthumous work.

fore, he was. Judas was damned. Wherefore he, Abel Ah Yo, was damned, and he did not want to be damned. So, quite after the manner of humans, he squirmed and twisted to escape damnation. The day came when he solved his escape. The doctrine that Judas was damned, he concluded, was a misinterpretation of God, who, above all things, stood for justice. Judas had been God's servant, specially selected to perform a particularly nasty job. Therefore, Judas, ever faithful, a betrayer only by divine command, was a saint. Ergo, he, Abel Ah Yo, was a saint by very virtue of his apostasy to a particular sect, and he could have access with clear grace any time to God.

This theory became one of the major tenets of his preach- ing, and was especially efficacious in cleansing the consciences of the backsliders from all other faiths, who else, in the secrecy of their subconscious selves, were being crushed by the weight of the Judas-sin. To Abel Ah Yo, God's plan was as clear as if he, Abel Ah Yo, had planned it himself. All would be saved in the end, although some took longer than others and would win only to back seats. Man's place in the ever-fluxing chaos of the world was definite and preordained—if by no other token, then by denial that there was any ever-fluxing chaos. This was a mere bugbear of mankind's addled fancy, and, by sting- ing audacities of thought and speech, by vivid slang that bit home, by sheerest intimacy into his listeners' mental processes, he drove the bugbear from their brains, showed them the loving clarity of God's design, and, thereby, induced in them spiritual serenity and calm.

What chance had Alice Akana, herself pure and homogeneous Hawaiian, against his subtle, democratic-tinged, four-race-engendered, slang-munitioned attack? He knew, by contact, almost as much as she about the waywardness of living and sinning—having been singing boy on the passenger-ships between Hawaii and California, and, after that, bar-boy, afloat and ashore, from the Barbary Coast to Heinie's Tavern. In point of fact, he had left his job of Number One bar-boy at the University Club to embark on his great preachment revival.

So, when Alice Akana strayed in to scoff, she remained to pray to Abel

Abel Ah Yo believed in himself and his mixed- ness as he believed in the mixedness of his weird concept that God looked as much like him as like any man, being no mere tribal god but a world-god that must look equally like all races of all the world, even if it led to piebaldness. And the concept worked. Chinese, Korean, Japanese, Hawaiian, Porto Rican, Russian, English, French—members of all races—knelt without friction, side by side, to his revision of Deity.

Himself in his tender youth an apostate to the Church of England, Abel Ah Yo had for years suffered the lively sense of being a Judas-sinner. Essentially religious, he had forsworn the Lord. Like Judas, there-



of flowers and song and wine and dance

AND WILLIAM L. GOWALL, EXECUTORS

When Alice Told Her Soul

Ah Yo's god, who struck her hard-headed mind as the most sensible god of which she had ever heard. She gave money into Abel Ah Yo's collection-plate, closed up the hula-house, and dismissed the hula dancers to more devious ways of earning a livelihood, shed her bright colors and raiments and flower garlands, and bought a Bible.

It was a time of religious excitement in the purlieus of Honolulu. The thing was a democratic movement of the people toward God. Place and caste were invited, but never came. The stupid lowly and the humble lowly only went down on their knees at the penitent form, admitted their pathological weight and hurt of sin, eliminated and purged all their bafflements, and walked forth again upright under the sun, childlike and pure, upborne by Abel Ah Yo's god's arm around it. In short, Abel Ah Yo's revival was a clearing-house for sin and sickness of spirit, wherein sinners were relieved of their burdens and made light and bright and spiritually healthy again.

But Alice was not happy. She had not been cleared. She bought and dispersed Bibles, contributed more money to the plate, contralto'd gloriously in all the hymns, but would not tell her soul. In vain, Abel Ah Yo wrestled with her. She would not go down on her knees at the penitent form and voice the things of tarnish within her—the ill things of good friends of the old days.

"You cannot serve two masters," Abel Ah Yo told her. "Hell is full of those who have tried. Single of heart and pure of heart must you make your peace with God. Not until you tell your soul to God right out in meeting will you be ready for redemption. In the mean time, you will suffer the canker of the sin you carry about within you."

Scientifically, though he did not know it and though he continually jeered at science, Abel Ah Yo was right. Nor could she be again as a child and become radiantly clad in God's grace until she had eliminated from her soul, by telling, all the sophistications that had been hers, including those she shared with others. In the Protestant way, she must bare her soul in public, as in the Catholic way it was done in the privacy of the confessional. The result of such baring would be unity, tranquillity, happiness, cleansing, redemption, and immortal life.

"Choose!" Abel Ah Yo thundered. "Loyalty to God, or loyalty to man!"

And Alice could not choose. Too long had she kept her tongue locked with the honor of man.

"I will tell all my soul about myself," she contended. "God knows I am tired of my soul and should like to have it clean and shining once again as when I was a little girl at Kaneohe."

"But all the corruption of your soul has been with other souls," was Abel Ah Yo's invariable reply. "When you have a burden, lay it down. You cannot bear a burden and be quit of it at the same time."

"I will pray to God each day and many times each day," she urged. "I will approach God with humility, with sighs, and with tears. I will contribute often to the plate, and I will buy Bibles, Bibles, Bibles without end."

"And God will not smile upon you," God's mouthpiece retorted. "And you will remain weary and heavy-laden. For you will not have told all your sin, and not until you have told all will you be rid of any."

"This rebirth is difficult," Alice sighed.

"Rebirth is even more difficult than birth," Abel Ah Yo did anything but comfort her: "Not until you become as a little child."

"If ever I tell my soul, it will be a big telling," she confided.

"The bigger the reason to tell it, then."

And so the situation remained at deadlock, Abel Ah Yo demanding absolute allegiance to God, and Alice Akana flirting on the fringes of paradise.

"You bet it will be a big telling, if Alice ever begins," the beach-combing and disreputable *kamaainas* (old-timers) gleefully told one another over their palm-tree gin.

In the clubs, the possibility of her telling was of more moment. The younger generation of men announced that they had applied for front seats at the telling, while many of the older generation of men joked hollowly about the conversion of Alice. Further, Alice found herself abruptly popular with friends who had forgotten her existence for twenty years.

One afternoon, as Alice, Bible in hand, was taking the electric street-car at Hotel and Fort, Cyrus Hodge, sugar-factor and magnate, ordered his chauffeur to stop beside her. Willy-nilly, in excess of friendliness, he had her into his limousine beside him, and went three-quarters of an hour out of his way and time personally to conduct her to her destination.

"Good for sore eyes to see you," he burbled. "How the years fly! You're looking fine. The secret of youth is yours."

Alice smiled and complimented in return in the royal Polynesian way of friendliness.

"My, my," Cyrus Hodge reminisced; "I was such a boy in those days!"

"Some boy!" she laughed acquiescence.

"But knowing no more than the foolishness of a boy in those long-ago days."

"Remember the night your hack-driver got drunk and left you—"

"S-s-sh!" he cautioned. "That Jap driver is a high-school graduate and knows more English than either of us. Also, I think he is a spy for his government. So why should we tell him anything? Besides, I was so very young. You remember—"

"Your cheeks were like the peaches we used to grow before the Mediterranean fruit-fly got into them," Alice agreed. "I don't think you shaved more than once a week then. You were a pretty boy. Don't you remember the hula we composed in your honor the—"

"S-s-sh!" he hushed her. "All that's buried and forgotten. May it remain forgotten!"

And she was aware that in his eyes was no longer any of the ingenuousness of youth she remembered. Instead, his eyes were keen and speculative, searching into her for some assurance that she would not resurrect his particular portion of that buried past.

"Religion is a good thing for us as we get along into middle age," another old friend told her. He was building a magnificent house on Pacific Heights, had but recently married a second time, and was even then on his way to the steamer to welcome home his two daughters just graduated from Vassar. "We need religion in our old age, Alice. It softens, makes us more tolerant and forgiving of the weaknesses of others—especially the weaknesses of youth of—of others, when they played high and low and didn't know what they were doing."

He waited anxiously.

"Yes," she said; "we are all born to sin, and it is hard to grow out of sin. But I grow—I grow."

"Don't forget, Alice, in those other days I always played square. You and I never had a falling-out."

"Not even the night you gave that *luan* when you were twenty-one and insisted on breaking the glassware after every toast. But, of course, you paid for it."

"Handsomely," he asserted almost pleadingly.

"Handsomely," she agreed. "I replaced more than double the quantity with what you paid me, so that, at the next *luan*, I catered one hundred and twenty plates without having to rent or borrow a dish or glass. Lord Main-weather gave that *luan*—you remember him?"

"I was pig-sticking with him at Mana," the other nodded. "We were at a two weeks' house-party there. But, say, Alice, as you know, I think this religion stuff is all right and better than all right. But don't let it carry you off your feet. And don't get to telling your soul on me. What would my daughters think of that broken glassware?"

"I always did have an *aloha*" (warm regard) "for you,

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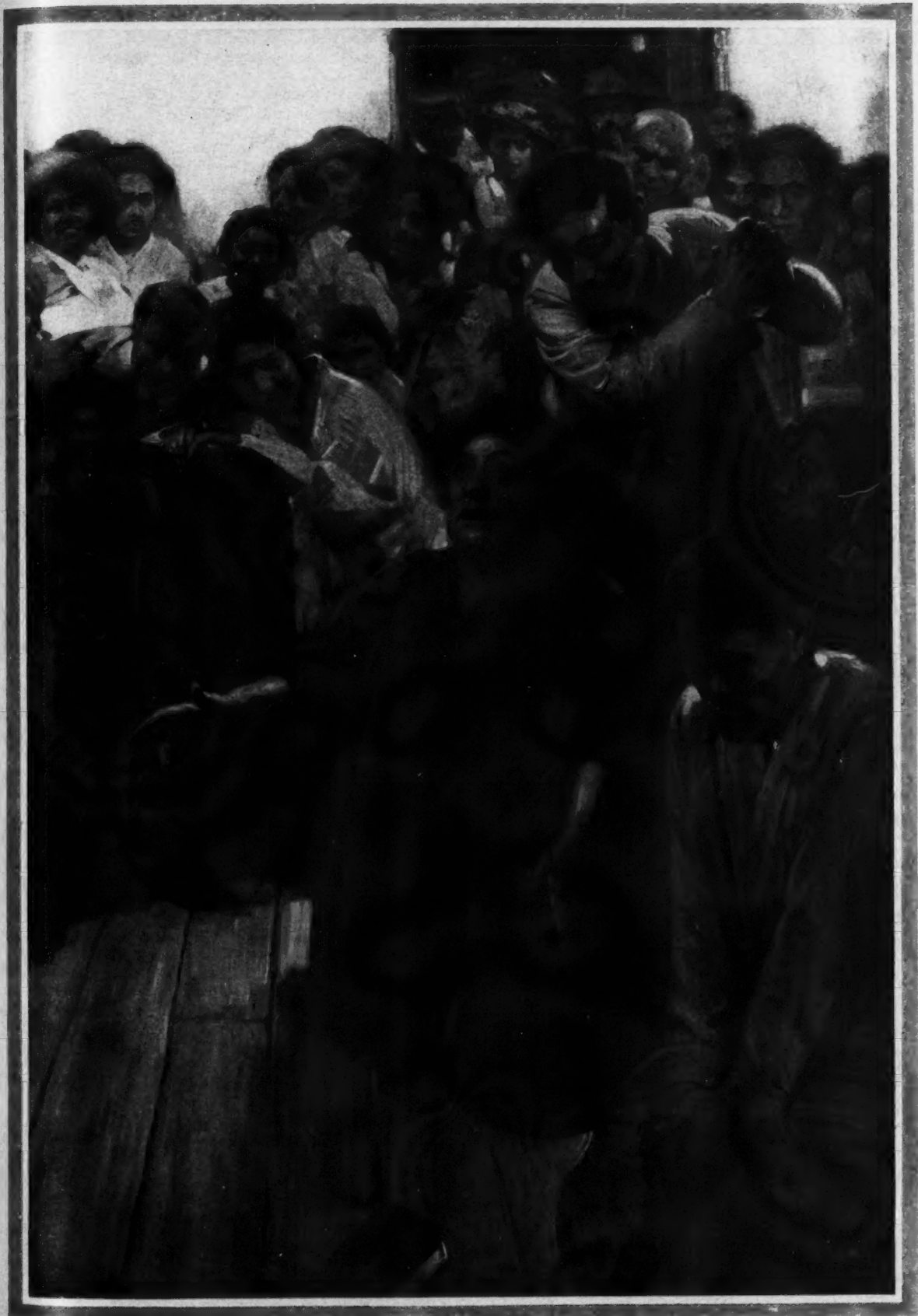
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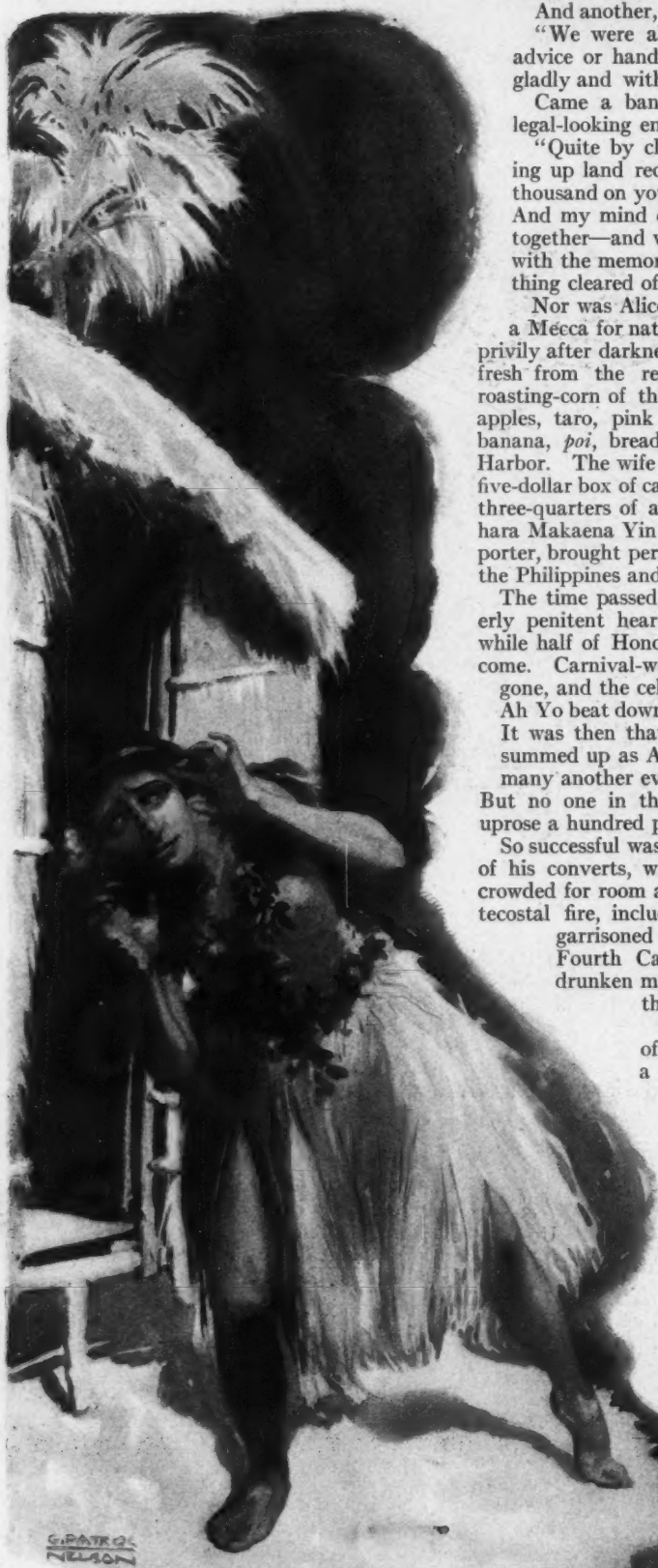
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DRAWN BY G. PATRICK DELACROIX

Never was a more fearful and damning community-narrative enunciated in the entire Pacific, North and South, than that enunciated by Alice Akana, the penitent Phryne of Honolulu

When Alice Told Her Soul



She had beheld Madame Pele (the Fire, or Volcano, goddess) fling red-fluxing lava down the long slopes of Mauna Loa

Alice," a member of the Senate, fat and bald-headed, assured her. And another, a lawyer and a grandfather:

"We were always friends, Alice. And remember, any legal advice or handling of business you may require, I'll do for you gladly and without fees, for the sake of our old-time friendship."

Came a banker to her late Christmas eve, with formidable, legal-looking envelops in his hand, which he presented to her.

"Quite by chance," he explained, "when my people were looking up land records in Iapio Valley, I found a mortgage of two thousand on your holdings there—that rice land leased to Ah Chin. And my mind drifted back to the past when we were all young together—and wild, a bit wild, to be sure. And my heart warmed with the memory of you, and so, just as an *aloha*, here's the whole thing cleared off for you."

Nor was Alice forgotten by her own people. Her house became a Mécça for native men and women, usually performing pilgrimage privily after darkness fell, with presents always in their hands—squid fresh from the reef, *opihis* and *limu*, baskets of alligator-pears, roasting-corn of the earliest from windward Oahu, mangoes and star-apples, taro, pink and royal, of the finest selection, sucking pigs, banana, *poi*, breadfruit, and crabs caught the very day at Pearl Harbor. The wife of the Portuguese consul remembered her with a five-dollar box of candy and a mandarin cloak that would have fetched three-quarters of a hundred dollars at a fire-sale. And Elvira Miyahara Makaena Yin Gap, the wife of Yin Gap, the wealthy Chinese importer, brought personally to Alice two entire bolts of *piña*-cloth from the Philippines and a dozen pairs of silk stockings.

The time passed, and Abel Ah Yo struggled with Alice for a properly penitent heart, and Alice struggled with herself for her soul, while half of Honolulu wickedly or apprehensively hung on the outcome. Carnival-week was over; polo and the races had come and gone, and the celebration of Fourth of July was ripening ere Abel Ah Yo beat down by brutal psychology the citadel of her reluctance. It was then that he gave his famous exhortation which might be summed up as Abel Ah Yo's definition of eternity. Of course, like many another evangelist, Abel Ah Yo had cribbed the definition. But no one in the Islands knew it, and his rating as a revivalist uprose a hundred per cent.

So successful was his preaching that night that he reconverted many of his converts, who fell and moaned about the penitent form and crowded for room amongst scores of new converts burned by the pentecostal fire, including half a company of negro soldiers from the garrisoned Twenty-fifth Infantry, a dozen troopers from the Fourth Cavalry on its way to the Philippines, as many drunken man-of-war's men, divers ladies from Iwilei, and half the riffraff of the beach.

Abel Ah Yo, subtly sympathetic himself, by virtue of his racial admixture, knowing human nature like a book and Alice Akana even more so, knew just what he was doing when he arose that memorable night and expositied God, hell, and eternity in terms of Alice Akana's comprehension. For, quite by chance, he had discovered her cardinal weakness. First of all, like all Polynesians, an ardent lover of nature, he found that earthquake and volcanic eruption were the things of which Alice lived in terror. She had been, in the past, on the Big Island, through cataclysms that had shaken grass houses down upon her while she slept, and she had beheld Madame Pele (the Fire, or Volcano, goddess) fling red-fluxing lava down the long slopes of Mauna Loa, destroying fish-ponds on the sea-brim and licking up droves of beef cattle, villages, and humans on her fiery way.

The night before, a slight earthquake had shaken Honolulu and given Alice Akana insomnia. And the morning papers had stated that Mauna Kea had broken into eruption, while the lava was rising rapidly in the great pit of Kilauea. So, at the meeting, her mind vexed between the terrors of this world and the delights of the eternal world to come, Alice sat down in a front seat in a very definite state of the "jumps."

And Abel Ah Yo arose and put his finger on the sorest part of her soul. Sketching the nature of God in the stereotyped way, but making the stereotyped alive again with his gift of tongues in pidgin-English and pidgin-Hawaiian, Abel Ah Yo described the day when the

Lord, even his infinite patience at an end, would tell Peter to close his day-book and ledgers, command Gabriel to summon all souls to judgment, and cry out, with a voice of thunder, "Welakahao!"

This anthropomorphic deity of Abel Ah Yo thundering the modern Hawaiian-English slang of "Welakahao" at the end of the world is a fair sample of the revivalist's speech-tools of discourse. "Welakahao" means, literally, "hot iron." It was coined in the Honolulu Iron Works by the hundreds of Hawaiian men there employed, who meant by it "to hustle," "to get a move on," the iron being hot meaning that the time had come to strike.

"And the Lord cried 'Welakahao,' and the day of Judgment began and was over *wikiwiki*," (quickly) "just like that; for Peter was a better bookkeeper than any in the Waterhouse Trust Company, Limited, and, further, Peter's books were true."

Swiftly Abel Ah Yo divided the sheep from the goats and hastened the latter down into hell.

"And now," he demanded, perforce his language on these pages being properly Englished, "what is hell like? Oh, my friends, let me describe to you, in a little way, what I have beheld with my own eyes on earth of the possibilities of hell. I was a young man, a boy, and I was at Hilo. Morning began with earthquake. Throughout the day, the mighty land continued to shake and tremble till strong men became seasick, and women clung to the trees to escape falling, and cattle were thrown down off their feet. I beheld myself a young calf so thrown. A night of terror indescribable followed. The land was in motion like a canoe in a *kona* gale. There was an infant crushed to death by its fond mother stepping upon it whilst fleeing her falling house.

"The heavens were on fire above us. We read our Bibles by the light of the heavens, and the print was fine even for young eyes. Those missionary Bibles were always too small of print. Forty miles away from us, the heart of hell burst from the lofty mountains and gushed red blood of fire-melted rock toward the sea. With the heavens in vast conflagration and the earth *hulaing* beneath our feet, was a scene too awful and too majestic to be enjoyed. We

could think only of the thin bubble-skin of earth between us and the everlasting-lake of fire and brimstone, and of God, to whom we prayed to save us. There were earnest and devout souls who there and then promised their pastors to give not their shaved tithes but five-tenths of their all to the Church, if only the Lord would let them live to contribute.

"Oh, my friends, God saved us! But first he showed us a foretaste of that hell that will yawn for us on the last day when he cries, 'Welakahao!' in a voice of thunder. 'When the iron is hot!' Think of it! When the iron is hot for sinners!"

"By the third day, things being much quieter, my friend the preacher and I, being calm in the hand of God, journeyed up Mauna Loa and

gazed into the awful pit of Kilauea. We gazed down into the fathomless abyss to the lake of fire far below, roaring and dashing its fiery spray into billows and fountaining hundreds of feet into the air like Fourth-of-July fireworks you have all seen, and all the while we were suffocating and made dizzy by the immense volumes of smoke and brimstone ascending.

"And I say unto you, no pious person could gaze down upon that scene without recognizing fully the Bible picture of the pit of hell. Believe me, the writers of

the New Testament had nothing on us. As for me, my eyes were fixed upon the exhibition before me, and I stood mute and trembling under a sense never before so fully realized of the power, the majesty, and terror of Almighty God—the resources of his

The wife of the Portuguese consul remembered her with a five-dollar box of candy and a mandarin cloak that would have fetched three-quarters of a hundred dollars at a fire-sale

wrath, and the untold horror of the finally impenitent who do not tell their souls and make their peace with the Creator.

"But, oh, my friends, think you our guides, our native attendants, deep-sunk in heathenism, were affected by such a scene? No. The devil's hand was upon them. Utterly regardless and unimpressed, they were only careful about their supper, chatted about their raw fish, and stretched themselves upon their mats to sleep. Children of the devil they were, insensible to the beauties, the sublimities, and the awful terror of God's works. But you are not heathen I now address. What is a heathen? He is one who betrays a stupid insensibility to every elevated idea and to every elevated emotion. If you wish to awaken his attention, do not bid him to look down into the pit of hell. But present him with a calabash of *poi*, a raw fish, or invite him to some low, groveling, and sensuous sport. Oh, my friends, how lost are they to all that elevates the immortal soul! But the preacher and I, sad and sick of heart for them, gazed down into hell. Oh, my friends, it was hell, the hell of the Scriptures, the hell of eternal torment for the undeserving—"

Alice Akana was in an ecstasy or hysteria of terror. She was mumbling incoherently:

"O Lord, I will give nine-tenths of (Continued on page 105)



Indian Summer

Jolyon Forsyte, eighty-four years old, lives at Robin Hill, close to London, with his son and the latter's family, consisting of a second wife and children of two marriages—June, a widowed daughter of the first, and a little boy and girl, Jolly and Holly, of the second. He had purchased the place three years before from his nephew Soames. The son, his wife, and June are now traveling in Spain. Always a man of equable temperament, there still remains to Jolyon a passionate love of beauty, and it is strong within him. One early summer's day, while walking in his grounds, he comes upon the wife of Soames Forsyte, Irene, drawn to the place by some memory. She is a lovely creature, and Jolyon falls at once under the spell of her beauty—despite the fact that she has brought sorrow to his family. She had been the mistress of June's husband, Bosinney, and had left her own husband after Bosinney's tragic death in a street accident. She has resumed her maiden name—Heron—is teaching the piano, and doing all she can to help unfortunate women. Jolyon keeps her for dinner and sends her back to London in his carriage. A few days later, he visits her in her flat, gives her a check for her protégées, and makes her promise to come to Robin Hill the following Sunday for lunch.



PART II

THE little spirits of the past that throng an old man's days had never pushed their faces up to Jolyon's so seldom as in the seventy hours that followed till Sunday came. The spirit of the future, with the charm of the unknown, put up her lips instead. Old Jolyon was not restless now, and paid no visits to the log, because she was *coming to lunch!* There is wonderful finality about a meal—it removes a world of doubts, for no one misses meals except for reasons beyond control. He played many games with Holly on the lawn, pitching them up to her who was batting so as to be ready to bowl to Jolly in the holidays. For she was not a Forsyte, but Jolly was and Forsytes always bat until they have resigned and reached the age of eighty-four. The dog Balthasar, in attendance, lay on the ball as often as he could, and the page-boy fielded with a face like the harvest-moon. And because the time was getting shorter, each day was longer and more golden than the last. On Friday night, he took a liver-pill; his side hurt him rather, and, though it was not the liver side, there is no remedy like that. Anyone telling him that he had found a new excitement in life and that excitement was not good for him would have been met by one of those steady and rather defiant looks of his deep-set, iron-gray eyes, which seemed to say, "I know my own business best." He always had and always would.

On Sunday morning, when Holly had gone with her governess to church, he visited the strawberry beds. There, accompanied by the dog Balthasar, he examined the plants narrowly, and succeeded in finding at least two dozen berries that were really ripe. Stooping was not good for him, and he became dizzy and red in the forehead. Having placed the strawberries in a dish on the dining-table, he

"Well, my darling, here's the lady in gray I promised you." Holly raised herself and looked up. He watched the two of them with a twinkle, Irene smiling. Holly beginning with grave inquiry, passing to a shy smile, too

washed his hands and bathed his forehead with eau de Cologne. There, before the mirror, it occurred to him that he was thinner. What a "thread-paper" he had been when he was young! It was nice to be slim—he could not bear a fat chap; and yet, perhaps, his cheeks were *too* thin!

She was to arrive by train at half-past twelve and walk up, entering from the road past Drage's farm at the far end of the coppice. And having looked into June's room to see that there was hot water ready, he set forth to meet her, leisurely, for his heart was beating. The air smelled sweet; larks sang, and the grand stand at Epsom was clearly visible. A perfect day! On just such a one, no doubt, five years ago, Soames had brought young Bosinney down with him to look at the site before they began to build. It was Bosinney who had pitched on the exact spot for the house—June had often told him that. In these days, he was thinking much about that young fellow, as if his spirit were really haunting the field of his last work, on the chance of seeing—her. Bosinney—the one man who had possessed her heart, to whom she had given her whole self with

er of a Forsyte

By John Galsworthy

Author of "Beyond"

Illustrated by

John Alonzo Williams



looking a little Londony; you're giving too many lessons." That she should have to give lessons worried him. Lessons to a parcel of young girls thumping out scales with their thick fingers! "Where do you go to give them?"

"They're mostly Jewish families, luckily. They love music, and they're very kind."

They had better be, by George! He took her arm—his side always hurt him a little going up-hill—and said:

"Did you ever see anything like these buttercups? They came like that in a night." Her eyes seemed really to fly over the field, like bees after the flowers and honey. "I wanted you to see them—wouldn't let them turn the cows in yet." Then, remembering that she had come to talk about Bosinney, he pointed to the clock-tower over the stables. "I expect *he* wouldn't have let me put that there—had no notion of time, if I remember."

But, pressing his arm to her, she talked of flowers instead, and he knew it was done that he might not feel she came because of her dead lover.

"The best flower I can show you," he said, with a sort of triumph, "is my little sweet. She'll be back from church directly. There's something about her that reminds me a little of you." It did

rapture! At his age, one could not, of course, imagine such things, but there stirred in him a queer, vague aching—as it were the ghost of jealousy, and a feeling, too, more generous, of pity for that love so early lost—All over in a few poor months! Well, well! He looked at his watch before entering the coppice. Only a quarter past—twenty-five minutes to wait! And then, turning the corner of the path, he saw her exactly where he had seen her the first time—on the log—and realized that she must have come by the earlier train to sit there alone for a couple of hours at least. Two hours of her society—missed! What memory made that log so dear to her? His face showed what he was thinking, for she said at once,

"Forgive me, uncle Jolyon; it was here I first knew."

"Yes, yes; there it is for you whenever you like. You're

not seem to him peculiar that he had put it thus, instead of saying, "There's something about you that reminds me a little of her." "Ah—here she is!"

Holly, followed slowly by her elderly French governess, whose digestion had been ruined twenty-two years before in the siege of Strassburg, came rushing toward them from under the oak tree. She stopped about a dozen yards away to pat Balthasar and pretend that this was all she had in her mind. Old Jolyon, who knew better, said,

"Well, my darling, here's the lady in gray I promised you."

Holly raised herself and looked up. He watched the two of them with a twinkle, Irene smiling, Holly beginning with grave inquiry, passing to a shy smile, too, and then to something deeper. He enjoyed the sight of the kiss between them.

"Mrs. Heron, Mam'zelle Beauce. Well, *mam'zelle*—good sermon?"

For, now that he had not much more time before him, the only part of the service connected with this world absorbed what interest remained to him in church.

Mam'zelle Beauce stretched out a spidery hand clad in a black-kid glove—she had been in the best families—and the rather sad eyes of her lean, yellowish face seemed to ask, "Are you well-brrred?" Whenever Holly or Jolly did anything displeasing to her—a not uncommon occurrence—she would say to them, "The little Tayleors never did that—they were such well-brrred little children." Jolly hated the little Tayleors; Holly wondered dreadfully how it was she fell so short of them. "A thin, rum little toad," old Jolyon thought her—Mam'zelle Beauce.

Luncheon was a successful meal; the mushrooms that he himself had picked in the mushroom-house, his chosen strawberries, and another bottle of the Steinberger Cabinet filled him with a certain aromatic spirituality and a conviction that he would have a touch of eczema tomorrow. After lunch, they sat under the oak tree, drinking Turkish coffee. It was no matter of grief to him when Mademoiselle Beauce withdrew to write her Sunday letter to her sister. At the foot of the bank, on a carriage-rug, Holly and the dog Balthasar teased and loved each other, and in the shade, old Jolyon, with his legs crossed and his cigar luxuriously savored, gazed at Irene sitting in the swing—a light, vaguely swaying gray figure with a fleck of sunlight here and there upon it. She looked content; sure it did her good to come and see him! The selfishness of age had not its proper grip on him, for he could still feel pleasure in the pleasure of others, realizing that what he wanted, though much, was not quite all that mattered.

"It's quiet here," he said; "you mustn't come down if you find it dull. But it's a pleasure to see you. My little sweet's is the only face that gives me any pleasure except yours." From her smile, he knew that she was not beyond liking to be appreciated, and this reassured him. "That's not humbug," he said; "I never told a woman I admired her when I didn't. In fact, I don't know when I've told a woman I admired her, except my wife in the old days, and wives are funny." He was silent, but resumed abruptly. "She used to expect me to say it more often than I felt it, you know, and there we were!" Her face looked mysteriously troubled, and, afraid that he had said something painful, he hurried on. "When my little sweet marries, I hope she'll find some one who knows what women feel. I shan't be here to see it, but there's too much topsy-turvydom in marriage. I don't want her to pitch up against that." And, aware that he had made bad worse, he added, "That dog's got fleas."

A silence followed. Of what was she thinking, this pretty creature whose life was spoiled, who had done with love, and yet was made for love? Some day, when he was gone, perhaps she would find another mate—not so disorderly as that young fellow who had got himself run over. Ah! But her husband?

"Does Soames never trouble you?" he asked.

She shook her head. Her face had closed up suddenly. For all her softness, there was something irreconcilable about her. And a glimpse of light on the inexorable nature of sex-antipathies strayed into a brain that, belonging to Early-Victorian civilization—so much older than this of his old age—had never thought about such primitive things.

"Well, that's a comfort," he said. "You can see the grand stand to-day. Shall we take a turn round?"

Through the flower and fruit garden, against whose high outer walls peach trees and nectarines were trained to the sun, through the stables, the vinery, the mushroom-house, the asparagus beds, the rosery, the summer-house, he conducted her—even into the kitchen-garden to see the tiny green peas that Holly loved to scoop out of their pods with her finger and lick up from the palm of her little brown hand.

Many delightful things he showed her, while Holly and the dog Balthasar danced ahead or came to them at intervals for attention. It was one of the happiest afternoons he had ever spent, but it tired him, and he was glad to sit down in the music-room and let her give him tea. A special little friend of Holly's had come in—a fair child with short hair like a boy's. And the two sported in the distance, under the stairs, on the stairs, and up in the gallery. Old Jolyon begged for Chopin. She played studies, mazurkas, waltzes till the two children, creeping near, stood at the foot of the piano, their dark and golden heads bent forward a little, listening. Old Jolyon watched.

"Let's see you dance, you two!"

Shyly, with a false start, they began. Bobbing and circling, earnest, not very adroit, they went past and past his chair to the strains of that waltz; and he watched them and the face of her who was playing, turned smiling toward those little dancers, and thought, "Sweetest picture I've seen for ages," till a voice said:

"Holle! *Mais enfin—qu'est-ce que tu fais là—danser le dimanche! Viens, donc!*"

But the children came close to old Jolyon, knowing that he would save them.

"Better the day, better the deed," *mam'zelle*. "It's all my doing. Trot along, chicks, and have your tea."

And, when they were gone, followed by the dog Balthasar, who took every meal, he looked at Irene with a twinkle and said:

"Well, there we are! Aren't they sweet? Have you any little uns among your pupils?"

"Yes, three—two of them darlings."

"Pretty?"

"Lovely."

Old Jolyon sighed; he had an insatiable appetite for beauty and the very young.

"My little sweet," he said, "is devoted to music; she'll be a musician some day. You wouldn't give me your opinion of her playing, I suppose?"

"Of course I will!"

"You wouldn't like—" But he stifled the words: "to give her lessons." The idea that she gave lessons was unpleasant to him; yet it would mean that he would see her regularly. She left the piano and came over to his chair.

"I would like; but there is—June. When are they coming back?"

Old Jolyon frowned.

"Not till the middle of next month. What does that matter?"

"You said June had forgiven me; but she could never forget, uncle Jolyon."

Forget! She *must* forget—if he wanted her to.

But, as if answering, Irene shook her head.

"You know she couldn't; one doesn't forget."

Always that wretched past! And he said, with a sort of vexed finality,

"Well, we shall see."

He talked to her an hour and more, of the children and a hundred little things, till the carriage came round to take her home. And when she had gone, he went back to his chair and sat there, smoothing his face and chin, dreaming over the day. That evening after dinner, he went to his study and took a sheet of paper. He stayed for some minutes without writing, then rose and stood under the masterpiece, "Dutch Fishing-Boats at Sunset."

He was not thinking of that picture but of his life. He was going to leave her something in his will; nothing could have so stirred the stilly depths of thought and memory. He was going to leave her a portion of his money, of his aspirations, deeds, qualities, work—all that had made that money—going to leave her, too, a part of all he had missed in life by his sane and steady pursuit of wealth. Ah! What had he missed? "Dutch Fishing-Boats" responded blankly; he crossed to the French window, and, drawing the curtain aside, opened it. A wind had got up, and one

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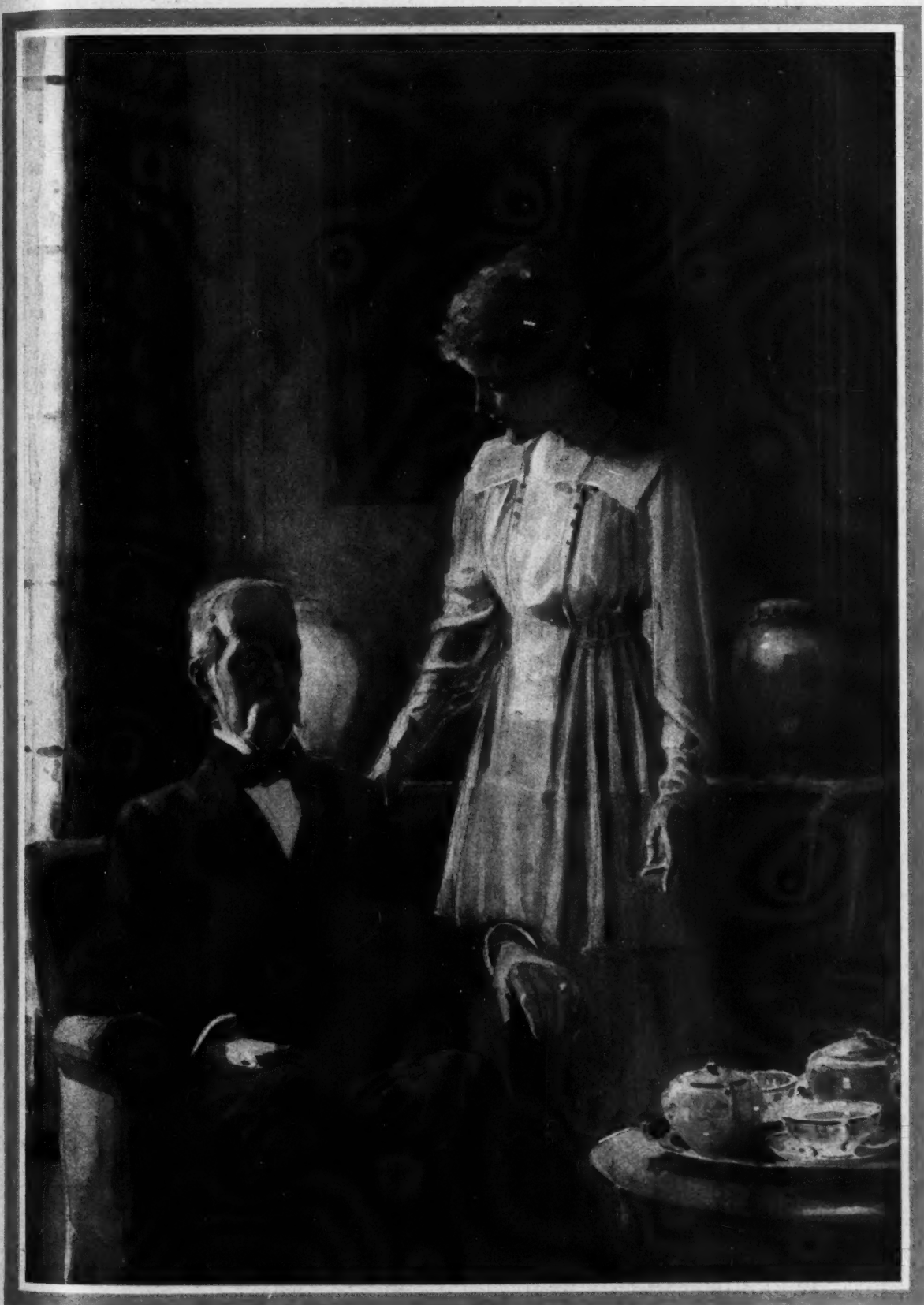
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DRAWN BY JOHN ALDRED WILLIAMS

"You said June had forgiven me; but she could never forget, uncle Jolyon"

of last year's oak leaves that had somehow survived the gardeners' brooms was dragging itself with a tiny clicking rustle along the stone terrace in the twilight. Except for that, it was very quiet out there, and he could smell the heliotrope watered not long since. A bat went by. A bird uttered its last "cheep." And right above the oak tree the first star shone. Faust, in the opera, had bartered his soul for some fresh years of youth. Morbid notion! No such bargain was possible; that was the *real* tragedy! No making oneself new again for love or life or anything. Nothing left to do but enjoy beauty from afar off while you could, and leave it something in your will. But how much? And, as if he could not make that calculation looking out into the mild freedom of the country night, he turned back and went up to the chimneypiece. There were his pet bronzes—a "Cleopatra" with the asp at her breast; a "Socrates;" a greyhound playing with her puppy; a strong man reining in some horses. "They last!" he thought, and a pang went through his heart. They had a thousand years of life before them!

"How much?" Well, enough, at all events, to save her getting old before her time, to keep the lines out of her face as long as possible, and gray from soiling that bright hair. He might live another five years. She would be well over thirty by then.

"How much?" She had none of his blood in her. In loyalty to the tenor of his life for forty years and more, ever since he married and founded that mysterious thing, a family, came this warning thought: None of his blood, no right to anything! It was luxury, then, this notion. An extravagance, a petting of an old man's whim, one of those things done in dotage. His real future was vested in those who had his blood, in whom he would live on when he was gone. He turned away from the bronzes and stood looking at the old green-leather chair in which he had sat and smoked so many hundreds of cigars. And suddenly he seemed to see her sitting there in her gray dress, fragrant, soft, dark-eyed, graceful, looking up at him. Why, she cared nothing for him, really! All she cared for was that lost lover of hers. But she was there, whether she would or no, giving him pleasure with her beauty and grace. One had no right to inflict an old man's company, no right to ask her down to play to him and let him look at her—for no reward! Pleasure must be paid for in this world.

"How much?" After all, there was plenty; his son and his three grandchildren would never miss that little lump. He had made it himself, nearly every penny; he could leave it where he liked, allow himself this little pleasure. He went back to the bureau. "Well, I'm going to," he thought; "let them think what they like. I'm going to!" And he sat down.

"How much? Ten thousand, twenty thousand—how much?" If only with his money he could buy one year, one month of youth! And startled by that thought, he wrote quickly:

DEAR HERRING:

Draw me a codicil to this effect: "I leave to my niece, Irene Forsythe, born Irene Heron, by which name she now goes, fifteen thousand pounds free of legacy duty."

Yours faithfully,

JOLYON FORSYTE.

When he had sealed and stamped the envelop, he went back to the window and drew in a long breath. It was dark, but many stars shone.

II

He woke at half-past two, an hour which long experience had taught him brings panic intensity to all awkward

thoughts. On this particular morning, the thought which gathered such rapid momentum was that, if he became ill, at his age not improbable, he would not see her. From this it was but a step to realization that he would be cut off, too, when his son and June returned from Spain. How could he justify desire for the sight of one who had stolen—early morning does not mince words—June's lover? That lover was dead; but June was a stubborn little thing, warm-hearted, but stubborn as wood, and—quite true—not one who forgot. By the middle of next month they would be back. He had barely five weeks left to enjoy the new interest that had come into what remained of his life. Darkness showed up to him absurdly clear the nature of his feeling. Admiration—nay, a sort of craving for the sight of beauty! Preposterous, at his age! And yet—what other reason was there for asking June to undergo such painful reminder, and now prevent his son and his son's wife from thinking him very queer? He



would be reduced to sneaking up to London, which tired him; and the least indisposition would cut him off even from that. He lay with eyes open, setting his jaw against the prospect and calling himself an old fool, while his heart beat loudly, and then seemed to stop beating altogether. He saw the dawn lighting the window-chinks, heard the birds chirp and twitter and the cocks crow before, at last, he fell asleep again, and woke tired but sane. Five weeks before he need bother—at his age an eternity! But that early-morning panic had left its mark, had slightly fevered the will of one who had always had his own way. He would see her as often as he wished! Why not go up to town and make that codicil at his solicitor's instead of writing about it? She might like to go to the opera. But by train—for he would not have that fat chap Beacon grinning behind his back. Servants were such fools, and as likely as not they had known all the past history of Irene and young Bosinney—servants knew everything and suspected the rest.

That morning, he wrote to her thus:

MY DEAR IRENE:

I have to be up in town to-morrow. If you would like a look-in at the opera, come and dine with me quietly—

But where? It was decades since he had dined anywhere in London save at his club or at a private house. Ah, that newfangled place close to Covent Garden!

Let me have a line to-morrow morning to the Piedmont Hotel whether to expect you there at seven o'clock.

Yours affectionately,

JOLYON FORSYTE.

She would understand that he just wanted to give her a little pleasure; for the idea that she would guess he had this itch for beauty was instinctively unpleasant to him. It was not seemly that one so old should go out of his way to see anybody, much less a woman.

The journey next day, short though it was, and the visit to his lawyer's tired him. It was hot, too, and after dressing for dinner, he lay down on the sofa in his bedroom to rest a little. He must have had a sort of fainting-fit, for he came to himself feeling very queer, and with some difficulty rose and rang the bell. Past seven! She would be waiting. Suddenly the dizziness came on again, and he was obliged to relapse on the sofa. He heard the maid's voice say,

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes; come here." He could not see her clearly for

salts to his nose, and pushing a pillow up behind his head. He heard her say anxiously, "Dear uncle Jolyon, what is it?" was dimly conscious of the soft pressure of her lips on his hand, then drew in a long breath of smelling-salts, suddenly discovered strength in them, and sneezed.

"Ha," he said; "it's nothing! How did you get here? Go down and dine—the tickets are on the dressing-table. I shall be all right in a minute." He felt her hand cool on his forehead, smelled violets, and sat divided between a sort of pleasure and a determination to be all right. "Why, you *are* in gray!" he said. "Help me up." Once on his feet, he gave himself a shake. "What business had I to go off like that?" And he moved very slowly to the glass. What a cadaverous chap! Her voice, behind him, murmured,

"You mustn't come down, uncle; you must rest."

"Fiddlesticks! A glass of champagne 'll soon set me to rights. I can't have you missing the opera."

The journey down the corridor was troublesome. What carpets they had in these newfangled places, so thick that you tripped up in them at every step! In the lift, he noticed how concerned she looked, and said, with the ghost of a twinkle,

"I'm a pretty host."

When the lift stopped, he had to hold firmly to the seat to prevent its slipping under him; but after soup and a glass of champagne, he felt much better, and began to enjoy an infirmity which had brought such tenderness into her manner toward him.

"I should have liked you for a daughter," he said suddenly, and, watching the smile in her eyes, went on: "You mustn't get wrapped up in the past, my dear, at your time of life—plenty of that when you get to my age. That's a nice dress—I like the style."

"I made it myself."

Ah! A woman who could make herself a pretty frock had not lost her interest in life.

"Make hay while the sun shines," he said; "and drink that up. I want to see some color in your cheeks. We mustn't waste life; it doesn't do. There's a new Marguerite to-night; let's hope she won't be fat. And Mephisto—anything more dreadful than a fat chap playing the Devil, I can't imagine."

But they did not go to the opera at all, for in getting up from dinner, the dizziness came over him again,

and she insisted on his staying quiet and going to bed early.

When he left her at the door of the hotel, having paid the cabman to drive her to Chelsea, he sat down again for a moment to enjoy the memory of her words, "You are such a darling to me, uncle Jolyon!" Why, who wouldn't be? He would have liked to stay up another day and take her to the zoo, but two days running of him would bore her to death. No; he must wait till next Sunday; she had promised to come then. They would settle those lessons for Holly, if only for a month. It would be something. That little toad, *mam'zelle*, wouldn't like it, but she would have to lump it. And crushing his old opera-hat against his chest, he sought the lift.



After sounding him, the fellow pulled a face as long as your arm and ordered him to stay in bed and give up smoking

the cloud in front of his eyes. "I'm not well. I want some sal volatile."

"Yes, sir." Her voice sounded frightened.

Old Jolyon made an effort.

"Don't go. Take this message to my niece—a lady waiting in the hall—a lady in gray. Say Mr. Forsyte is not well—the heat. He is very sorry. If he is not down directly, she is not to wait dinner."

When she was gone, he thought feebly: "Why did I say a lady in gray—she may be in anything. Sal volatile!"

He did not go off again, yet was not conscious of how Irene came to be standing beside him, holding smelling-

Indian Summer of a Forsyte

He drove to Waterloo next morning, struggling with a desire to say, "Drive me to Chelsea." But his sense of proportion was too strong. Besides, he still felt shaky, and did not want to risk another aberration like that of last night, away from home. Holly, too, was expecting him and what he had in his bag for her. Not that there was any cupboard-love in his little sweet—she was a bundle of affection. Then, with the rather bitter cynicism of the old, he wondered, for a second, whether it was not cupboard-love that made Irene put up with him. No; she was not that sort, either. She had, if anything, too little notion of how to butter her bread, no sense of property, poor thing! Besides, he had not breathed a word about that codicil; nor should he—sufficient unto the day was the good thereof.

In the victoria that met him at the station, Holly was restraining the dog Balthazar, and their joint caresses made jolly his drive home. All the rest of that fine, hot day and most of the next, he was content and peaceful, reposing in the shade, while the long, lingering sunshine showered gold on the lawns and the flowers. But on Thursday evening, at his lonely dinner, he began to count the hours—sixty-five till he would go down to meet her again in the little coppice and walk up through the field at her side. He had intended to consult the doctor about that fainting-fit, but the fellow would be sure to insist on quiet, no excitement, and all that; and he did not mean to be tied by the leg, did not want to be told of an infirmity—if there were one—could not afford to hear it at his time of life, now that this new interest had come.

That night, in his study, he had just finished his cigar and was dozing off, when he heard the rustle of a gown and was conscious of a scent of violets. Opening his eyes, he saw her, dressed in gray, standing by the fireplace, hold-

ing out her arms. The odd thing was that, though those arms seemed to hold nothing, they were curved as if round some one's neck, and her own neck was bent back, her lips open, her eyes closed. She vanished at once, and there were the mantelpiece and his bronzes. But those bronzes and the mantelpiece had not been there when she was—only the fireplace and the wall. Shaken and troubled, he got up. "I must take medicine," he thought; "I can't be well." His heart beat too fast; he had an asthmatic feeling in the chest, and going to the window, he opened it to get some air. A dog was barking far away—one of the dogs at Drage's farm no doubt—beyond the coppice. A beautiful still night, but dark. "I dropped off," he mused; "that's it, and yet my eyes were open—I'll swear!" A sound like a sigh seemed to answer.

"What's that?" he said sharply. "Who's there?"

Putting his hand to his side to still the beating in his heart, he stepped out on the terrace. Something soft scurried by in the dark. "Shoo!" It was that great gray cat. "Young Bosinney was like a great cat," he thought. "It was him in there that she—that she was—He's got her still!" He walked to the edge of the terrace and looked down into the darkness, where he could just see the powdering daisies on the unmown lawn. Here to-day and gone to-morrow—and there came the moon, that saw all, young and old, alive and dead, and didn't care a fig! His own turn soon! And he turned again toward the house. He could see the windows of the night nursery up there. His little sweet would be asleep. "Hope that dog won't wake her," he thought. "What is it makes us love, and makes us die? I must go to bed." And across the terrace-stones, growing gray in the moonlight, he passed back within.

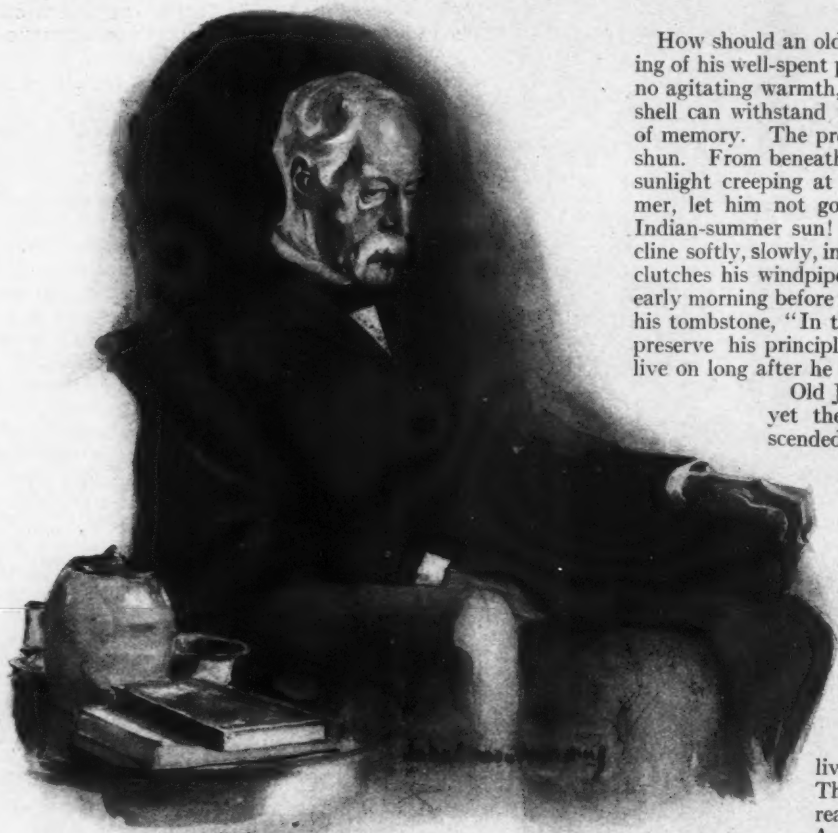
III

How should an old man live his days if not in dreaming of his well-spent past? In that, at all events, there is no agitating warmth, only pale winter sunshine. The shell can withstand the gentle beating of the dynamos of memory. The present he should distrust, the future shun. From beneath thick shade he should watch the sunlight creeping at his toes. If there be sun of summer, let him not go out into it, mistaking it for the Indian-summer sun! Thus, peradventure, he shall decline softly, slowly, imperceptibly, until impatient nature clutches his windpipe and he gasps away to death some early morning before the world is aired; and they put on his tombstone, "In the fulness of years!" Yea! If he preserve his principles in perfect order, a Forsyte may live on long after he is dead.

Old Jolyon was conscious of all this, and yet there was in him that which transcended Forsytism. For it is written that

a Forsyte shall not love beauty more than reason, or his own way more than his own health. And something beat within him in these days that, with each throb, fretted at the thinning shell. His sagacity knew this, but it knew, too, that he could not stop that beating, nor would if he could. And yet, if you had told him he was living on his capital, he would have stared you down. No, no; a man did not

live on his capital. It was not done! The shibboleths of the past are more real than the actualities of the present. And he, to whom living on one's capital had never been anathema, could not have borne to have applied so gross a phrase to his own case. Pleasure is healthful, (Continued on page 120)



He went to his study and sat down, quivering like a leaf.
What did this mean?



The Future of the Earth

By Maurice Maeterlinck

Decoration by W. T. Benda

CONSIDER the earth in its origin: at first, a shapeless nebula, becoming gradually more and more condensed; next, a globe of fire, of rocks in fusion, whirling for millions of years through space, with no other object than that of forming into a mass and cooling—an inconceivable incandescence which none of our sources of heat can suggest to us—an essential, scientific, absolute barrenness which may well have proclaimed itself irremediable and everlasting. Who would have thought that from these torrents of matter in eruption, which seemed to have destroyed forever all life or the least germ of life, there would emerge each and every form of life itself, from the greatest, the strongest, the most enduring, the most impetuous, the most abundant, down to the least visible, the most precarious, the most ephemeral, the most exiguous? Who could have dared foresee that they would give birth to what seems so utterly alien to the liquefied or viscous rocks and metals that alone formed the surface, the nucleus, and the very entity of our globe? I mean our human intelligence and consciousness.

Is it possible to imagine a more unexpected evolution and ending? What could astonish us after so great an astonishment, and what are we not entitled to hope of a world which, after being what it was, has produced what we see and what we are? Considering that it started from a

sort of negation of life, from integral barrenness, and from worse than nothing in order to end in us, where will it not end after starting from ourselves? If its birth and formation have elaborated such prodigies, what prodigies may not its existence, its indefinite prolongation, and its dissolution hold in store? There are an immeasurable distance and inconceivable transformations between the one frightful material of the early days and the human thought of

this moment; and there will doubtless be a like distance and like transformations, as difficult to conceive, between the thought of this moment and that which will succeed it in the infinity of time.

It seems as if, in the beginning, our earth did not know what to do with its material and with its force, which interdevoured each other. In the vast, flaming void in which it was being consumed, it had not yet the shadow of an object or an idea; to-day, it has so many that our scholars wear out their lives to no purpose in seeking them, and are overwhelmed by the number of its mysterious and inexhaustible combinations. At that time, it disposed of but a single force, the most destructive that we know—fire. If everything was born of fire, which itself seemed to be born only to destroy, what will not be born of that which seems to be born only to produce, beget, and multiply?

If it was able to do so much with the (Concluded on page 102)

Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos



A moment later she heard the click of the electric switch as he entered his bedroom. "He will knock in a moment," she thought, with her glance on the knob of the door

"CAN this be Andrew?" Amy said to herself in amazement. For two years she had never known her husband but as the most complaisant and tractable of men, unfailing in good humor, proud of her social triumphs, an inexhaustible bank to meet every caprice. Twenty times she had said to Irma:

"Andrew is the most wonderful of husbands. He lets me do exactly what I want. He has absolute faith in me. Really, I think he adores it the more men are attentive to me."

And, all at once, without warning, this outburst, this arbitrary and violent climax of Dawson's banishment! She who had looked at other wives in superior pride had suddenly been overwhelmed with ugly reality. The first quarrel had come, and with it the realization that here was a new man—very different from the adoring Andrew of the past—a will and a temper to be reckoned with in future, an anger that had left her cold with physical fear!

42

She stooped and picked up Dawson's card, now twisted into an unrecognizable shred, and the copy of the *Tattletale* which he had flung down. Then, noticing the telephone, she swept it up hastily. But no sooner had she replaced the receiver than the bell took up its shrill clamoring.

For the moment, she was seized with the same violent desire to sweep it aside which had possessed her husband.

"Well, who is it?" she said angrily.

It was Tody Dawson. She covered the receiver hastily and glanced about with a frightened look.

"Mrs. Forrester is out," she said abruptly, and set the receiver down with a bang. Of course, he had 'phoned to warn her of his break, but the boyish imprudence of the move increased her irritation.

"The worst is, I acted as though I were guilty," she thought, as she entered her boudoir. Her cheeks were

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Virtuous Wives

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by George Gibbs

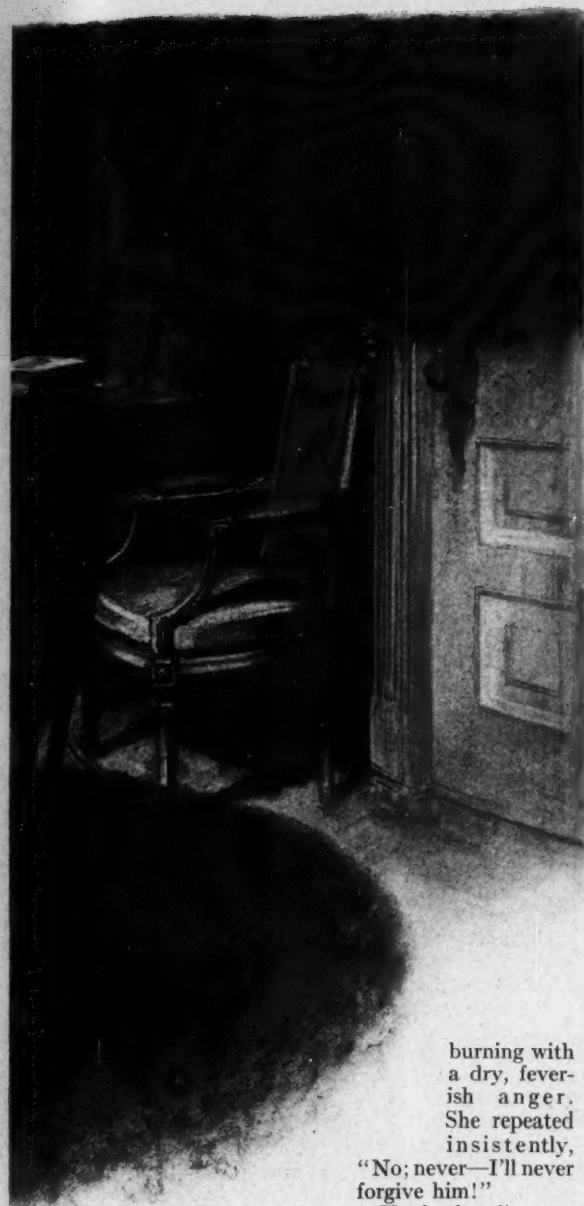
ANDREW FORRESTER, an ambitious New York business man, has married Amy Starling, whose father—her mother having died when she was twelve—has brought her up in the most indulgent manner, while every responsibility has been spared her. The young couple find a place in a wealthy and idle set of people who are entirely strange to Andrew, and he, carried away by their mode of life and scale of living, resolves to sacrifice everything for a few years and become a millionaire. So he accepts the presidency of a refining and smelting company, which post necessitates long absences in Arizona and Mexico.

Amy's particular friends are Mesdames Dellabarre, Challoner, and Lightbody. These women see little of their husbands and are a great deal in the company of other men, but, as they never overstep the bounds of propriety, they regard themselves as perfectly virtuous wives. Tody Dawson and Jap Laracy are young men of the fetch-and-carry type, protégés of Irma Dellabarre, and she obligingly turns the former over to Mrs. Forrester, in order that Amy, like the rest of her set, may have some "safe" gallant to dance attendance, on her. The result is that, after a time, Dawson thinks himself madly in love with Amy, and, declaring himself, she is obliged to set him right very positively as to how she purposes conducting herself. She is criticized for the attentions she receives from men in the pages of the *Tattletale*, a weekly which chronicles the doings of the world of fashion. In spite of a plea for economy from Andrew, she is exceedingly extravagant in her dress and living, and is planning a magnificent *bal costumé*—the Versailles fête.

Forrester returns from a trip to Mexico. He has seen the *Tattletale*. He encounters Dawson leaving the house, and the youth tells a lie as to the object of his visit. He finds Amy in negligée, and upbraids her for receiving men in such costume. A violent scene follows. Andrew demands the banishment of Dawson from the house. Amy refuses, and says that he will dance in the minuet with her at the fête. He produces the *Tattletale* and finally, in great anger, sweeps the telephone—through which men on the wire had several times interrupted the interview—from the table to the floor, and rushes from the room.

Why hadn't she thought of that at the time of their quarrel? There was her answer—to him and to all the doubts which had troubled her conscience. She had done only what he had wished her to do. If she had unwittingly offended against appearances, he was responsible. Her innocence appeared to her so radiantly clear that she settled back with a deep sigh of content. When she saw him again, she would confront him with this defense. What could he answer? Absolutely nothing! So relieved was her conscience that by the time she reached Lazare's, she was in the mood to make excuses for what she had sworn never to forgive.

It was almost two by the buhl clock hid in the palms as she hurried through the antechamber, where the first person she ran into was Mrs. Dellabarre.



burning with
a dry, fever-
ish anger.
She repeated
insistently,

"No; never—I'll never
forgive him!"

Her husband's room
adjoined hers. She
marched directly to the

door, threw it open, and said sharply,
"Andrew!"

The room was empty. He had left the house. She came back frowning and uneasy, vaguely alarmed at this disappearance, which her excited imagination magnified. What could she do? There must be some explanation—matters could not be left like this. She dressed, glanced at the clock, and hurried down to the waiting car.

"Why did I act as though I were guilty?" she said, frowning. "I even told a lie, a foolish lie!"

It was impossible to forgive such a public humiliation—quite impossible! Then her anger veered to Tody. What had possessed him to tell such a stupid lie—to call up on the telephone when her husband might have been there? Perhaps Andrew had overheard—there was a connection in his room—perhaps that was why he had rushed away. Of course, if he were jealous, it did look terribly, with all those unfortunate telephone-calls. Suddenly she sat upright.

"But Andrew himself told me to play all I wanted to—of course he did! And now he reproaches me!"

(CONTINUED IN NEXT MAGAZINE). COPYRIGHTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

"Really, Amy—when we are going to a *matinée*—this is exaggerating it!"

"My dear, Andrew turned up unexpectedly," she began glibly. "I just could not get away."

She was in the dining-room, smiling to the right and to the left, making for a corner table which was always reserved for their special group. Gladys Challoner's eyes were sharp and malicious; it would never do to let her suspect the quarrel. She was composing her expression when, all at once, she was thrown off her guard. At their table, where they had drawn up chairs for a word of greeting, she saw her cousin, Fifi Nordstrum, and Monte Bracken.

She had known that he was returned from Europe. She had read of his exploits lately at Palm Beach, but in the long intervals since she had last seen him, the impression of their last intimate conversation had remained so vivid in her imagination that to happen upon him now in this odd conjuncture startled her. He arose at her approach. By the look in his eyes, she saw that he did not recognize her. He was waiting for Fifi's greeting to place her.

"Sorry to be late—husband turned up," she said lightly. "Why, Fifi dear, thought you were in Florida!"

"Just bobbed up," said Fifi, embracing her. "Go on, Monte. Monte is too delightful," she added, in explanation. "He has just been wiping up the floor with us, and Gladys and Kitty are furious."

"Monte is exceedingly personal," said Mrs. Challoner frigidly.

"Rats!" said Fifi. "There are thousands like you, Gladys."

"But what's he been saying?" said Irma encouragingly. "The most dastardly attack I could make," said Bracken, smiling. "If I had accused you of being uneducated, parasites, or immoral, that would be nothing. But I happened to remark that the New York woman did not know how to dress, and the row started."

"But, Monte, everyone admits that we are the best dressed women in the world," said Irma, in protest.

"There you go! What do you mean by 'best dressed?'"

"What do *you* mean?"

"I mean dressed in perfect taste for every occasion."

"Oh, go on and attack us!" said Kitty Lightbody.

"With pleasure. You dress for the street-car as you dress for a ball. There is nothing progressive in your art—everything is thrown out at once. A well-bred woman in Europe who is well dressed is an artist. When she goes shopping, she goes shopping, and not to attract the admiration of motormen, bell-boys, and shop-clerks. She would be offended by such attention. So she dresses not to be noticed. If she lunches in a restaurant, she does not offer herself to the vulgar stare of a crowd as she would to her friends in the shelter of her home."

"This hits me!" said Kitty, who had five hundred dollars on her plump back.

"Certainly. But it does not distinguish you, my dear Kitty," said Bracken, laughing.

"Well, we overdress," said Gladys, shrugging her shoulders.

"Ah, but it's more than that—you don't comprehend that to be a woman is an art in itself!"

"Now you interest me," said Irma, nodding in approval, while the others, at this excursion into the only field which completely absorbed them, leaned forward expectantly.

"To charm always and unfailingly, a woman must understand the value of surprises. She should know how to admit a man progressively to her intimacy, and to make him feel that each approaching step is a privilege."

"I understand," said Irma thoughtfully.

"Blessed if I do!" said Kitty explosively.

"If you meet a woman in the morning, you do not wish to see her as she is in the afternoon. If you meet her in the afternoon in public, you ought to feel that there is a final intimacy that she reserves for you solely in her own home. The trouble here is, you make no distinction between the

admiration of the crowd and the tribute from the privileged friend. You are well dressed always, but—how shall I say?—you are well dressed as—"

"Say it, Monte," said Fifi, with her elbows on the table. "As *demi-mondaines* are well dressed."

"But why not?" said Irma lightly; for the topic had now run to a favorite pose of hers. "As for me—I say it frankly—I admire them. They are the only real women to-day. What they do, they do well."

"Irma!" said Kitty, closing her ears with a pretense of being scandalized.

"But I mean it! Why not be frank?" said Mrs. Delabarre. We do imitate them. Monte's right. You do, and I do. Don't be foolish—of course we do! Don't we fall over every little dancer or actress who turns up? Don't we fight to have them at our tables, copy their dresses, their hair, their slang? We do—only, we do it badly."

The conversation ran into distinctions which scandalized the ears of an out-of-town couple at the next table. For at this time, Irma's pose was a cloak of bravado which many women of society liked to assume in the effort to startle and astound.

Amy took no part in the discussion, hearing little that was said, yet if her mind could not concentrate on Monte Bracken's argument, she had, as always, a feeling of his mental superiority. Her own perplexities, the sudden disturbance of her equanimity, the new struggle ahead which she foresaw must come with her husband if she were to regain her threatened supremacy obsessed her to the exclusion of all other thoughts.

In the air was the arrogant dominion of the new fashion and tyrant of the sensation-craving crowd. Lazare's was the newest restaurant, with the newest orchestra and the newest dancing favorites to patronize their dance-hall. A new style had made last season's dresses grotesque; a new lace-brim hat was the magnet of all feminine eyes. About them the conversation ran on the new plays, the new books, the newest pianist, and the newest scandal. Nothing could survive six months in the forcing heat of this social hothouse, where every luxury of the body was flaunted, where every sensation had to have novelty, where a brilliant, driven, pleasure-drugged society met in its search for the extraordinary, for the bizarre—for the thing that astounded. And she, Amy Forrester, had become one of them, as Monte Bracken had prophesied. How strange that he should bob up in her life at this moment! She was superstitious, as all women are in misfortune. There was something unnatural in this reminder of the past—a sign and a warning. Perhaps, after all, she was wrong—all wrong! From time to time, as he continued his bantering attack with Irma and Gladys, his glance rested on her with growing curiosity. What was he thinking? Did he remember? Once he spoke her name, slurring it—she was not sure but that he had called her "Mrs. Foster." If he remembered, there must be a touch of malice behind the amusement in his eyes.

"If a woman's unhappy, she's lazy," said Fifi, closing the subject in her downright way. She rose, with a glance at her watch.

"I agree, and I escape on the word," Monte said; laughing at Fifi's remark. He turned deliberately to Amy, holding out his hand.

"I see you have just remembered me," she said.

"Not quite that—readjusted my memories," he said, smiling. And then, with that assumption of intimacy which never offended in him, he added, "Are you going to ask me to call?"

"Please—soon."

She watched him as he made his adieux. He had not changed much—if any. He had gained in authority—a trifle thinner in the face and under the cheek-bones. He had the same easy bearing toward life, the same tolerant amusement in his keen eyes; and yet there was a new note which arrested her attention—a note of sadness or, if not quite that, of restlessness, of being unattached to life—a seeking

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DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

He rose at her approach. By the look in his eyes, she saw that he did not recognize her. He was waiting for Fifi's greeting to place her. "Sorry to be late—husband turned up," she said lightly. "Why,

Fifi dear, thought you were in Florida!"

for some intangible help, which she detected for the first time.

"What's this stuff about our being lazy?" said Kitty, who had been puzzled by the intricacies of the conversation.

"Now that we are alone," said Irma, laughing, "let's tell the truth."

"What—do you mean to say a clever woman can do what she pleases? That is, of course—you know what I mean."

The other burst out laughing.

"Flirt to your heart's content? Certainly," said Irma. "Fifi has hit it—we are just simply lazy. We take husbands for granted. If we'd give one-tenth the time to managing them that we do to playing around—if we showed just as much cleverness with our husbands as we do with other men—there would be no divorces."

"Irma, you're a nice one to talk!"

"My dear, when Rudy flies into a tantrum, I blame myself. Let's whisper the truth: any woman can do what she wants and keep her husband, if she isn't too lazy to try."

"Not always," said Gladys, "but, even then, with a little attention—"

"My Lord, I must be the limit, then—I certainly can't do it!" said Kitty naively. "I tried, but it was an awful bore. Who wants a husband around all the time, tripping over your skirts? Just because you're married, you don't have to treat all men as though they were lepers!"

At this moment, a boy approached with a telephone-slip for Mrs. Challoner, who took it, glanced at it, smiled, and rose to answer.

"I suppose you call that being clever," said Kitty instantly. "Gladys gets me. The number of men she can keep going without snarling the threads beats me!"

Several younger men came in and joined their table—Laracy, Pardee, young Fortescue, and, finally, Tody Dawson, who drew up his chair at Amy's side and looked unutterably melancholy and submissive, refusing to join the chorus of railery which always centered about Kitty Lightbody's excursions into philosophy. Amy withdrew, too, from the conversation, a prey to her thoughts. The discussion left her heavy-hearted. Was it true that she, too, was coming to this light acceptance of marriage? She felt like crying out: "Wait! Let me think it over! Give me time—everything is rushing so. It isn't fair—everything is being thrust upon me all at once!"

"Lord sakes, Amy, if you're pining for your husband as bad as that," said Kitty Lightbody suddenly, "fly to him! You're worse than a girl when she's engaged."

She roused herself hastily, defending herself with spirit against the laugh which followed.

"Speaking of engagements," said Laracy, with a nod toward Bracken, "heard the latest? Fifi and Monte Bracken."

"Fifi?" said Gladys scornfully. "Fifi doesn't count! Men propose to her out of politeness. Fifi's collecting engagement rings."

Irma and Amy looked at each other with the same impulse, the same question in their glance, and then uneasily away.

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Dellabarre, frowning.

"Fact," said Laracy. "They're together all the time."

"Well, if we want to get the second act," said Kitty, springing up, "time to be moving."

Amy, who stopped to greet an acquaintance, was momentarily detained. When she reached the sidewalk, the others had gone; only Tody was waiting, ill at ease and dejected.

"I'm sorry. They didn't want to wait," he said contritely. "If you'd rather—I can take another taxi."

She frowned and stepped into the car, motioning him to follow.

"Now go for me," he said, with a groan. "I deserve it. I know. I've called myself every name I could think of." She was in no humor to spare him.

"Why did you do it? And before Gregory, too. What will he think?"

"I know; I know!" he said miserably. "I lost my head—like a double-barreled fool that I am!"

"But why say anything?" she said, exasperated.

"Good Lord, Amy," he said, surprised, "be reasonable! I had to say something."

"Why?"

"Well, you see—at such an hour—" He began to flounder bit his tongue, and said desperately, "I had to give some explanation—really."

It came to her like a shock—as though unconsciously Tody himself were pleading Andrew's cause—that he, too, had realized that there was something undignified, something demanding an explanation in his presence under the conditions. She stared ahead, frowning.

"I suppose you told him—the real reason?" said Dawson slowly.

"Of course—there was nothing else to do."



"O Lord!"

"You have made me exceedingly uncomfortable—exceedingly unhappy," she said. She looked at him, angry that such an inconsequential element in her routine of pleasure should have the power to trouble her intimate tranquillity. But she could not let him suspect the gravity of the situation, so she said, "If Andrew wasn't perfectly wonderful, it would have been more than disagreeable."

"I'll do anything you say—I'll go to him myself."

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" she said sharply. "The whole thing is ridiculous—but it's over."

Arrived at the theater, she hastened into the box. Despite all of Laracy's humor and the bantering of her friends, she felt too depressed to conceal her emotion. Their flippancy annoyed her; their humor was stale; their assumption of worldliness was ridiculous. She thought of Andrew as he had been in his anger—masterful, trenchant, and unbending.

"Good heavens, these are nothing but puppets!" she thought. "There is not one real man among them—and we spend our time fighting over them!"

At the close of the act, she rose, pretending a headache, and went home, refusing an escort. She waited alone in her bedroom, trying to read, listening for her husband's return. At six, a message came from the office that she was not to change her plans—he would dine at the club.

"He might have called me himself," she thought, staring

at the wall. Even if she had been wrong, he might have made allowances for her—everyone always had. Hurt, weak, and rebellious, she dressed and went to dinner, a stiff affair, new acquaintances, where she was bored and restless. At ten o'clock, she left and hurried home, hoping to find him back. Since their quarrel of the morning, she had done nothing but compare him with the men she saw about her. The new Andrew impressed and awed her. And, though at times she rebelled furiously against the tyranny of his uncompromising attitude, she felt, little by little, that his unsuspected strength dominated her. In half an hour of sudden authority, he had won more than two years of lavish devotion.

"I will do anything for him," she said to herself, in a flood of weakness, "anything. I'll give this all up, if he really thinks I am wrong. I'll give up everything. I will go with him and lead his life—only—only, he must say he's sorry. I can't give in utterly. No; I can't do that!"



In the morning, when she awoke, heavy from a tormenting night, the maid brought her a letter



The incoming crowds surged about him. They recalled the first parting in the Grand Central Station

He had not returned. She went up to her room, slipped into a negligée, and dismissed Morley for the night. It was almost eleven.

"He ought to be back soon," she thought, as she took up a magazine to tease the time along. But at the end of a moment she perceived that she did not know what she was reading.

"But he is wrong; he is wrong, too!" she said, dropping the periodical wearily.

In the house, not a sound could be heard except the ticking of the little clock on her table. Outside, the street had gone to sleep, too. At most, a distant wail of motors or the echo of a passing train grew, swelled, and dwindled into the silence of the night. She felt alone, abandoned in the emptiness, afraid, as in her childhood she had been afraid of the peopled dark, with a weak, helpless feeling of playing with forces she did not understand. At midnight, she heard the heavy clang of the outer door, then his mounting steps on the marble stairway.

Would he come directly to her room? She held her breath and her pulse quickened. He passed. A moment later she heard the click of the electric switch as he entered his bedroom.

"He will knock in a moment," she thought, with her glance on the knob of the door. "Perhaps he thinks I'm asleep." She rose and moved across the room, humming to herself, that he might know she was up.

"He'll come—he must come now," she said, stopping, her hands pressed over her breast to still the flurry of her breathing. Minute after minute she stood there, waiting—

Should she go in? Could she make the first overture? Her whole nature rebelled against the thought. To do so was to admit her offending was the greater. To make the first advance would be to renounce all her old empire over him.

"No, no; he must be the first! He must!"

She stretched out her arms, and her lips moved with his

name. He must know that she was there. If he loved her, he must feel that she was calling him to her.

All at once she heard the click of the electric button, then the sudden groan of the bed.

"He won't come—he won't come," she said to herself dumbly. "He knows I am here, waiting, and he won't come!"

The room grew blurred before her eyes. She groped her way to her bed, fell on it, and buried her head in her pillow.

"He mustn't hear me. He shan't know how I suffer," she said to herself hysterically. Yet her wish was contrary to her thought. Only a door separated them. Despite all her effort, he must hear her, he must know that she was sobbing her

heart away—

In the morning, when she awoke, heavy from a tormenting night, the maid brought her a letter:

MY DEAR AMY:

I am leaving on an early train, and perhaps it is better so. It does no good to talk over an ugly situation. There are, however, several things I must say to you. On reflection, I feel that I was wrong in giving orders as to whom you might or might not receive in your house. It is your house—and, in the second place, it is impossible to live on the basis of force. I shall, therefore, leave you full liberty for your actions. You will realize, I hope, the full responsibility this entails. I shall await your decision.

ANDREW.

VII

THE express was running into the outskirts of Buffalo on the last lap of its journey to New York. Andrew Forrester, in a private stateroom, surrounded by magazines half read, three novels yet to be opened, and a drifting mass of newspapers which littered the floor, waited eagerly the moment when he could descend for a long, nervous tramping of the platform. He was returning home for a brief twelve hours, for which he had come a few thousand miles, that his presence might be remarked at the Versailles fête of his brilliant young wife. A dozen times he had vowed to remain away, but, in the end, he had come. He had come grimly, because his pride was in question, and whatever his private misery, his vanity insisted on concealing it before the world.

A crisis had arrived in his married life, which had to be met. In response to his letter, Amy had written defying his authority, announcing her intention of dancing the minuet with Tody Dawson. He did not believe that she would go so far as this, but if she did, he would meet the situation as it must be met.

"Everything all right, Mr. Forrester?" asked Perkins, the conductor, an old friend, who never failed to stop in for a chat.

"Thanks, yes. Running on time?"

"To the minute. When are you coming out again?"

"Just up for overnight, Perkins; back with you the day after."

"Up for that costume ball, eh?"

"Yes," he said, surprised; "how do you know about that?"

"My missis showed me something about it in the paper," said Perkins. "She keeps an eye on the doings of the Four Hundred."

"I see. Well, drop in after dinner and smoke a cigar with me."

(Continued on page 132)

The Fair Farmerette



DIANA ALLAN is a blond beauty of pure Scandinavian type. She was born in Sweden but was brought up in New England. New York first saw her last year in "The Midnight Frolic," and now her dancing is a diverting feature of the big revue, "Miss 1917." She makes an adorable "farmerette" in one of the scenes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STODOL, 535 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



MRS. VERNON CASTLE is the star of the first of the 1918 Pathé feature-plays, a series of important film productions possessing unusual interest from the view-point of both subjects and interpreters. In moving pictures, Mrs. Castle has reached a degree of fame quite as great as that attained through her development of the modern dance.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



© 1914 F. NEES
ARLINE CHASE dances with exquisite grace through several of the spritely numbers of "Leave It to Jane." The spectator sees at once that she is really in love with her art, and shares the joy and satisfaction of fine achievement with this enthusiastic young woman who manages her marked abilities with such rare intelligence.



© IRA LINTZ
EDITH HALLOR has the prima-donna rôle in "Leave It to Jane," which is George Ade's delightful comedy, "The College Widow," set to music. She studied for the concert stage, but her vivacity and dramatic talents quickly found their proper outlet in the field of musical comedy. This is her second season of marked success in the work.

Aladdin on Simpson Street

*Henry Calverly finds
a new source of
inspiration*

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by

Howard Chandler Christy



He stood over Henry's desk—even pounded it. The boy
didn't seem to get it, even now

ELBERFORCE JENKINS was the most accomplished very young man about town in Sunbury. He danced well. His golf was more than promising. He had lately taken up polo with the Dexter Smith boys and young De Casselles. He owned two polo-ponies, a schooled riding-horse, and a carriage-team which he drove to a high cart. His allowance from his father by far overcame the weakness of his salary (he was with his older brother, Jefferson, in a bond-house on La Salle Street). His aptitude at small talk amounted to a gift. His taste in girls pointed him unerringly toward the most desirable among the newest.

He and Henry Calverly had been together in high school. They played together on the football team. They had—during one hectic month—been rivals for the hand of Ernestine Lambert when she visited Mary Ames.

In that instance, in so far as success had come, it had come to Henry. But those were Henry's big days, when he was directing the open-air performances of "Iolanthe," the town at his feet. Life, these two years, had flowed swiftly on. The long, dangling figure of Elbow Jenkins had filled out. His crude boyishness had given way to a smiling reserve. He was a young man of the world—self-assured, never indiscreet of tongue, always well-mannered, never individual or interesting; while Henry Calverly—sensitive, alert, confused of mind but individual and interesting to a degree far beyond the comprehension of Elbow Jenkins—still worked on Simpson Street. He hadn't struck his gait. He was—if you bothered, these days, to think about him—a little queer. He wore a very small mustache and a heavy cord hanging from his nose-glasses, and dressed a thought too conspicuously, as if impelled by some inner urge to assert a personality that might otherwise be overlooked.

From the period of Ernestine Lambert to the time of the present story, Elbow Jenkins had been on Henry's nerves. Whenever they met, that is; or when Henry saw

him driving the newest, prettiest, best dressed girl about in his cart. Two years earlier, he would have had two ponies hitched tandem. But now, a little older, less willing to be conspicuous except in strict conformity with the conventions, he drove his carefully matched team side by side. His seat, his hold of the reins, the very turning-back of his tan gloves—all were correct. These, indeed, were details in the problem of living and moving about with success among one's fellows that Elberforce Jenkins regarded as really important. Like cultivating the favor of men who could be influential in a business or social way.

Yes; Elbow was on Henry's nerves.

But Elbow had long since forgotten Henry, except for a chance nod now and then. And occasionally a moment's annoyance that Henry should insist on keeping alive a nickname that had with years become repellent.

The blow fell on Henry at half-past five on the Tuesday. I mark the time thus precisely, because it perhaps adds a touch of interest to the consideration of what happened between then and Friday night, when McGibbon first saw what he had done. Of the importance of the blow in Henry's life there is no doubt. It turned him sharply. It made a man of him, or started the process.

Aladdin on Simpson Street

The practical difficulty with Henry's life was, of course, that he was strong. He didn't know this himself. He thought he was weak. Some who observed him thought the same. There were reasons enough. But Mildred Henderson, who had played the accompaniments during all the "Iolanthe" rehearsals, and who had later seen him write the curiously vivid account of the Business Men's Picnic that old man Boice didn't dare print in the *Voice*—readers of earlier episodes may recall that he wrote it at her house, under the stimulus of his rather unsettling little affair with Corinne Doag, her guest—Mildred always declared flatly that he was a genius, that he was too good for Sunbury.

I say Henry was strong, because I can't interpret his rugged non-conformity in any other way. A weaker lad would long since have given up, gone into Smith Brothers' wholesale, taken his spiritual beating, and fallen into step with his generation. But Henry's resistance was so strong and so deep that he didn't even know he was resisting. He was doing the only thing he could do, being what he was, feeling what he felt. And when instinct failed to guide, when the Power lay quiescent, he was simply waiting and blundering along, but never falling into step. He had to wait until the Power should rise with him, and take him out and up where he belonged.

There was a little scene on the Monday evening just before. It was in the rooms Henry shared with Humphrey Weaver, in the barn back of the Parmenter place. Mrs. Henderson was there.

Henry stumbled in on the two of them, Mildred and Humphrey. They were at the piano, seated side by side. They had been studying "Tristan and Isolde" together for a week or so. Mildred often played the love-duet from the second act for him, too. Henry heard him, mornings, trying to hum it while he shaved.

They insisted that he take a chair. He, with a sense of intrusion, took the arm of one and kept hat and stick (his thin bamboo) in his hands. Mildred said reflectively,

"Corinne writes that she'll be back for a week late in August." Then, noting the touch of dismay on Henry's ingenuous countenance, she added, "But you mustn't have her on your conscience, Henry."

"It isn't that—"

"I'm fond of Corinne. And I'm fond of you, Henry. But I can see now that you two would never get on long together—"

"No." Henry's color was up. He was shaking his head. "You don't understand. I'm through with girls. They're nothing in my life. Nothing!"

She slowly shook her head.

"That's absurd, Henry. You're particularly the kind. You'll never be able to live without idealizing some woman."

"I tell you they're nothing to me. My life is different now. I've changed. I've put money—a lot of money—into the *Gleaner*. With Bob McGibbon. It means big responsibilities. You've no idea—"

"No, Henry; you won't change. You'll grow, but you won't change. You're going to write, Henry. And you'll always write straight at a woman."

"No! No!" Henry was sputtering. "Life means work to me. I'm through with—"

She took down the "Tristan" score from the piano and turned the pages in her lap.

"Love is the great vitalizer, Henry," she said.

"No—it's the mind. Thinking. We have to learn to think clearly—objectively."

"Objectively? No. Not you. And I'm glad, in a way.

Because I know we're going to be proud of you. But it's love that makes the world go round. They don't teach you that in the colleges, but it's the truth. Take Wagner—and 'Tristan.' He wrote it straight at a woman. And it's the greatest opera ever written. And the greatest love-story. It's that because he was terribly in love when he wrote it. Do you suppose, for one minute, that if Wagner had never seen Mathilde Wesendonck, we should have had 'Tristan'?"

Henry couldn't answer this because he had never heard of Mathilde Wesendonck. And as he was supposed to be "musical," it seemed best to keep quiet.

It was at the close of the following afternoon that Henry came in and found Humphrey's long figure stretched out on the window-seat—he was smoking, of course. His dark skin looked gray. He couldn't speak at first. But he stared at Henry.

That young man put away hat and stick, had his coat off, and was rolling back his shirt-sleeves for a wash, humming the refrain of "Kentucky Babe." Then, through a slow moment, the queer silence about him, Humphrey's attitude—the fact, for that matter, that Hump was here at all; he was a great hand to work until six or after at the *Voice* office—these things worked in on him like a premonition. The little song died out. He went on a few steps toward the bathroom, then came to a stop.

"Wha—what is it?" he asked. His voice was suddenly husky. "What's the matter, Hump?"

Finally, Humphrey spoke. His voice, too, was low and uncertain. But he gathered control of it as he went on.

"Where 've you been?" he asked.

"Me? Why, over at Rockwell Park. Bob McGibbon wanted me to see about a regular correspondent for the Rockwell Park Doings."

"Heard anything?"

"Me? No. Why? Hump, what is it?"

"Then I've got to tell you."

"Is it—is it—about me, Hump?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well—then—hadn't you better tell me?"

"I'm trying to Hen. You remember—you told me once—you told me you rode a tandem up to Hoffmann's Garden with that Wilcox girl."



Cicely stood motionless by the roses



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

She took down the "Tristan" score from the piano and turned the pages in her lap. "Love is a great vitalizer, Henry," she said. "No—it's the mind. Thinking. We have to learn to think clearly—objectly"

"Oh, that! That was nothing. Why, all the time I lived at Mrs. Wilcox's, I never——"

"Yes, I know. Let me try to tell this, Hen. It's hard enough. She's in a scrape—that girl. Her mother's collapsed. Her uncle and aunt have turned up and taken her off somewhere. He's a butcher on the North Side."

Henry was pale.

"But they can't say of me—" he began.

"Hen, they can—and they *do*."

"But I can prove——"

"What can you prove? What chance will you have to prove anything? You were disturbed when Martha Caldwell and the party with Charles H. Merchant caught you with her up at Hoffmann's——"

"But, Hump, I didn't *want* to take her out that night." He was speaking with less energy now. He felt the blow. Not as he would feel it a few hours later; but he felt it.

Humphrey watched him.

"It has brought things home to me," he said uncertainly.

"The sort of thing that can happen. When you're caught in a drift, you don't think, of course. Now, Hen, listen: This is real trouble. It's going to hit you about to-morrow—full force. It's got to be faced."

"But why, when I——"

"Because you lived alone there, in the boarding-house, for two years. And you were caught with her at Hoffmann's—she in bloomers, drinking beer. Just a cheap little tough. And there isn't a thing you can do but live it down. Nobody will say a direct word to you."

"That's what I'll do," said Henry; "live it down."

"It'll be hard, Hen."

Henry sighed.

"I've faced hard things, Hump."

"Yes, you have, in a way."

"I'll wash up. Where we going to eat? Stanley's?"

"I suppose so. I don't feel like eating much."

It was not until they had started out that Henry gave signs of a deeper reaction. On the outer door-step—the door gave on the alley behind the First Presbyterian parsonage—he stood motionless.

"Coming along?" asked Humphrey, trying to hide his anxiety.

"Why—yes. In a minute. Say, Hump, do you suppose they'll— You know, I ain't afraid. I don't know. Perhaps I *am* afraid. All those people—you know, at Stanley's——"

Humphrey did an unusual thing—laid his hand on Henry's shoulder affectionately, then took his arm and led him along the alley, saying:

"We'll go down to the lunch-counter. It's just as well, Hen. Better get sure of yourself first."

He wondered, as they walked rapidly on—Henry had a tendency to walk fast and faster when brooding or excited—whether the boy would ever get sure of himself. There

were queer, bitter, profoundly confusing thoughts in his own mind, and an emotional tension, but back of all this, coming through it and softening him, his feeling for Henry. It was something of an elder brother's feeling, I think. Henry seemed very young. It was wicked that he had to suffer with all those cynical older men. It might mark the boy for life. Such things happened.



"Do come," she said, with a quick little smile, "and bring the stories. I'm sure I'd like them"

He decided to watch him closely. Sooner or later, the thing would hit him full. He would have to be protected then. Even from himself, perhaps. In a way, it oughtn't to be worse for him than it had been after the Hoffmann's Garden incident. Certain people had talked. Martha Caldwell had cut him dead. And Martha had been his steady girl for two or three years.

But it was worse. The other had been, after all, no more than an incident. This, now, was an overpowering fact.

The town didn't have to notice the other. And, despite the gossip instinct, your small community is rather glad to edge away from surmises that are not established facts. Facts are so uncompromising. And so disrupting. And sometimes upsetting to standardized thought.

The next morning, Henry—stiff, distraught, his eyes wandering a little now and then and his sensitive mouth twitch-

good-morning, then pursed his lips in thought. He found occasion to say, later,

"Henry, how are you taking this thing?"

Henry swallowed, glanced out the window.

"Oh," he said, "all right. I—it's not true, Bob."

"That's just what I tell 'em," said McGibbon eagerly. "What you going to do? Go right on?"

"Well—why, yes. I can't run away."

"Of course not. These things are mean. In a small town, hypocrisy all round. I was thinking it over this morning, and it occurred to me you might like to get off by yourself and do some real writing for the paper. That's what we need, you know. Sketches. Snappy poetry. Little pictures of life—like George Ade's stuff in the *Record*. Or a bit of the Gene Field touch. Something they'd have to read. Make the *Gleaner* known. Put it on every center-table in Sunbury. That's what we really need from you, you know. Take this reception to-night at the Jenkins's. Anybody can cover that. I'll go myself."

Henry, pale, lips compressed, shook his head.

"No," said he, after a pause; "I'll cover it."

McGibbon considered this, then moved irresolutely back to his desk. Here, for a time, he sat, with knit brows, and stabbed at flies with his pen.

It would be walking into the lion's den—that's all. He wished he could think of a way to hold the boy back. There were complications. The *Gleaner*, just lately, had been going pretty violently after what McGibbon called the "Old Cinch"—Mr. Weston, of the Sunbury

National Bank, old man Boice, postmaster and rival editor, and Charles H. Waterhouse, town clerk. Without quite enough evidence, it was accusing Waterhouse of embezzlement and the others of connivance. Mr. Weston was among the most respected in Sunbury, rich, solid, a supporter of all good things.

Though Boice and Waterhouse were unknown to local society, the Westons were intimate with the Jenkinses and their crowd. They all regarded the *Gleaner* as a scurrilous, libelous sheet, and McGibbon himself as an intruder in the village life. And there was another trouble; very recent. He couldn't speak of it with the boy in this state of mind. Not at the moment. He couldn't see his way. And now, with the realest scandal Sunbury had known in a decade piled freshly on the paper's bad name! But he couldn't think of a way to keep him from going. The boy was, in a way, his partner. There were little delicacies between them. Henry went.

The reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins to Senator and Madame William M. Watt was the most important social event of the summer.

The Jenkins home, a square mansion of yellow brick, blazed with light at every window. Japanese lanterns were festooned from tree to tree about the lawn. An awning had been erected all the way from the front steps to the horse-block, and a man in livery stood out there, assisting the ladies from their carriages. It was felt by some—it was even remarked in undertones—that the Jenkinses were spreading it on pretty thick, even considering that it was the first really public appearance of the Watts in Sunbury.

The senator was known principally as titular sponsor for the Watt Currency Act of fifteen years back. In those days, his fame had overspread the boundaries of his own Eastern state clear to California and the Mexican border. Older readers will recall that the Watt bill nearly split a nation in its day. After his defeat for reelection, in the earlier 'Nineties, he had slipped quietly into the obscurity in which he remained until this rather surprising marriage with the very rich, extremely vigorous American woman from abroad who called herself the Comtesse de la Plaine.



ing nervously—breakfasted with Humphrey at Stanley's.

People—some people—spoke to him. But he winced at every greeting. Humphrey watched him narrowly. He was ablaze with self-consciousness. But he held his head up pretty well.

He was all shut up within himself. Since their talk of the evening, he hadn't mentioned the subject. It was clear that he couldn't mention it. He spoke of curiously irrelevant things—the style of Robert Louis Stevenson, for one—during the walk from the rooms to Stanley's. And then he brought up Bob McGibbon's theory that even with a country weekly, if you made your paper interesting enough, you would get readers, and the readers would bring the advertising. He asked if Humphrey thought it would work out.

"It's important to me, you know, Hump. I've got a cool thousand up on the *Gleaner*. It's like betting on Bob McGibbon's idea to win." His voice trembled a little. There were volcanoes of feeling stirring within the boy. He would erupt, of course, sooner or later. Humphrey found the experience moving to the point of pain.

When he entered the *Gleaner* office, over Hemple's meat-market, Bob McGibbon, looking up at him anxiously, said

At the time of his disappearance from public life, various reasons had been dwelt on. One was drink. His complexion—the part of it not covered by his white beard—might have been regarded as corroborative evidence. But it was generally understood that he was “all right” now—a meek-enough little man, well past seventy, with an air of life-weariness and a suppressed cough that was rather disagreeable in church. His slightly unkempt beard grew a little to one side, giving his face a twisted appearance. On his occasional appearances about the streets, he was always chewing an unlighted cigar. To the growing generation he was a mildly historic myth, like James Buchanan or James G. Blaine.

Mrs. Watt—who during her brief residence in Sunbury (they had bought the Dexter Smith Place, on Hazel Avenue, in May) had somehow attached firmly to her present name the foreign-sounding prefix, “Madame”—was a head taller than her husband, with snappy black eyes, a strongly hooked nose, and an indomitable mouth. She was not beautiful, but was of commanding presence. The fact that she had lived long in France naturally raised questions. But there appeared to be no questioning either her earlier title or her wealth. If she seemed to lack a few of the refinements of a lady—it was whispered among the younger people that she swore at her servants—still, a rich countess, married to the self-effacing but indubitable author of the Watt act, was, in the nature of things, equipped to stir Sunbury to the depths.

But the member of this interesting family with whom we are now concerned was *madame's* niece, a girl of eighteen or nineteen who had been reared, it was said, in a convent in France, then educated at a school in the Eastern states, and was now living with her aunt for the first time.

Cicely Hamlin was rather foreign in appearance. Distinctly French, some said. She was slimly pretty, with darkish hair and a quick, brisk, almost eager way of speaking and smiling and bobbing her head. She used her hands, too, more than was common in Sunbury—a point for the adherents of the French theory. The quality that perhaps most attracted young and old alike was her sensitive responsiveness. Sometimes it was nearly timidity. But she could play and be merry with the younger crowd.

Henry had seen her—once on the hotel veranda talking brightly with Mary Ames, who seemed almost stodgy beside her, once on the Chicago train, once or twice driving with Elberforce Jenkins in his high cart. The sight of her—tantalizingly indistinct mental visions—during the late night hours between staring wakefulness and sleep. And it was impossible wholly to escape bitterness over the thought that he hadn't met her. He oughtn't to care. He couldn't admit to himself that it mattered. A couple of years back, in his big days, they would have met all right. First thing. Everybody would have seen to it.

They would have told her about him. Now—oh, well! He stood in the shadow, out by the carriage-entrance, pulling at his mustache. There had been a sort of rushing of the spirit, almost a fervor, in his first determination to face the town bravely. Now, for the first time, he began to see that the thing couldn't be rushed at. It might take years to build up a new good name—years of slights and sneers, of dull hours and slack nerves. For Henry did not know that emotional climaxes pass.



He chose a time between carriages, when the sheltered walk was empty, to move up toward the house. Everybody here was dressed up—"Wearing everything they've got," he muttered. He himself had on his blue suit and straw hat and carried his bamboo stick. A thick wad of copy-paper protruded from a side pocket. A vest pocket bulged with newly sharpened pencils. It had seemed best not to dress. He wasn't a guest, just the representative of a country weekly. Of a curiously unpopular country weekly that was

absorbing with uncanny speed a thousand dollars of the small savings his mother had left him.

By the front steps there were arched openings in the canvas. Up there in the light were music and rustling, continuous movement, and the unearthly cackling sound that you hear when you listen with a detached mind to many chattering voices in an enclosed space. He knew

he could slip away. New carriages had arrived; new people were coming up the walk. He stepped off on the grass.

The girl just across the walk was Cicely Hamlin. The fellow was Alfred Knight. He worked in the bank—a colorless youth. He plainly didn't know what to say to this very charming new girl. He stood there, shifting his feet.

Henry thought: "Has he heard yet? Does he know? Does *she* know?"

Then Alfred's wandering eye rested on him.

"Oh, hello, Hen!" he said. Then, after a long silence, "Like you to meet Miss Hamlin. Mr. Henry Calverly."

Al Knight never could remember whether you said the girl's name first or the man's.

But he hadn't heard yet. Evidently.

Miss Cicely Hamlin moved a hesitant step forward, murmured his name. He had to step forward too.

In sheer miserable embarrassment, he raised his hand a little way. In responsive confusion, she raised hers. But his had dropped. Hers moved downward as his came up again.

She smiled now and extended her hand frankly. He took it.

"I've heard of you," she said. He liked her voice. "You write, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said he huskily; "I write some."

He wondered dully who could have told her of him. It sounded like the old days. It was almost, for a moment, encouraging. Al Knight drifted away to speak to one of the newcomers.

"Do you write stories?" Cicely asked, politely.

"I try to, sometimes."

"It's awfully hard."

"Oh, yes; I know."

"Do you write?"

"Why—oh, no! But I've wished I could. I've tried a little."

So far as words went, they might as well have been mentioning the weather. It

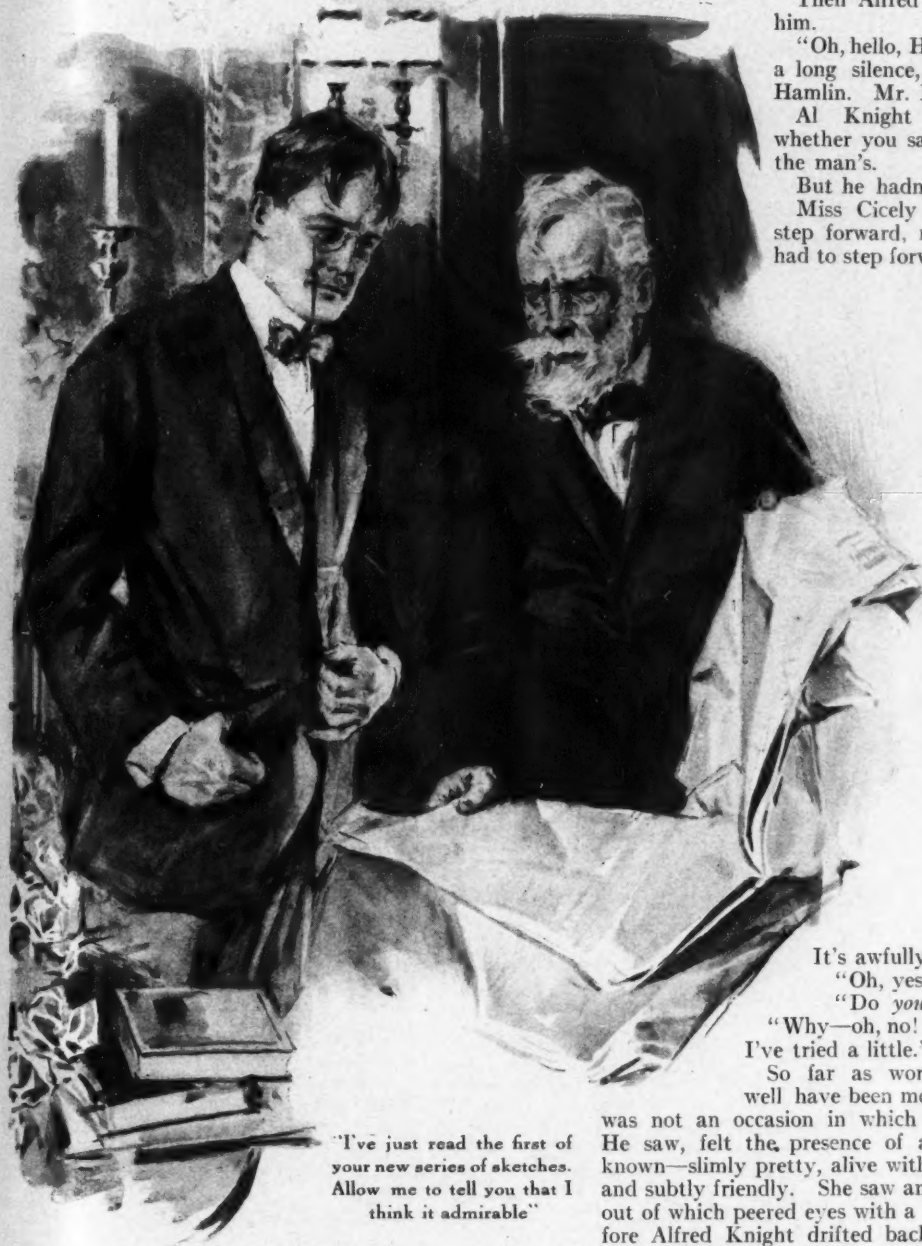
was not an occasion in which words had any real part. He saw, felt the presence of a girl unlike any he had known—slimly pretty, alive with a quick, eager interest, and subtly friendly. She saw and felt a white, tragic face, out of which peered eyes with a gloomy fire in them. Before Alfred Knight drifted back, she asked him to call. Then, at the sight of them, Alfred drifted away again.

"Perhaps," she added shyly, "you'd bring some of your stories."

"I haven't anything I could bring," he replied, still with that burning look. "Nothing that's any good. If I had—" Then this blazed from him in a low, shaky voice: "You haven't heard what they're saying about me. I can see that. If you had, you wouldn't ask me to call."

"Oh, I'm sure I would," she murmured, greatly confused.

"You wouldn't! You really couldn't! But I want to say this—quick, before they come"—for he saw Mary Ames in the doorway—"I've got to say it! (Continued on page 66)



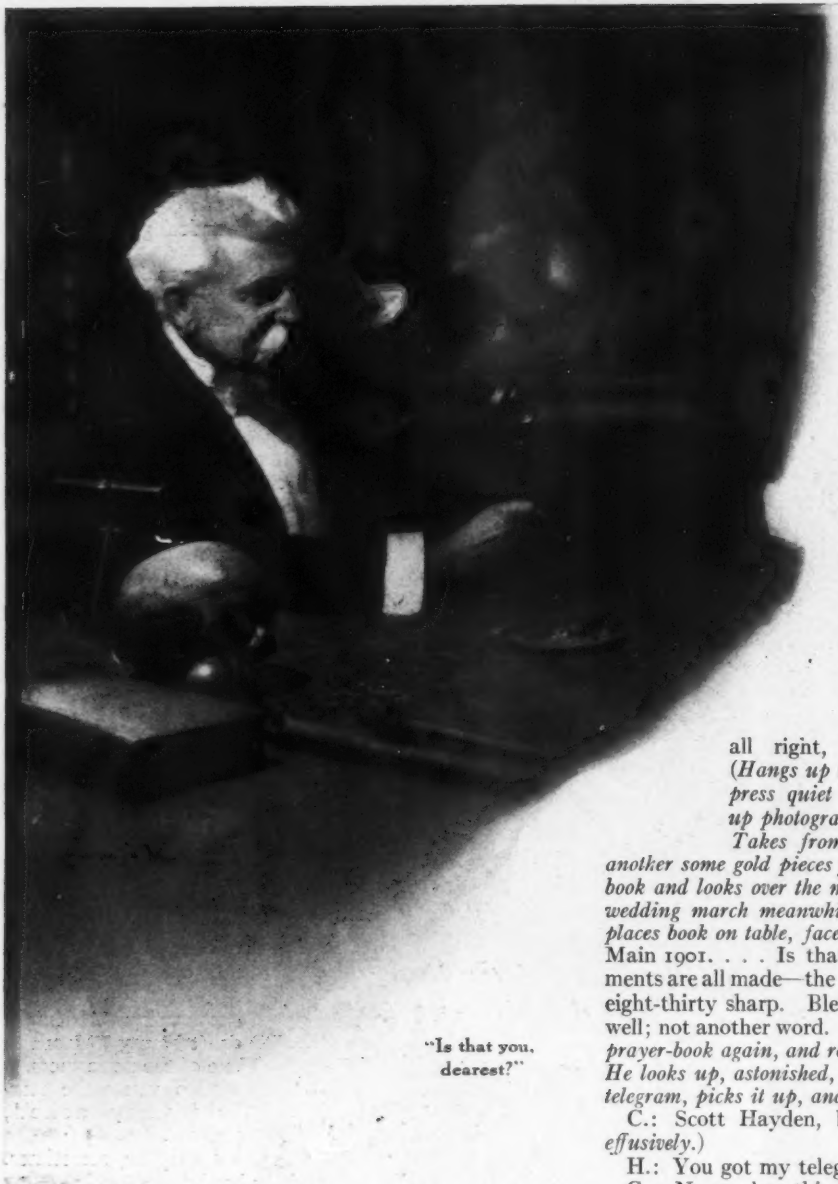
"I've just read the first of your new series of sketches. Allow me to tell you that I think it admirable"

now, with despair in his heart, that he couldn't mount those steps. Nearly everybody there would know him. He couldn't do it. He looked round. At one side stood a jolly little group under the Japanese lanterns. Young people. Two detached themselves and came toward the steps. A third joined them—a girl.

"Here," said this girl—Mary Ames' voice—"you two wait here. I'll find her."

Mary came right past him and ran up the steps. Henry drew back, very white, curiously breathless.

The other two stood close at hand. Henry wondered if



"Is that you,
dearest?"

PERSONS: ROBERT COWLES—a well-to-do scientist, fifty-five years old and a widower.

SCOTT HAYDEN—a college friend of Cowles'.

SCENE: The living-room of Robert Cowles' apartment in Washington, D. C. The furnishings are those of a man with refined literary and scientific tastes. At the extreme right stands a small table on which are placed one or two human skulls, beads, a stone hammer, and books pertaining to the study of ethnology and anthropology. A little to the right of the room's center is a library table on which stand a desk telephone, an electric lamp, cigars, cigar-tray, and a framed photograph of a handsome woman of thirty-five. In a conspicuous place on the wall hangs an oil portrait of his wife, a pleasing, middle-aged woman. Door at left of center, back. Through the transom the hall lights illumine the room faintly.

TIME: The Present. **HOOR:** Midnight.

Some one on the outside rings the door-bell, rings again, then slips a telegram under the door. After a moment or two, Robert Cowles enters the room, using a latch-key, turns on electric light in library lamp, removes his hat, gloves, and light overcoat, walks over to fireplace (lower right) and warms his hands; then seats himself at the table and lifts the receiver from the hook, glances at the clock, replaces the receiver, and waits,

What

By Adele

Photographic

smiling, until the clock strikes for midnight. Again takes down the receiver.

C.: North 321 . . . Hello—is that the Reverend Mr. Reed? This is Mr. Robert Cowles. Sorry to disturb you so late, but I had strict orders not to call you a minute before midnight . . . Important? Well, it seems so to me. Could you manage a wedding in the morning, eight-thirty sharp? . . . Yes; at the church—no one there but ourselves. . . . (Laughs a little.) Yes; I'm one of the guilty parties. . . . Thank you; we both appreciate your good wishes. . . . Yes; very quiet. We're taking the morning train for California. It's

all right, then? . . . Very well; good-by. (Hangs up receiver. His manner and face express quiet happiness and contentment. Picks up photograph and looks at it with adoration.

Takes from one pocket a wedding-ring, from another some gold pieces for the minister's fee, gets a prayer-book and looks over the marriage ceremony, softly whistling a wedding march meanwhile. His face becomes serious. He places book on table, face down, picks up telephone-receiver.) Main 1901. . . . Is that you, dearest? . . . Yes; arrangements are all made—the Reverend Mr. Reed—St. David's—eight-thirty sharp. Blessed be to-morrow! . . . Oh, very well; not another word. Good-by. (Hangs up receiver, takes prayer-book again, and resumes whistling. A ring at the door. He looks up, astonished, and walks toward the door, discovers telegram, picks it up, and opens door.)

C.: Scott Hayden, by all that's lucky! (Greets him effusively.)

H.: You got my telegram?

C.: No; unless this is yours. (Tears open telegram and reads aloud.)

Reach Washington at midnight; will see you at once; have matter of gravest importance to discuss with you.

SCOTT HAYDEN.

My dear chap, you're not in trouble, I hope—your family—

H.: All well, thank you.

C.: Your business affairs—

H.: Tiptop.

C.: Good! I was beginning to get worried. Sit down and be comfortable—not there—that's too close to my ethnology table. (Laughs.) I know you don't fancy ologies.

H.: I don't understand them. I'm a business man.

C. (walks over to table in question, picks up skull, and holds it in his uplifted hand): Ah, Hayden, if you only knew the delights of comparing the skull and brain of a scholar with that of a savage, you'd— (Breaks off and laughs as Hayden turns his back and walks away.) Incurable as ever about my pet science, I see. No; I'm not the least offended—don't apologize—sit down—have a cigar. (Pushes cigar-tray toward him. Hayden shakes his head.) Oh, well; I see your mind's full of this matter—whatever it is—so let's have it. (Lights a cigar, waves his friend to a chair, and takes one himself.)

at Do You Think?

Adele S. Burleson

Illustrations by Lejaren A. Hiller

H. (still standing): Now that I'm here, Robert, I don't know how to begin.

C.: You haven't gotten into any kind of scrape?

H.: No; this thing concerns you—not me.

C.: Me!

H.: Yes—vitaly.

C. (surprised but unconcerned): All right; but you have to prove it.

H.: Did it ever occur to you that your wife may not have perished when the Creole was lost last year in the Yucatan Channel?

C. (profoundly surprised but speaking quietly): I try never to suppose incredible things.

H. (moving about nervously): Hang it! I didn't intend to be so abrupt. Forgive me, old man! I should have gone at it differently, but I've been so unstrung by the thing that—(Pauses.)

C. (laying aside his cigar and looking intently at Hayden, speaking with self-restraint): What thing?

H.: Why, this news.

C. (still quietly): What news? (Rises from his chair with suppressed excitement.) For God's sake, Hayden, speak out! What is it you're trying to say?

H.: I'm acting like a blamed fool, I know, but the situation is—(Pauses. Cowles, in despair, walks away. Hayden collects himself by a great effort, throws his hat and overcoat, which he carries over his arm, on a divan at back, seats himself in the chair by the telephone, and speaks methodically.) You remember my friend Goodson—Professor Goodson? Goes in for archeology, exploring, and that kind of thing. (Cowles nods.) Well, he showed up in New Orleans a few days ago—been in Yucatan for months—and brought back a story of a white woman held captive by one of the wild tribes of Indians down there.

C. (placing his hand affectionately on Hayden's shoulder): And you, dear old friend, jumped on the train and brought it to me. You never fail me, but (shaking his head quietly) there's nothing in the story for us. The Creole went down in a hurricane of exceptional violence. A man-o'-war might have lived through it—the Creole was a small fruit-steamer. There is no doubt that everyone on board was lost. (Cowles relights his cigar and reseats himself.)

H.: But, Robert, you haven't heard all the facts.

C.: What are they?

H.: Besides the woman, these Indians have a life-boat and a life-preserver marked "Creole." (Cowles starts.) I didn't come here to torture you, Robert. I hesitated about telling you at all, but it seemed as though you had a right to know.

C. (in a low tone): Yes, yes; of course.

H. (hesitating a little): I have a description of the woman—

C. (leaping to his feet): And you think—

H.: Possibly—the description fits your wife.

C. (with a cry): And he talked to her—she told him—

H.: No, no, no! He never spoke to her. The Indians

guarded her carefully. He saw her only twice. We are not sure of her identity. (The light dies out of Cowles' face; he drops his head on his arm with a deep groan.)

H. (brokenly): Robert, old friend, I believe I should have spared you this.

C. (raising a tortured face): God! Who has a better right to the story? It belongs to me.

H.: But the fact that nothing can be done to rescue her—

C. (interrupting sharply): Nothing can be done? Why, everything can be done!

H. (shaking his head hopelessly): That's the worst of it. The Mexican government has no control over these Indian tribes. They are perfectly independent and shoot a white man on sight.

C.: But Goodson?

H.: His whole adventure was nothing less than a miracle.

C. (eagerly): Our State Department could manage it.



Slowly there appears within the frame of his wife's

H.: Yes; get a permit from Mexico, perhaps, to enter the Indians' territory. But Goodson says it wouldn't be worth the paper it's written on.

C. (*frowningly*): But there still remain personal pluck and resources.

H. (*gloomily*): Yes; if one had a fortune and a lifetime ahead of him, and the assurance that the woman would not be killed or spirited away at the first hint of the object of the expedition.

C. (*with futile rage*): Do you mean to say that my poor Susie—or whoever she is—must be, I say, *must* be left to such a fate?

H.: I do. (*Both men show emotion for a moment or two.*)

Robert, I'm choking. Give me a drop of water, could you?

C. (*wearily*): Why, of course! Wait a minute. (*He leaves the room at the lower left, closing door behind him. Telephone-bell rings, a low tinkle. Hayden, sitting or standing directly by it, takes down receiver at once, so that it rings only for an instant.*)

H.: Hello— (*Rises with expression of astonishment, walks away, and repeats in a half-whisper.*) This is dearest! (*Returns to 'phone.*) Wrong number. (*Hangs up receiver. Cowles opens door and calls from next room.*)

C.: Have a little Scotch?

H.: Just water, please. (*Cowles reenters with tumbler*



portrait a vision of his young and beautiful fiancée

and pitcher, which he places on the table. Hayden drinks a glass of water.)

C. (pulling himself together): Hayden, you say Goodson gave you a description of—of this—this woman?

H. (takes a letter from his pocket and hands it to Cowles): Here, it is. (Hayden turns his back while Cowles draws the letter from the envelop, which falls to the floor. Hayden sees portrait on the wall, stands and looks earnestly at it. Cowles studies the description contained on the single sheet of paper. He walks to the table where the light is better, and as he approaches the letter to the electric light, his eyes fall upon the framed photograph of his fiancée. He pauses, reaches a hand

to it, gazing at it as though stricken. Hayden turns, sees Cowles' movement, and his manner changes. There is a distinct loss of sympathy in his attitude to his friend. Cowles recovers himself, walks away from the table, and regains control of himself.)

C.: Hayden, how long had it been since you had seen my wife?

H.: Almost ten years.

C.: She changed very much during that period, Hayden. How do you remember her hair?

H.: It was light.

C.: Yes; but it had turned white.

H.: Ah!

(Continued on page 92)

Camilla

A Novel of Divorce

By Elizabeth Robins

Author of "My Little Sister," etc.

Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball

CAMILLA TRENHOLME, an American living in London, has divorced her husband, Leroy Trenholme, and is now going to marry Michael Nancarrow, a member of a very conservative English family. The fact of the divorce is regarded as a serious obstacle by Michael's mother, who, however, after getting to know Camilla, withdraws her objection.

Camilla finds it difficult to adjust herself to the manner of life and ideas of the Nancarrows. For instance, she knows that Michael's sister, Lady St. Amant, has a lover, Lord Harborough, and that the situation is regarded quite complacently by her husband and mother; yet they have decided prejudices against divorce! When she realizes that it will be almost impossible to get an Anglican clergyman to marry her, and that other humiliating conditions will have to be complied with, she decides to return to America and be married there. Michael wants to cross on the same steamer, but this she will not allow. She promises that she will cable for him to come very shortly after her arrival.

XVI

HOME AND SCHOOL

DURING the last weeks in England so many things had come back—or wanted to come. Faint enough at first, those intimations out of the past—a ghostly hand hailing her at the end of a long, dim corridor. And at first glimpse of that beckoning—Camilla in full flight.

But now no more evasion of the things that lay behind. America! Why should she shrink so from her own land? Since her "going-back" was to be thorough, let her go back as far as ever she could go. By way of fortification for the major encounter, let her get such heartening as she could out of remembering that her earliest impression of life was as beautiful and generous as any she had known.

The world to the Camilla of four was a wide place of trees and sunshine. In the very middle of the highest part, grandfather Charlton's house. Home was Charlton Hill, and all the rest was, for Camilla, just trees. The near ones hung with oranges. The far ones chiefly pine. Miles on miles on miles—they stretched to the end of the world.

For the first nine or ten years of her life, Camilla had been the delicate one of a robust family. An eminent New York doctor had told her mother that her youngest child would not live to grow up. Mrs. Charlton had hurried the little girl back to the South, and the crisis passed. The same thing happened with a wearisome sameness till Mrs.

Charlton resigned herself to the fact that Camilla's delicate chest couldn't stand the Northern climate.

Camilla learned through her two older sisters—from whom she was safe to hear all the most unwelcome truths—how complicating and disagreeable it was of a child to have a chest like that. For their father's business was concerned with the New York Cotton Exchange. Fortunately, New York was also the place where the girls' school was. "Fortunately" was the word Camilla early learned to apply to this concatenation. As she grew older and stronger, fear of being sent North to school blackened the sun of many a day. For her Florida home she felt the clinging and passionate devotion of the imaginative and lonely.

She loved the wide, airy house, with its bare floors and many windows. She loved the sunburned, dictatorial old man that most people feared but invariably went to with their weightier troubles. She loved the kindly, smiling colored folk and, almost more than anything, she loved the trees. She took her earliest troubles to them. Not to the cheerful, fruit-hung orange trees. To the high-branching, inaccessible pines. There's something about a Florida pine wood—well, when you've lived with one, you know.



thing in the world—afraid of unkindness.

You could punish Camilla more with a stern look, Mrs. Charlton said, than you could punish the other children with a slipper.

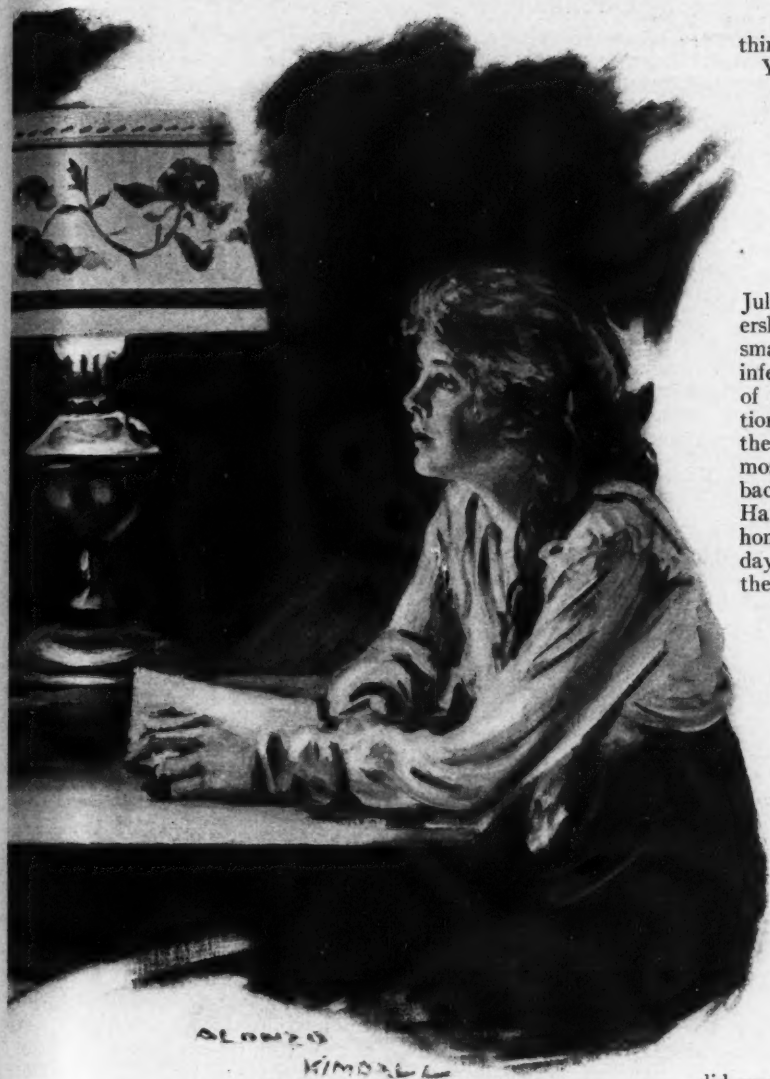
The loneliness of her childhood was not due solely to her mother's absences, or strictly to the difference in years between her and her two sisters. The six more years that separated her from Lucy, or even the seven that set Julia on a height of authority and leadership, could not alone have left the small Camilla so far below. Her essential inferiority to her sisters was a prime article of faith in the creed of the younger generation. It was so heartily subscribed to by the Sambourne boys that they might almost be held to have invented it. Looking back, it seemed incredible that Lowe and Harrington Sambourne were at their Florida home only for the Christmas and Easter holidays. They so permeated the life there (with their excitements and cheerful outrageousness), that holidays seemed, in memory to cover most of the year. The older Sambournes—Mr. Sambourne, who was much older than his second wife, had been a friend of grandfather Charlton—brought down to their winter place a whiff of other worlds. They called New York their home, and every now and then they went abroad. There was an older son as well as a daughter, but they were practically grown up. Harrington had a twin, Tina, and there was a baby. "The Sambourne boys" meant Lowe and the twin. Those two boys and Camilla's two sisters made things hum at Charlton Hill.

The reason at first advanced for the theory that Camilla couldn't do any of the glorious things the other children did was that she was too weak. Later, this polite disguise was perceived to cover the nakedness of the truth that she was too stupid.

Camilla herself was as much convinced as anyone of the justice of this estimate. And not without reason. She was, if not irredeemably stupid, stupider, anyway, than the other Charlton girls. There was no getting round that.

Julia and Lucy were not only strong and high-spirited; they were possessed of a terrifying all-round capability. It extended to every sense and every member. They had the kind of feet that could run as fast as the Sambourne boys, climb trees, dance, and, whatever they did, never, never grow tired. Their fingers could play delightful music, make any sort of candy and cake, embroider, paint, drive, and play every game that ever was heard of. Their cleverness extended to their tongues. It might almost be said to culminate in their tongues. They paralyzed Camilla. They turned her to stone. And then everybody laughed at her for being "shy."

She was more afraid of what Julia and Lucy might say than of anything on earth this side of school. In those early years, sheer dread of ridicule prevented Camilla from trying to do things. Fear of being caught "trying"—it is a state of affairs commoner than is recognized. When, for reasons of age, or temporary state of health, or any other chance, one member of a family falls behind the rest, "the catching-up" is seldom achieved at home. If Camilla could have gone away and started fresh at eight or nine, she could have come back and, with a little acquired self-confidence,



She narrated the exciting history ostensibly as a proof of confidence; though that was not to say she hadn't done this before and wouldn't do again. But no one had been, or was likely to be, as ungrateful as Camilla

After Camilla's worst encounters with Fate in the shape of her sisters and the Sambourne boys—she, like the darkies who had incurred Colonel Charlton's displeasure, would "take to de woods."

Since she was much loved (by her grandfather, by the colored people about the place, above all, by her mother), she couldn't have had a very unhappy childhood. At least, one might lean on that conviction if it were possible to forget how heavy is the burden and mystery of life to many a more robust and lighter-hearted child.

There was the recurrent tragedy of her mother's periodic need to go away to New York. There were the astonishing, inexplicable outbursts of fury on the part of that well-meaning man, grandfather Charlton. That these were chiefly directed against the colored people did not lessen Camilla's horror and fear of such manifestation. When her mother wasn't there, she was afraid of the night, afraid of the bullfrogs that hid in the lake by day and came out at dusk to sound a hoarse and hopeless melancholy that made your heart almost burst with sadness in the twilight. Afraid of the "squinch"-owl that came up with the whippoorwill out of the Spring Wood, afraid—beyond any-

have won tolerance at the hands of those merciless critics, her sisters and the Sambourne boys. As it was, "Must we take Camilla, mother? She'll be sure to fall off," Willis Sambourne once said, "or fall down or fall out or fall over. It's only the law of gravity that keeps Camilla from falling *up*." How they all laughed! She was the impediment, the kill-joy. She'd better stay behind.

Behind! That was *her* place.

Camilla had definitely taken on the stamp of shyness and self-distrust by the time her sisters were married—though, in their well-known conquering way, they married early and, needless to say, well.

Julia, at seventeen, had been followed to the South by the young New York banker, James Plumstead Atherley, who, for his pains, was nearly kicked off the place by grandfather Charlton. Sharp upon grandfather's rudeness, like a horrible reprisal from the outraged North, came the Great Storm—the first snow Camilla had ever known.

"See, mother!" she had cried, running to the window. "Pieces of the sky are falling down."

The skies *had* fallen.

That was the tragedy of the Great Freeze that killed grandfather Charlton's grove and killed something vital in the old man's spirit. He lost zest. Julia was allowed to marry her banker. Ten months later, Lucy became Mrs. Cushing. After going abroad for her wedding-trip, she settled down in California, where she and Henry began to raise fruit on a colossal scale and to raise a family of the same relatively handsome proportions. Nearly every year, Mrs. Charlton had to journey to the Pacific coast, as part of the preparation to welcome another little Cushing.

At first in New York, later in Chicago, and finally in New York again, Julia lived happy and prosperous with her James and her Jimmie.

The Chicago stage of the Plumstead Atherleys' existence went on for four years after that day of bitter memory when, accompanied by her mother, Camilla, aged twelve, was shown into the imposing New York parlor of Miss Holroyd's school.

Two other victims were already waiting to be delivered over to the principal—one girl, several years older than Camilla, red-haired, plump, satisfied. The mother, a pleasant lady dressed in dark-blue grenadine, was trying to reassure the younger girl—"Now, Jessica darling!" Jessica looked about ten, but turned out to be several months older than Camilla. She was thin and dark and plain, but intelligent-looking, in spite of the disadvantage at which she was first seen—sobbing, with a suffocated sound and a convulsive movement that set her black pigtail bobbing. Instead of sitting down with a dull acceptance of her doom, Jessica had planked herself in front of her mother, as much as to say, "Look on this misery unmoved if you can!"

Everybody turned at the opening of the door. At sight of the principal, Jessica gave a despairing gulp and precipitated herself onto her mother's shoulder.

Miss Holroyd came forward, smiling sedately. She was tall and elegant-looking. Her black silk rustled. Her dark hair was mathematically waved and parted. A gold-rimmed eye-glass sat on her nose. The faint depression midway of that feature was atoned for by the energy and air of intention imparted by a delicately squared tip.

She had welcomed the two parties exactly as though no one there had greeted her with a gulp of loathing, as though no heart-strings were being silently torn.

After shaking hands all round, Miss Holroyd talked to the mothers with a pleasant firmness.

The youngest pupil, whom clearly little escaped, appeared to learn on the spot some new lesson. Whether the lesson was fortitude, or whether it was despair of black-silk ladies with squared tips to their noses, the child ceased crying. She even smiled in a woebegone fashion as the blue-grenadine mother took her leave.

Mrs. Charlton, after a long silent embrace, did the same. And Camilla gave no sign.

The principal smiled an eye-glass smile. She said something about Miss Dace coming for them as she hurriedly followed Mrs. Charlton from the room.

The two younger girls sat there.

The older one looked out of the window. Nobody came. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered now. Camilla, dry-eyed, composed-looking, sat nursing such aches and agonies as made in sum, a secret comfort. "I shall die of it, so I shan't have to try to bear it long."

With the removal of Miss Holroyd's calming presence, the younger child began, less demonstratively but with more moisture, to weep again.

"Listen here, Jessica," said her sister: "Suppose I go and see—"

"Dud—don't you *dud-dare* to leave me!" said Jessica, with a fresh outburst.

"Oh, dud-do dud-dry up!" The big girl was losing patience. "If"—she glanced with disfavor at the plain, distinctly impish-looking Jessica—"if you could see yourself, you'd at least wipe your face."

"I've used up all my—"

The older girl didn't hear; she was craning her neck out of the window again.

"Will you have mine?" whispered Camilla shyly.

"What a pup-pretty handkerchief!"

"Oh, keep it, then."

"What's your name?"

Camilla told her.

"Got any fuf-friends here?"

"Yes; Miss Mary Sambourne."

"But she's a big girl."

"Yes."

"You won't have anything to do with the big girls."

"Shan't I?" said Camilla.

"No," said the other, with unexpected firmness; "they"—she turned her red eyes on her sister's back—"they think they're some punkins."

Both sisters looked round as the door opened again. The elder called out an animated, "Hello!"

The tall young lady coming in said, without enthusiasm, "Why, Cora Swazey, is that you?" and it was Mary Sambourne standing there, looking most beautiful as well as terribly stylish, in a trailing skirt of "macaroon" silk and a little hat made entirely of crush tea-roses. She came over to Camilla and kissed her in the friendliest way. She asked about Julia, and considered it a pity that Lucy couldn't have come to New York instead of sending for Mrs. Charlton all the way to California. Then she interrupted herself to announce to the world in general that Miss Dace was showing a new mother around. She wouldn't be long now. "But Mrs. Charlton thought maybe you'd rather have me than a teacher—"

"Yes," said Camilla, rising dully.

But they didn't get away at once. The Swazey girls stood talking to Miss Mary, or, rather, Cora Swazey, the red-haired older girl, did—older, but not of the great age of Miss Mary. Had the Browns got back? Did Miss Mary know what the new French teacher was like? Had she heard if they were to go on with the opera-parties this year?

They were near the door now, but Cora Swazey insinuated herself in front of Miss Mary.

"One thing I shall die if I don't know: How's Leroy?"

"Leroy? Oh, he's going on just the same."

"I know better than that."

Mary Sambourne wasn't smiling any more as she stood there arrested, although Cora wasn't any longer in the way. It seemed to be Miss Mary's turn to put a question. What had Cora been hearing about Leroy?

"Not a thing!" the red-haired girl laughed. "Only, whenever I *do* hear anything about that person, it's dead sure to be something new."

"Oh!" And Miss Mary smiled, too, as if she were relieved. "Well, I can't stop now—"

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DRAWN BY ALONSO KIMBALL

"He's handsome," said Camilla, in a hopeless voice. "Yes; and doesn't he know it!" laughed Miss Mary

Up two of the longest flights of stairs Camilla's feet had trod. The room she was taken into was good-sized but rather crowded with small beds. At the foot of each one, a chest of drawers.

"This will be yours. Now come and see my room."

Miss Mary must be loved forever for sparing Camilla the humiliating necessity of betraying her total extinction of voice. Miss Sambourne went on to explain that, being now a parlor-boarder and only staying on because the family were abroad still, she had a room to herself. Camilla was taken there and put in a little chair by the bed-screen. She was allowed to sit and cry quietly. Miss Mary, with her back considerably turned on the visitor, took up the crush-rose hat and tried it on at a different angle. Then, as the silent flow over by the screen appeared to be impossible to arrest as yet, Miss Mary took her hair down and did it all over again.

A deep sense of gratitude made Camilla check her tears at the first possible moment. When she had wiped her eyes, she noticed the shining of some silver photograph-frames on Miss Mary's dressing-table. She drew near on pretense of looking at the pictures—really to advertise the fact: You needn't go on doing your hair any more, kind Miss Mary; I am restored as much as I ever shall be.

"Who is that?" said Camilla, in a much-veiled voice.

"He is a cousin of mine."

"And this?"

"The same one—older."

"Why, they're all the same!"

"Yes—all the same."

"He's handsome," said Camilla, in a hopeless voice.

"Yes; and doesn't he know it!" laughed Miss Mary.

"I don't see," said Camilla heavily, "how he can help knowing it."

"Come now; I'll help you to unpack your washing things."

If only it could have gone on! But Camilla's intercourse was chiefly, as Jessica had forewarned, with the lesser beings of the lower grades.

The never-to-be-forgotten misery of that first night came back, along with a warm city smell that drifted through open dormitory windows. No breath of the Gulf breeze that visited Charlton Hill. Oh, Charlton Hill!

The dormitory was full of the voices of girls who could laugh at leaving home. Camilla went to the nearer window. She put her head behind the blind and wept. Millions of lights in a tall, overbearing building opposite added poignantly, for some reason, to her sense of vastness of the world and her own ever-diminishing personality. She was so shrunken and negligible that if she were to drop through the window into the dark court below, not a soul would miss her. The only reason they were aware of her now was because she *hadn't* jumped into the court.

"Who is that staring out of the window instead of getting herself undressed?"

She had lost everything—even her name.

SCHOOL was a place where what you chiefly learned was this misery of homesickness.

Not that Camilla disliked New York, except in so far as it wasn't Florida. And she didn't actively dislike school, except for its failure to be home. In spite of Jessica's kind attentions, this nostalgia for the "old home place," as the darkies called it, became so acute as to culminate in physical illness. Camilla Charlton was put to bed and tended for intermittent fever—though her fever, to be sure, showed no intermittency.

One God-given day in late October, Mrs. Charlton—indefatigable traveler—reappeared and took the girl home.

Before ever she reached grandfather Charlton's, at mere sight of the Georgia pine barrens, behold Camilla smiling, free from fever, hungry for food.

After a fortnight, she was mercifully restored to Miss Holroyd's, to be greeted by Jessica with more alacrity than sympathy.

"Everybody will always know after this, however diseased and dying you look, that you're only just being a baby and don't want an earthly thing but to go home."

Of the knowledge acquired in those first years at school, Camilla owed as much to Jessica as to any teacher on Miss Holroyd's highly accomplished staff.

Many of Jessica's revelations were nothing short of breathtaking. Among the lesser but bewildering pieces of information, the fact that Cora's mother wasn't the Mrs. Swazey who had brought the girls to school. That was Jessica's mamma. Cora's—oh, quite a different person! So different as to be dead. Moreover—and this tied the hardest knot of all in the tangle—Jessica's father had gone away and left his second wife—the blue-grenadine mother—and married another lady.

Out of delicacy, Camilla forbore to say what she thought of such a father. But she felt safe in saying that the supplanting third wife must be very horrid.

"Horrid?" Not at all. She was awfully nice.

"You don't know her!" gasped Camilla.

"Know her?" I should just about guess I do! I spend six weeks with father and her, every year. It was settled like that at the trial."

Then all the details of that trial—which had taken place when Miss Jessica was eight—no single unsavory fact of which had escaped the servants or the child committed to their care. Looking back, Camilla was struck with fresh amazement to think that anyone who showed herself so childish in many ways as the Jessica of that period should



She would sit there meeting the pictured gaze till emotion made her giddy

yet have understood the implications in the divorce-court story which the little girl told quite horribly well. She narrated the exciting history ostensibly as a proof of confidence; though that was not to say she hadn't done this before and wouldn't do so again. But no one had been, or was likely to be, as ungrateful as Camilla.

"Don't tell me any more, Jessica."

"Why?"

"It's too hideous!"

Hideous, indeed! "Exciting," other confidants had found it. Besides, the world was like that, and it was just as well to know.

Against this view of life Camilla strangely—for so contained a little person—protested with an earnestness that bordered upon passion. She actually found her tongue, the dumb creature! And to show that she too "knew things," she told Jessica that the first Mrs. Sambourne, Miss Mary's and Willis's mother, wasn't dead, as Camilla had always supposed up to a few months ago. Miss Mary's mother and a younger brother and sister lived abroad somewhere.

Not married again?

Oh, no. But away like that—dead to everybody. It was a dark secret. It was ignored. It was, if not a disgrace, so deep a sorrow that it couldn't even be whispered down in Florida. Camilla had heard that one of the cardinal differences between the darkies and the whites was in this what she called "the forever-and-ever-ness" of marriage. She was sure that, in the South, this changing-about of husbands and wives was as rare among white people as murder. Oh, it was rarer than murder, she decided.

"Well, it isn't in New York, nor Buffalo, nor Washington, nor any place I've ever been in," said the experienced observer of twelve. Divorce had much to recommend it, Jessica insisted, secretly enjoying her rôle of master of the life-show, whose part it was to open the door on mysteries and marvels. "I've noticed people are often better apart."

"It's never like that down in Florida!" Camilla stuck to it. She had examples. "Sister Julia and sister—well, Lucy and Julia," she amended. For she had already been mocked at for referring to those acknowledged heroines in the fashion adopted by Southern families. The astute pair had apparently never betrayed their country manners. At home, they not only addressed each other in that way; they even said "sister Camilla," which to be sure was taken as a grace. But for her to call her older sisters by their Christian names without prefix would have earned a small cuff and a "Mind your manners, brat!" But New York was a queer place, and so—"Julia and Lucy, and their husbands, will always care for one another."

"Give 'em time," returned the misogynist.

Time! If time was what she wanted, let her take Mrs. George Charlton for an example. The greatest trouble of that lady's life had been the need to divide herself between the husband who had to be in New York and the child who used not to be able to live in the North.

"Well, your father," said the incorrigible Jessica; "wasn't he pleased enough?"

"How horrid you are! Father perfectly hated it."

Jessica was enjoying herself. It was usually

very hard to work Camilla up. She was "sure enough" worked up over what, as seen by the eery-eyed Jessica, was a commonplace. Jessica regarded judicially the next witness on Camilla's side. If it was a question of time, there was grandfather Charlton! He had cared more about his wife than he cared about his sons, more than he cared about anybody. The old colored people about the place, who had come down from South Carolina with grandfather and grandmother when they were all young, the people who knew them longest and best—like aunt Keziah, who was the cook and little of everything, besides—they all said grandfather never even used "wrong words" before his wife. That showed. And he never was so "tempery" before he lost her.

She'd been dead for ages and ages, and, to this day, when grandfather spoke of her, his voice would grow softer and his face gentle.

This was all truly reported. But there were tales, too, of grandfather's violence toward his wife—wicked stories got up by his enemies of high words and door-slamming; but as Camilla never had believed a word of this herself, she naturally did not feel called on to darken counsel by giving



As they walked home, she would open a paper and glance at the head-lines

fresh currency to dying scandal. As a crowning piece of evidence, Camilla told how, though her robust sisters had been robustly spanked for their misdeeds, she herself had never suffered chastisement but once. And that had been when grandfather had roared at her and cuffed her soundly for breaking a little cracked china box which grandmother had had when she was a child. Camilla had dropped the poor old box. "Smashed it to smithereens!" he said, raging. But he got down on his marrow-bones—wouldn't let anybody else come near—and gathered up the pieces and with incredible labor he fitted and glued the wreckage all together (except in one impossible place) and put the box back again in the post of honor on his writing-table.

Before the term was half finished, they began, as people do at school, to count the time till holidays.

"Perhaps we'll be traveling part of the way together," Camilla suggested.

"Oh, but I'm not going to Washington," said Jessica. "I'm going to spend Christmas at Buffalo with my other mother."

Her *other* mother!

"How dreadful for you! Do they *make* you go, poor Jessica?"

"Dreadful! Not at all!"

"You *are* brave—poor Jessica!"

"Why do you keep on 'pooring' me?" The eery blue eyes were narrowed suspiciously.

Camilla considered.

"Do you—do you have to kiss her?"

"Of course I kiss her!"

"If it was me," said Camilla solemnly, "I'd die first."

"Oh, as far as that goes, heaps of girls have divorced fathers and mothers. Why, in this very school—" And more stories.

"I don't understand," Camilla kept saying. "Why did they marry if they didn't care about each other?"

"Oh, you *are* dull! I suppose it's being brought up like that."

"Like what?"

"Why, in the backwoods." The impish face was far from unfriendly. It seemed to say she was a funny girl, this Camilla Charlton, but, on some grounds, not such a bad "best friend."

She was quite ready to give you her pink hair-ribbons and her little four-leaf-clover pin. She heard you your lessons; and no amount of skilful cross-examination by the hated and feared Miss Lake would induce Camilla to "tell on" the girl who smuggled fruit cake into bed and smuggled notes out to various boys. Miss Jessica already had two devoted beaux—and one glorious, unattainable idol.

It was a relief to Camilla to turn from revelations of a disquieting nature to that common and absorbing pre-

occupation of Miss Holroyd's young ladies at the epoch in question.

Jessica had already explained that it wasn't any objection to Camilla personally that made Cora and one or other of the big girls suddenly break off in the middle of animated conversation and walk away with heads together and lowered voices. "They think I don't know what they're talking about!" Miss Jessica jeered at their backs.

"And do you?"

"Well, of course. They're talking about Leroy."

"And who is Leroy?"

"Mary Sambourne's cousin. Everybody in this school talks about Leroy."

Camilla asked how Cora and the other girls had come to know him.



Camilla leaned her head against her

"They don't *know* him exactly. But they've seen his picture, and one Sunday he called for Miss Mary. He was splendid." Jessica described him. There were other boys of varying claims, but none so "splendid," according to Jessica, as Mary Sambourne's cousin. For two years, from the time Mary Sambourne was fifteen till she was seventeen, she had spent most of the holidays with her Trenholme cousins, either at the Madison Avenue house the girls

all knew the outside of so intimately, or up at Vandewater's Landing, the place on the Hudson. In either setting, the picture of Leroy shone with an exceeding luster. After every holiday, Miss Mary brought back a fresh crop of sayings—of slang, of "ways"—which were instantly recognized as Leroyisms and as instantly adopted by the school.

till even Jessica—particularly Jessica—had ever fresh incentive for being what they called "perfectly wild about him." Who wouldn't—however tame naturally—be wild about such a person?

You "placed" him but poorly by saying he was at Yale. College, indeed! When Leroy wasn't skating, or sailing his boat, or singing absurd songs, he was dancing like an angel or riding like fifty thousand devils. To crown all, he was the awfulest flirt, and broke more hearts!

Upon Miss Mary's return after the Christmas holidays of Camilla's first year at school, she brought grave news. Leroy's family were anxious about him. There was a rumor that he was getting himself mixed up with Isabelle Mercereau, of the Opera Comique. Now, Isabelle, to judge from her picture, or her pictures, rather, in the papers, was a person any young gentleman of taste might run a risk of being mixed up with—if he had the chance.

Leroy's dangers and his fascinations were endlessly discussed by the school. The anxiety of young Trenholme's family was as naught in comparison with the anxiety of Miss Holroyd's young ladies.

With one exception. And the reason there was a single exception was that one Saturday afternoon in early spring, as the pupils were walking sedately, two by two, with the French mistress and Miss Lake at the head of the column, an extraordinary thing happened. A couple of young gentlemen on horseback passed the pedestrians. One of

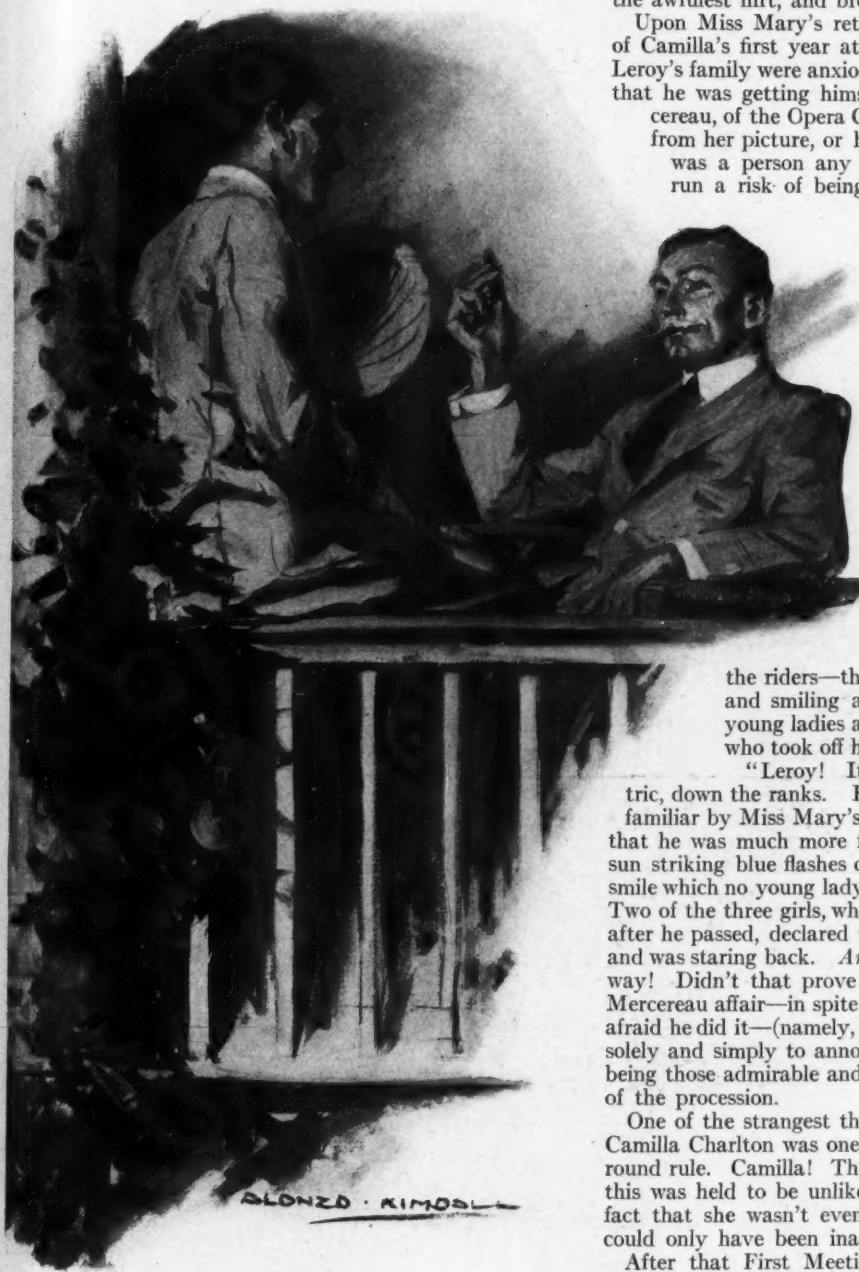
the riders—the one specially noticed—was fair and smiling and "outrageous-looking," as the young ladies afterward agreed. He was the one who took off his cap to Miss Mary.

"Leroy! It's Leroy!" The word flew, electric, down the ranks. Everyone recognized the face made familiar by Miss Mary's photographs, and everyone said that he was much more fascinating in the flesh, with the sun striking blue flashes out of his eyes and lighting up a smile which no young lady could expect to be proof against. Two of the three girls, who broke all rules by looking round after he passed, declared that he had turned in his saddle and was staring back. And smiling—oh, in a most marked way! Didn't that prove there was nothing serious in the Mercereau affair—in spite of Miss Mary's saying she was afraid he did it—(namely, the turning-round and smiling)—solely and simply to annoy the old cats? The "old cats" being those admirable and accomplished ladies at the head of the procession.

One of the strangest things about the incident was that Camilla Charlton was one of those who broke the looking-round rule. Camilla! The measure of the degree to which this was held to be unlike her may be gathered from the fact that she wasn't even among those reprimanded. It could only have been inadvertence.

After that First Meeting, as she called it to herself, Camilla had no fear that this young god would condescend to "mix himself up" with any undesirable person. She would steal into Miss Mary's room, when the parlor-boarder was in the parlor practising, and at first glimpse of the picture in the tarnished silver frame, Camilla's heart would leap up in her breast as though here and now was the Second Meeting. She would sit there meeting the pictured gaze till emotion made her giddy.

One day, she arrived at the shrine with an old kid glove. She dipped it into Miss Mary's ivory powder-box and fell to polishing the silver frame of the (Continued on page 137)



mother's knee and shut her eyes

XVIII

MANY CHANGES

MISS MARY won immense popularity by not being the least bit selfish about Leroy. Although naturally she only condescended to tell big girls about her cousin, the news would gradually filter through the different academic layers



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

Wallingford was just in time to prevent that file from smashing on the round head of Lammett

The Kicking Mule

*A New Adventure of
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

PEACE and content reigned in the big Wallingford library, and from the Shakespeare nook came the doleful sound of "Home, Sweet Home." Blackie Daw was there, stretched almost straight in a Morris chair, his long, thin legs sticking out before him, his eyes turned soulfully to the ceiling, and the bowl of his saxophone resting on his chest. In the bay window over a portable table bent Toad Jessup and young Jimmy Wallingford, punctuating the music with the clatter and pound of small tools, cart-wheel springs, and other resonant materials. Beneath the statue of Minerva rocked Fannie Wallingford and Violet Bonnie Daw, chattering volubly over the plans for the new church fair. Only Wallingford was silent as he sat hugely at the huge carved-mahogany table in a velvet smoking-jacket, a frown of perplexity on his brow and an open letter in his hand.

"Here's a new one, Blackie! Say, can't you finish that noise in the garage?"

The inspired musician lifted one foot as a token of silence and finished the tune to the sad end.

"Now you may bring the new one here," he drawled; but when he read the letter, he sat up with a grin. "You poor simp! The farmers stopped falling for this right after they began taking weekly papers; however, when a man begins to grow old——"

"Not guilty," chuckled Wallingford. "I didn't invent anything. It's a new game. They start it by saying I've already sent them twelve dollars and a half."

"All right, Jim; deny it. Keep your secret like any other boob. Send on the next twelve-fifty, and maybe Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller will fall. But I certainly take off my hat to Lammett & Curser, if they can string——"

"That's my letter!" Young Jimmy Wallingford was over there in four leaps, with Toad Jessup right after him.

"Don't you see it's James R. Wallingford, not J. Rufus!"

"It's about our kicking mule!" shouted Toad.

"What do they say?" Violet Bonnie's tone was full of excitement, and even Fannie's cheeks flushed with eagerness as she hurried over to the library table.

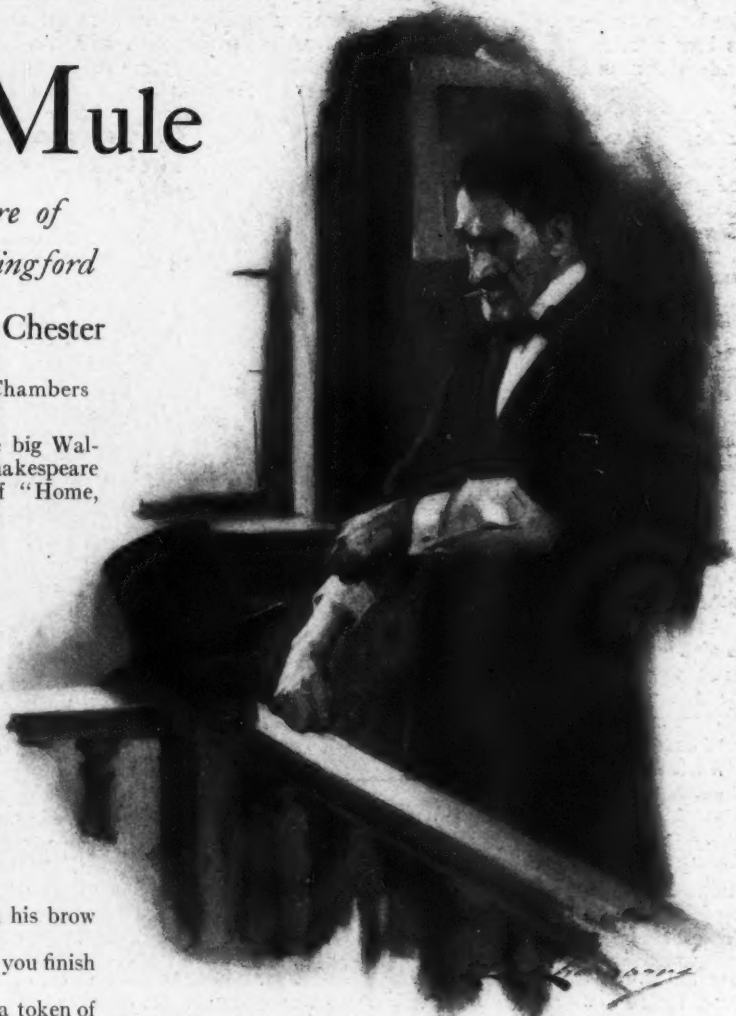
"So that's it." Wallingford's gaze, surveying the women and the boys, settled on his son. "These cheap buzzards have been skinning you, eh?"

"No, sir," replied young Jimmy.

"Jimmy and Toad took apart an old watch, and put the spring inside a toy mule and made it kick," explained Fannie proudly, while Violet Bonnie beamed.

"Say, it kicks twenty-seven times in one winding! Once it kicked as high as thirty!" breathlessly interrupted Toad.

"And we got a patent on it," went on Jimmy. "Mother



Now he turned back the other cuff and pushed up the sleeve slowly, deliberately, and with nice care

and aunt Vi gave us the money. Then Lammett & Curser——"

"Oh fine!" Blackie Daw was shedding the lounging-robe which was kept at the Wallingford house for his convenience, and was ringing for his coat and hat. He jerked his pointed black mustaches so that they stood out their fiercest. "Oh, fine! Then Lammett & Curser boos women and children on the old kick-play! Come on, Jim!"

"What do they say?" demanded Violet Bonnie, the tip of her nose reddening with vexation. "I want to announce this much to you big braineys: If the kids are skinned, we're in on it. Give me that letter!" Her ears began to redden as she saw that the two men were laughing at her.

"MR. JAMES R. WALLINGFORD, ESQ., HONORED SIR: We beg to announce with gratification that your remarkably ingenious invention has attracted considerable of interest in financial circles, having been laid before Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Morgan, and a number of other promoters of high standing. We believe that one more insertion of your patent-drawings and description in our *Promotion Gazette*, at the previous price of twelve dollars and a half (\$12.50), for which blank is herewith enclosed, will——"

"Stung!" Violet Bonnie crumpled the letter and was about to tear it; but J. Rufus grabbed it.

"We'll need this," he said.

"Go to it!" stormed Violet. "Put 'em out of business!"

"The letter don't say we're stung!" stoutly protested Toad. "It says our remarkably ingenious invention——"



"I want to do you a favor, maybe," smiled Lammett, pushing into the room

Four of them laughed. The fifth one did not. Young Jimmy's face was scarlet with shame, and with it was a certain saddening knowledge. As he caught the serious eye of his father, the color left his cheeks and the pallor of his quiet anger came.

"I want back our twelve dollars and a half."

"You'll get it!" promised J. Rufus.

With this earnest intention in mind, the two impressive gentlemen jumped in the big limousine, whizzed into town, and visited the offices of Lammett & Curser, up three flights of stairs in a dingy old building in lower Manhattan.

Fear sat in the offices of Lammett & Curser; fear sat in the uprolling eyes of oily little Mr. Lammett as he looked up from his dictation; fear was in the gray eyes of the wide-mouthed stenographer, fear in the ratlike eyes of pointed-nosed little Mr. Curser, busy at a printing-machine in the corner. But within one second after the two impressive silk-hatted gentlemen had advanced to the dingy rail and gazed at the dingy desk, an ingratiating front was there.

"Is Mr. Carnegie in?" asked the large, broad-chested gentleman, beaming cordially. "Or Mr. Rockefeller? Or Mr. Morgan?"

A sickly smile was on Lammett's oily lips as he answered, "No"; and Curser, in the corner, bent low over his machine, his small black eyes peering furtively sidewise.

"Those gentlemen," further explained Lammett, "never come here." He rubbed his hands together. "Our financiers—"

"Have you any letters from Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Morgan about the patent of James R. Wallingford?" interrupted the broad-chested big man, while the lean and lank one twisted his black mustaches nervously. It was he on whom the eyes of Lammett & Curser rested most often and most apprehensively.

"Mr. Wallingford's patent?" repeated the fat little one. "Where is that, Curser?"

"Wallingford, Wallingford, Wallingford." Mr. Curser suddenly left the printing-machine and trotted, with a strange angularity of his thin legs, across to a dingy filing-

case and produced a card with nervous haste. "Tarryville. A kicking mule. A customer on first circular; a prospect on second. It's a remarkably ingenious patent!" Whereupon he turned to Messrs. Wallingford and Daw with an ingratiating smile and many jerky nods.

"Right!" returned Wallingford. "Twelve-fifty, interest, postage, and exchange, men. Thirteen dollars to make it unlucky. Will you give us a certified check, or will you just pay it in change?"

Mr. Lammett and Mr. Curser at once stiffened, and fear sat in their eyes still, but behind the fear was a determination stronger than life or death.

"There ain't anything in our promises that we ain't done," explained the thin one shrilly. "And there ain't anything in our contract with you, if you're Mr. Walling-

ford, that says you're to be satisfied. We mailed your patent-description to Mr. Carnegie and a lot of other —" He stopped, fas-

cinated by a strange action on the part of the lean and lank gentleman. That person had hung his silk hat on the corner-post of the railing. He had pushed his pointed mustaches straight up, and all his white teeth gleamed. He had pushed up his left coat sleeve. Now he turned back the other cuff and pushed up the sleeve slowly, deliberately, and with nice care.

"We don't pay back any money!" vociferated Lammett, stepping quickly behind his partner. "We—"

It was his turn to stop. The door had opened, and there entered a large, plump young man, taller than Mr. Wallingford, pinker of face, and almost as richly clad, though more flashily. He leaned over the dingy rail, and announced:

"I'm Eldred Doaken, of Cokeville, Illinois! Chicken-silo patent! Your index-file number two-six-four, three-five-seven. Get me?" He reached for the latch under the gate and strode inside, extending a large hand. "Which is Lammett and which is Curser?"

"I'm Lammett." And the fat partner gripped the friendly hand in relief, though with a worried glance at the silent men outside the rail. "Just sit down, Mr. Doaken, and I'll talk to you pretty soon."

"I'm in a hurry," laughed Eldred boisterously. "You fellows can put me wise, because you know this game. I got a letter from T. B. Six, attorney at law. Know him?"

Oh, no; emphatically not! Mr. Lammett and Mr. Curser almost shook off their heads in repudiation of any knowledge of any gentleman by the name of Six, though their eyes constantly roved to the gentlemen outside the rail.

"Well, he writes me that my chicken-silo is an infringement, and his clients are going to sue. Do you know Peekins, Hoyer & Peekins, attorneys?"

Oh, no; emphatically not! If Lammett & Curser had no knowledge of Mr. Six, how much less knowledge had they of Peekins, Hoyer & Peekins! Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw looked at each other speculatively. There was the barest trace of a smile beneath the stubby mustache of Mr. Wallingford, and Mr. Daw was slowly and thoughtfully pulling down his coat sleeves. Circumstances alter cases, and opportunity soothes wrath.

"Well, I got a letter from them, too," went on the vociferous Mr. Doaken. "They heard about the suit."

They tell me there's no infringement of patent, and the whole case can be killed if I'll just send on a hundred bucks to cover fees and costs. Now, Eldred's pretty wise, I am, and I think this infringement thing is a skin, so I hopped the plush and here I am. Present address, Hotel Edwin. Slip me some advice. I got the hundred all right." And on the desk he stood a thick roll of bills, bound with a hundred-dollar wrapper and a wide rubber band. "But they got to plod over my dead body if they get a cent of this for graft. I may be a hick, but I'm no boob!"

"Ugh!" grunted Blackie Daw, as a heavy heel came on his thin foot. He edged away from Wallingford immediately, and did not know that broad-chested party.

"Wait a minute; wait a minute!" implored Lammett, hurrying over to the rail, though leaving his gaze on that astounding roll of bills. "I'll pay you that twelve dollars and a half," he husked to Wallingford, and from his hip-pocket whisked a sickly, worn purse.

"Do I address Mr. Lammett?" inquired the tall, lank gentleman pleasantly, and pulled down his mustaches so that they drooped slightly. "I am a teacher of the sympathetic saxophone. If there is anyone in this office musically inclined——"

"No!" shouted Lammett, waving both arms in the air. "Get out! Here's your money, Mr. Wallingford!"

Not on your life!" suddenly roared the hugely impressive J. Rufus. "You cheap little grafters!"

"Hush up! Hush up!" pleaded Lammett. "Here's your money! Get out!"

"Back up! I'm going to clean out this combination of crooks!" Wallingford suddenly swung through the gate as Blackie Daw bowed his way out of the door.

"You haven't a letter in your files from an investor, but you have from your accomplices, J. B. Six and Peekins, Hoye & Peekins! Mr. Doaken, are you, too, a victim of this combination of cheap swindlers?"

"You're dead right—I am!" Mr. Doaken had whipped his money into his pocket and was on his feet. He had inspected the huge Wallingford, had seen that immaculately tailored Prince Albert coat, that shining silk hat, that expensive cravat, the two-thousand-dollar diamonds in tie and ring, and he knew with whom to place his faith. "Come on; let's go through the files!"

"Get out, you! Get out, you!" Mr. Lammett frantically ordered, but the bang of a door distracted his attention. Little Mr. Curser was no longer in the room, and there was a loud clattering down the back stairway.

Letter-files were tumbling on the floor. Amid the hubbub there was a sudden shout from Doaken, and an oath. In the "S" box he had found a letter from Six; and Wallingford was just in time to prevent that file from smashing on the round head of Lammett.

"Let it breathe," wheezed J. Rufus, holding to Doaken's wrists.

The customer from Cokeville slowly lowered the letter-file; then he glared down at the limp Lammett.

"No man can make a simp of me!" he cried. "I'll have the police here in two minutes!"

Even through the perishing fear of Lammett there broke an oily smile.

"Do it," he said, but not raising from the sprawl with which he had filled his swivel-chair; "do it, and I sue you for false imprisonment. There ain't anything the law can hold me for. I been in this business fifteen years."

"He's right, friend," agreed Wallingford. "We're stung." Suddenly, his round, pink face wreathed itself in smiles, and he chuckled, his broad shoulders heaving and his eyes half closing. He was the personification of jovial good-fellowship. "The best thing we can do, Doaken, is go get a drink and talk it over."

II

"WHAT is your patent, Mr. Doaken?" inquired Wallingford, as they mixed their high-balls in the quiet bar of the Hotel Edwin.

"It's a hummer!" And the inventor immediately produced a copy of his patent, slapped it on the table, and opened it. "Chicken-silo. Automatic hot food in winter weather. A hen hops her cold tootsies on this warm board, heated by the ferment of the grain, eats herself happy, then goes right out and lays an egg."

J. Rufus adjusted his glasses and studied the thing with intelligent comprehension.

(Continued on page 142)



The fat partner was the first to reach the landing below

Myself

By Lillie

Mrs. Langtry here gives an account of made to realize its unromantic side. A initiation into the new work, and her pearance in America, where a sensational

fresh beauty in Ellen Terry's impersonation and fresh thrills in Irving's performance. I have never seen any Shakespearean productions to approach those of Irving, which are forever stamped on my memory. The scenery, of course, was artistic, but it was in the lighting, in the Rembrandtesque effects, the chiaroscuro, that Irving excelled.

After the financial crash referred to in an earlier chapter, I appealed to the great and enchanting Nell to give me her views. She came and spent a precious hour of her time out-

lining the different aspects of the career I was being so persistently advised to adopt. The difficulties and disappointments that I might encounter and what she termed the "rough side" seemed to her almost insurmountable for one who had been so petted and spoiled and idle as myself. On the whole,



Lady De Bathe

First Year on the Stage

THROUGHOUT my social career I had taken constant interest in the drama, was an assiduous playgoer, and knew many of the shining lights of the theatrical profession. Henry Irving was to be seen at so many society functions that he seemed a link between the social and artistic worlds, in both of which he was a popular and beloved figure. Whenever I wanted to spend an evening at the Lyceum Theatre, it was his pleasure to send me a box, and to his masterly representation of "The Merchant of Venice" I went over and over again, always finding



Mrs. Langtry as Rosalind, in "As You Like It," her first Shakespearean rôle

elf
Lillie

and Others

Langtry (Lady De Bathe)

how she settled down to a stage career and was tour of the British provinces completed her success brought an immediate demand for ap- circumstance marked her New World début.

she was discouraging. Yet, a few months later, when I had appeared as Kate Hardcastle, Rosalind, and in other rôles, and was on the eve of departure for the States, I went to the first night of "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Lyceum, where Beatrice (Ellen Terry) confided to me that she had had me in mind for Hero, though she thought things had turned out far better for me. I don't know. It would have been wonderful to commence my stage career in that atmosphere and in such a sympathetic part. So, for the second time, I missed my opportunity of appearing under Irving's management at the Lyceum.

Another well-known and popular member of the profession whom I met was the Polish actress, Helena Modjeska, who had arrived, fresh from her triumphs in the States, to make an equally sensational success in London. Her first English appearance, as I remember, was at a matinée in a small out-of-the-way theater called the Court, where she played in an emaciated and rather badly written version of "La Dame aux Camélias" called, for some unknown reason, "Heartsease."

She came unheralded, and yet, in spite of the lack of preliminary puffing and her strong foreign accent (always a handicap in London), she made an instantaneous impression. In appearance she was ideally suited to the character of Marguerite Gautier. Extremely slender, she looked as though a breath would blow her away.



Ellen Terry
as Portia

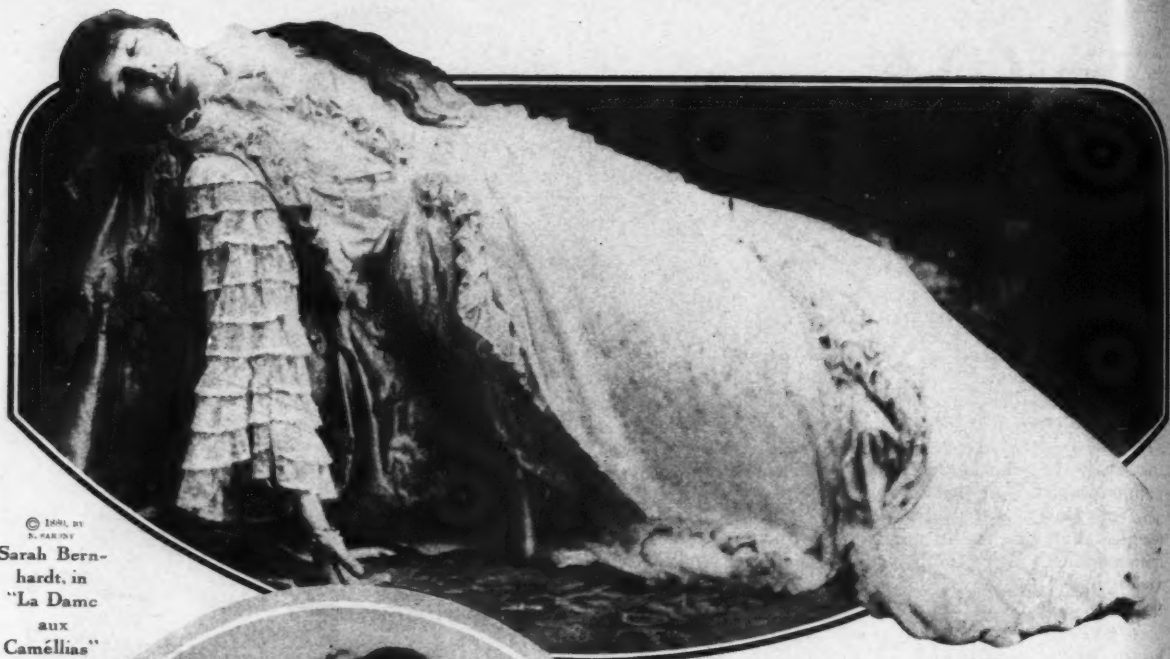


Henry Irving as Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice"

I have seen innumerable Marguerites, most of them splendidly healthy and solid, and it set me wondering why they should elect to essay a part in which physique counts so largely. The three superexcellent impersonations of Dumas' frail heroine that stand out in my memory are those of Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, and Modjeska—all different in conception and yet all satisfying in result.

Modjeska's was, I think, the most womanly and tender but the most passionless of the three, and therefore missing, in some degree, the intention of the author. Personally, the only rôle in which I thought she failed to shine was that of Juliet. There, her appearance was against her. She looked rather mature, wore a long flaxen wig, and affected some youthful mannerisms which did not seem altogether spontaneous. One piece of business in the balcony scene, where she coyly veiled her face with strands of hair of the aforementioned wig, seemed decidedly strained.

Later on, when I seceded from the Haymarket, Modjeska appeared under the Bancroft management as Odette, in Sardou's play of that name. I frequently met her socially and found her a simple, lovable, flowerlike woman, entirely free from affectation and pose. Her leading man was Johnston Forbes-Robertson, at that time following the dual career of actor and painter with equal enthusiasm and success. He made a romantic Romeo, playing and looking the part to perfection.



© 1898, BY
H. FARTON
Sarah Bern-
hardt, in
"La Dame
aux
Camélias"



© FARR AND
TOWN ORR BOSTON
Eleanora
Duse

The world-worship of Shakespeare has tempted managers to produce his works in all countries and in all languages, and I certainly prefer to hear a foreign actor or actress act in an inferior translation in his or her tongue than to listen to our poet's beautiful words marred by a strange accent. How would an American or English artist—however great—be received in Paris as an exponent in the French language of Molière? I do not think that the proverb of the shoemaker to his last and the actor to his national literature is sufficiently followed.

The preparations for my provincial tour proceeded at a gallop. The die was cast, and my nose was kept to the grindstone. Indeed, I was becoming more interested in the stage and my work generally. A repertoire had to be got together,

and, among other rôles, I was to essay Rosalind—that wonderful creation of Shakespeare. Now, whatever I lacked of the technique of my profession, I had been encouraged by my father's example to be a serious student of the great poet, and I applied myself with increased zest to the study of this deliciously feminine character. Besides, to be my own manager, my own mistress, and free from unaccustomed control changed my point of view entirely.

Without dwelling at length on what turned out to be the prelude to larger under-

takings, I may say that I was splendidly received in the ten leading cities I visited, my reception varying according to the inhabitants' different notions of hospitable wel-

come. Perhaps my venture was considered a plucky one at a time when the path of the amateur absolutely bristled with difficulties. Anyhow, Manchester, the "critical city," accepted me far above my own valuation and acclaimed me deliriously. The press was more than lenient; the audiences were more than enthusiastic, and I speedily became what many subsequent visits have proved I still have the joy of



Helena Modjeska

remaining—a "Manchester favorite." After the last performance of the week in question, the exuberance of my new friends found vent in taking the horses from my carriage and substituting themselves to draw the heavy vehicle from the stage-door to my hotel. As a steep incline intervened between the theater and my hostelry, I was conveyed thither more rapidly than safely, and though, at the moment, the anxiety outweighed the honor, I felt very proud the next day.

A week of hectic excitement at Edinburgh culminated on "students' night," when the university attended *en masse* and objected to any portion of the play proceeding without my personal assistance on the stage, raising clamorous shouts for my immediate return while I was temporarily absent. The Scotch capital gave me a dignified farewell, quite in keeping with its traditions. A torchlight procession of students escorted my carriage to the Caledonian Station and, surrounding my saloon-

carriage, called for smiles and speeches until the train carried me away to the city of Glasgow, where, at the Royalty Theatre, I passed six delightful evenings and was made much of by the coterie of painters and *littérateurs* established there, among the former being John Lavery, who painted a rapid sketch of me which I saw on my last visit to that city.

The students here tried to honor me in the same way as in Manchester, but I meanly escaped by the front entrance of the theater and left them, harnessed and waiting, at the stage-door. There is a pastime provided for voyagers touching at Madeira which



© 1905, BY N. GARDY

Mrs. Langtry as Hester Grazebrook, in "An Unequal Match," the rôle of her American début.



Henry E. Abbey, Mrs. Langtry's first American manager



Johnston Forbes-Robertson as Romeo

consists of sitting in a sledge and being guided by two men running with ropes down a steep and narrow cobbled mountain path with deep gutters on either side. This struck me as a sensation somewhat similar to that favored by the students of Manchester and Glasgow, and I consider one experience of these so-called amusements ample in a short and crowded life.

Dublin naturally lived up to its tradition of boisterous audiences, and in Mr. Langtry's home town (Continued on page 116)

The Restless Sex

A Chronicle of Insurgent Youth

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

STEPHANIE QUEST, after the death of her well-connected but worthless parents, is taken, at the age of eleven, into the home of John Cleland, a wealthy New Yorker, a widower with an only son, Jim. After she grows up, she does not care for society, and develops some radical ideas on the independence of women and their right to lead what life they wish. Cleland dies when she is eighteen; Jim goes abroad for two years, to study and observe life with the idea of writing fiction, and Stephanie after taking a course in hospital nursing in a home for defective children established by a wealthy aunt, becomes so attracted to the bohemian life of a certain type of New York artist that she takes a studio with a friend, Helen Davis, a sculptor. With legacies from Cleland and her aunt, she now enjoys a considerable income. After nearly three years' residence in Paris, Jim receives a cable from Stephanie saying that she has married Oswald Grismer, a college-mate of his, who has taken up sculpture. Oswald's father was the uncle of Stephanie's mother. Jim returns home. He finds an unusual state of things existing. Stephanie has kept her own name and has not yet lived with Grismer as his wife. She says she will not do so until she is sure she loves him. She thinks she will know after a year or two. Apparently she has married him because he has lost his money and is in straitened circumstances.

Cleland leases an apartment in the house in which the two girls live, and works on a novel. He and Stephanie soon find that they are deeply in love with each other. The girl becomes very jealous of Cleland's attentions to other women, especially those to Marie Cliff, one of Helen's models, but Marie is the wife of John Belter, one of Jim's schoolboy friends. John and Marie have quarreled and separated, but a reconciliation is effected. Another of Cleland's old-time friends is Phil Grayson, a writer. Cleland is kind to Grismer and takes him to his country place in the Berkshires and gives him a commission for a fountain. He then invites Stephanie and Helen for a visit. The evening before the girls arrive, he and Grismer have a frank talk over the perplexing situation, in the course of which Grismer offers to give Stephanie up.

STEPHANIE and Helen arrived, bringing a mountain of baggage and the studio cat.

"Oh!" cried Stephanie, standing on the lawn and quite enchanted by the old place. "It is simply too lovely! It's like a charming dolls' house—it's so much smaller than I remember. Helen, did you ever see such trees? And isn't the garden a dear? Where is Oswald, Jim?"

"He went back to town this morning."

"How mean of him!"

"I tried to keep him," said Cleland, "but he insisted that it was a matter of business."

"Did he have a good time here?" asked Stephanie, in a guileless voice. But she looked sideways at him.

"I think so, Steve. He seemed care-free and vastly contented to rove over the place. I am glad he came. I have learned to like him very much."

"You're a dear!" she murmured, under her breath, her

gray eyes fixed on him and full of tenderness tinged with humor. "You always do the right thing, Jim. You are right—that's the reason. Do you wonder that I'm quite mad about you—I, who am all wrong?"



"A bribe, dear friend. I wish to go fishing," she said. "Stephanie has been telling me about her girlhood days here with you, and how you took her on several sacred occasions to a mysterious, dashing stream full of huge boulders—somewhere deep in the primeval woods."

"The Dunbar brook, Jim," smiled Stephanie. "Shall we go fishing in the morning? I'm not going to spend all my time fussing with domestic problems."

"The cares of housekeeping sit lightly on her," remarked Helen, as they all strolled toward the house. "What if the new servants are slack and wasteful? Being a man, you wouldn't know; being Steve, she doesn't worry. I see that it's going to devolve upon me."

Stephanie and Helen went up-stairs together, the former waving a saucy adieu to Cleland behind her back.

Not until a maid announced dinner did the two girls reappear, both arrayed in that filmy and dainty fly-away apparel suitable only to youth and freshness.

It was still daylight when, after dinner, they strolled out into the garden. The tree-clad eastern ridge was all ruddy in the rays of a declining sun; the river, dull silver, save in pools where pearl and pink tints tinged the stiller water.

Birds were very noisy—robins gallantly attacking a gay carol which they always found impossible to vary or bring to any convincing musical conclusion; song-sparrows sweetly monotonous; an exquisite burst of melody from a rose-breasted grosbeak high on a balsam-tip above the stream; the rushing twitter of chimney-swifts sweeping by, mounting, fluttering, sheering through the sunset sky. Helen pausing by the sun-dial, read aloud what was chiseled there, black with encrusted lichens.

"Who wrote this?" she asked curiously.

"Some bandit of the backwoods—some wilderness fur trader or ruthless forest-runner—with murder on his soul, perhaps. I don't remember now. But my father made a note of the story."

She read the straggling lines again slowly:

But for ye Sunne no one would heed Me—
A senseless Stone;
But for ye Sunne no one could rede Me
Save God alone.
I and my Comrade Sunne, together,
Print here ye Hours
In praise of Love and pleasant Weather
And Youth and Flowers.

"How odd and quaint," she mused, "and what straggling, primitive, illiterate letters these are, chiseled here in this black basalt! Fancy that gaunt, grim, buckskinned runner emerging from the wilderness into this solitary settlement, finding shelter and refreshment; and, in his brief hour of rest and idleness, laboring to leave his record on this old stone!"

"His was a poet's soul," said Cleland, "but he probably took an Iroquois scalp when unobserved, and skinned living and dead impartially in his fur transactions."

"Some degenerate son of honest English stock, I suppose," nodded Helen. "Yet he had the simplicity of the

"Who says you are all wrong?" he demanded, starting toward her. But she deftly avoided him, putting the sun-dial between them

"Who says you are all wrong?" he demanded, starting toward her. But she deftly avoided him, putting the sun-dial between them.

"I'm all wrong," she said. "You don't know it, but I am."

"Do you want to be punished?"

She laughed tormentingly, feeling delightfully secure from his demonstrations there on the sunny lawn, with Helen wandering about inspecting the flowers in the garden.

"Come on, Helen!" she called gaily.

Helen came from the garden with a blue pansy between her lips, which she presently drew through Cleland's lapel.

(COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES)

Cavalier versemakers in his graceless heart. Well, for his sake—" She laid a June rose on the weather-ravaged dial. "God rest him, anyway!" she added lightly. "There's a devil in every one of us."

"Not in you, darling," cooed Stephanie, enlacing her waist. "If there ever was, he's dead."

"I wonder." She glanced deliberately at Cleland, then smiled. "There was a bully romance I read in extreme youth, in which an old swashbuckler was always exclaiming: 'Courage! The devil is dead!' And since I have realized that I, also, harbored a devil, the memory of that cheery war-cry always puts me on my mettle to slay him. It's a good fight, Jim," she added serenely. "But a really good fight is never finished, you know. And it's better to end the story with, 'So they lived to fight happily ever after,' than to announce that the problem is solved and the romance ended for eternity."

In the pink dusk, she picked her way over the dewy grass toward the porch, saying carelessly that her ancient bones resented dampness.

Stephanie, resting against the sun-dial, inhaled the sweetness of the iris and spoke of it.

"The flowers are lilac-gray, like your eyes," Jim said. "The scent expresses you to me—faintly sweet—a young, fresh, delicate odor—you—in terms of perfume."

"Such a poet! But, you know, one never should touch the petals of an iris. The indiscreet imprint remains."

"Have I left any imprint?"

"I should say you had! Do you suppose my mind isn't busy most of the time remembering your—imprints?"

"Is it?"

"Does it comfort you to know it? Nobody else ever pawed me."

"A nice way to put it!" he remarked.

She shrugged.

"I don't know how it was I first permitted it—came to endure it"—she lifted her gray eyes deliberately—"invited it, because I came to expect it—wish for it—" She bit her lip and made a quick gesture with clenched hand. "Oh, Jim, I'm no good! Here I am married, and as nonchalantly unfaithful to my vows as you care to make me."

She turned abruptly and walked across the lawn toward the willows that fringed the stream, moving in a leisurely manner, pensively, her hands linked behind her back. He rejoined her at the willows, and they slowly entered the misty belt of trees together.

"If you knew," she said, "what a futile, irresolute, irresponsible creature I am, you wouldn't waste real love on



"I'd go to you. go with you, love

me. There's nothing to me except feminine restlessness, mental and physical, and it urges, urges me to wander frivolously in pursuit of God knows what—I don't! But always my mind is a traveler impatient to go a-gipsying, and my feet beat the devil's tattoo—"

She sprang from the pebbles to a flat river-stone projecting from the shore, and stood poised, looking out across the rushing water at the mist curling there along the crests of little hurrying waves. She turned her head toward

him expectantly. There was room enough on the rock, and he stepped to her side.

"I'm like that water," she said, "making a futile noise in the world, dashing and rippling along without any plan of my own, any destination. When I'm honest with myself, I know that it isn't the intellectual desire for self-expression that keeps me restless—it's merely and solely the instinct

She laughed.

"Oh, Jim, is it really as serious as that? Can you stand for a mindless, purposeless girl of unmoral and nomadic proclivities, who really hasn't a single gift—no self to express, no creative or interpretive talent—with nothing but an inordinate, unquiet curiosity to find out everything there is to find out—lazy, self-indulgent, irresponsible."

He began to laugh.

"All that is covered by one word—'intelligent,'" he said. "You're just human, with a healthy intellect and normal inclinations."

"Oh dear, you're so dreadfully wrong! I'm a fraud—nice to look at and to stroll with——"

She turned and stepped across to the pebbled shore. He followed. She bent her head and, not looking at him, drew his arm round her waist and held it there with one hand across his.

"I'm desperately in love," she said, "but I'm a sham—agreeable to caress, pliant, an apt pupil—pretty material for a sweetheart, Jim—but for nothing more important." They walked slowly along the shore path downstream under the silver willows, his arm enlacing her supple figure, her slow, deliberate steps in rhythm with his. After a while, he said in a low voice:

"Dear, you and I have already come a long way on the blossoming path together. I believe it is written that we travel it together to the end. Don't you want me *always*, Steve?"

"Yes," she sighed, pressing her hand over his at her waist; "I do want you, always. But, Jim—I'm not what you think me. I ran rather wild while you were away. Liberty went to my empty head. I didn't seem to care what I did. The very

devil seemed to be in my heels, and they carried me everywhere at random——"

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, they did! They landed me in a dreadful pickle. You know they did. And now here I am, married, and falling more desperately in love every minute with the other man. *You* can't really love such a fool of a girl!"

"It makes no difference," he said; "I can't go on alone now."

She pressed her cheek against his shoulder.



you, face the world undaunted!"

to ripple and bubble and dance and flow out under the stars and sunsets and dawns, and go sparkling and swirling and glimmering purposelessly away out into the world at random. And *that's* all there is to Stephanie Quest—if you really desire to know—you very romantic and foolish boy, to think yourself in love with her!"

"Steve," he said, "if you are not everything that my mind and heart believe you to be, the time is past when it makes any difference to me what you are."

"You need not. You can always have me when you wish."

"You mean—just this way?"

"Yes—how else?" She looked up at him; he suddenly stopped in the path; her next step brought her round facing him, where she halted, encircled by his arm. After a moment's silence, she rested her clasped hands on his shoulder, looking very seriously into his eyes. "How else?" she repeated, in a half-whisper.

"Divorce."

"No, dear."

"Either that or—we can go away somewhere—" The dryness of his throat checked him, and her clear eyes looked him through and through. "Either you or I," he said, "have got to tell Oswald how matters—"

"We can't, Jim."

"Tell him," he continued, "that we are in love with each other and need to marry—"

"Oh, Jim—my—dear—dearest, I can't do that!"

"It's true, isn't it?" he demanded.

She did not answer for a while. Then she unclasped her hands, which had been resting on his shoulder, and slipped one arm around his neck.

"Yes; it is true. I want to marry you. But I can't. So—so won't this way do?" she said. "You can always have me this way."

He kissed her lifted lips.

"No; it won't do, Steve. I want all that you are, all that you have to give the man you love and marry, all that the future holds of beauty and of mystery for us both. I want a home with you, Steve; I want every minute of life with you, waking and sleeping. I love you, Steve. And because I do love you, I dare tell you that I am falling in love with our future, too—in love with the very thought of—your children, Steve. Dear, I think that I am like my father; I love only once. And, once in love, there is nothing else for me—no other woman, no recompense if you fail me, no cure for me."

They both were deadly serious now. His face was quiet but set in firm and sober lines; she had lost much of her color.

"I can't marry you," she said, drawing his head nearer. "Do you think for one moment that I would deny you anything you asked of me if it were in my power to give?"

"Will you not tell me why?"

"I'm not free to tell you. Oh, Jim, I adore you—I do love you so—so deeply! I'm married. I'm sorry I'm married. But I can't help it—I can't get out of it—"

"What hold has that man—"

"No hold. There's something else—something sad, terrible."

"I'll take you, anyway," he said, in a low, tense voice. "He will have his remedy."

"How, Jim? Do you mean that you wish me to defy opinion with you? You wouldn't let me do that, would you, dear?"

"No." He had lost his head for a moment—that was all—and the ugly threat had been wrenched out of him in the confusion of a tortured mind struggling against it knew not what.

"Jim," she asked, under her breath, "would you really let me?"

"No!" he said savagely.

"I knew you wouldn't."

Her arm slipped from his neck, and again she clasped both slender hands, rested them on his shoulder, and laid her cheek against them.

"It wouldn't help me out of this pickle if we misbehaved," she said thoughtfully. "It wouldn't solve the problem. I suppose you've taken me seriously as an apostle of that new liberty which ignores irregularities—doesn't admit them to be irregular. That's why you said what you did say, I fancy. I've talked enough modern foolishness to have you think me quite emancipated—quite indifferent

to the old social order, the old code of morals, the old dogmas, the ancient and orthodox laws of community and individual conduct. Haven't you supposed me quite capable of sauntering away unconventionally with the man I love, after the ironical and casual spectacle of marriage which I have afforded you?"

"I don't know," he said bitterly. "I don't know what I have thought. There will never be anybody except you. If I lose you, I lose the world. But between you and me there is a deeper tie than anything less than marriage could sanction. We couldn't ever do that, Steve—let the world go hang while we gave it an extra kick for each other's sakes."

"Because," she whispered, "dad's roof was ours. For his honor, if not for our own, we could not affront the world, dear. Not that I don't love you enough!" she added almost fiercely. "I do love you enough! I don't care whether you know it. Nothing would matter—if there were no other way—and if I were free to take the only way that offered. Do you suppose I'd hesitate if it lay between taking that way and losing you?" She turned and began to pace the path excitedly, cheeks flushed and hands clenching and unclenching. "What do I care about myself?" she said. She snapped her fingers. "I don't care that, Jim, when your happiness is at stake! I'd go to you, go with you, love you, face the world undaunted! I care nothing about myself. I know myself. What am I? You know." She came up close to him, her face afire, her gray eyes brilliant. "You know what I am," she repeated. "You and dad did everything to make me like yourselves. You took me out of the gutter—"

"Steve!"

"You took me out of the gutter!" she repeated excitedly. "You cleaned the filth from me, gave me shelter, love—you educated me, made me possible, strove to eradicate in me the unworthy instincts and inclinations which I might have inherited. My aunt told me. I know what dad did for me. Why shouldn't I adore the memory of your father? Why shouldn't I love his son? I do. I always have. I didn't dream that you ever could offer me a greater love. But when I understood that it was true—when I realized that it was really love, then I stepped into your arms because you held them out to me—because you were your father's son whom I had loved passionately all my life in one way, and was willing to learn to love in any way you asked of me—Jim—my brother—my lover!" She flung herself into his arms, choking, clinging to him, struggling to control her voice. "I am nothing—I am nothing!" she sobbed passionately. "Why should not all my gratitude and loyalty be for your father's son? What is so terrible to me is that I can't give myself—that I can't throw myself at your feet for life. To marry you would be too heavenly wonderful! Or, to snap my fingers in the world's face for your sake, dearest—that would be so little to do for you—so easy! But I can't. Your father—dad—would know it. And then the world would blame him for ever harboring a gutter-waif—"

"Steve, dearest—"

"Oh, Jim," she stammered, "I haven't even told you how those inherited traits have raised the deuce with me. I've got in me all the low instincts, all the indolence, the selfish laziness, the haphazard, irresponsible, devil-may-care traits of the man who was my own father."

"Steve!"

"Let me tell you. I've got to tell you. I can't keep it any longer. It was something in Oswald that appealed to that Gipsy side of me—awoke it, I think. The first time I ever saw him, as a boy and under disagreeable circumstances, I felt an odd inclination for him. He was like me, and I sensed it. I told you that once. It's true. Something in him appealed to the vagabond recklessness and irresponsibility latent in me—the tendency to wander, the indolent desire to drift and explore pleasant places. After you went abroad, I met him. I wrote you about it. I liked him. He fascinated me. There was something in

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DRAWN BY W. G. STEVENS

"What!" cried Stephanie, sitting bolt upright and staring at her friend. "Do you mean to tell me that Phil is *that* sort of man?"



common—something *common* in common between us. I went to his studio, at first with Helen, and also when others were there. Then I went alone. I didn't care, knowing there was really no harm in going, and also being at the age when defiance of convention is more or less attractive to every girl.

"He was fascinating. He was plainly in love with me. But that means nothing to a girl except the subtle excitement and flattery of the fact. But he was what I wanted—a fellow vagabond.

"Every time I came into town, I went to his studio. My aunt had no idea what I was up to. And we did have such good times, Jim; you see, he was successful then, and he had a wonderful studio—and a car—and we ran out into the country and then returned to take tea in his studio. And, Jim, it was all right—but it was not good for me."

She clasped his arm with both of hers and rested her head on his shoulder, and went on talking in a steadier and more subdued voice.

"I didn't write you about it; I was very sure you wouldn't approve. And my head was stuffed full of modernism and

liberty and urge and the necessity for self-expression. I felt that I had a perfect right to enjoy myself. And then came trouble. It always does. Oswald's father, Chiltern Grismer, came to the hospital one day, terribly wrought up and looking ghastly.

"My aunt had gone to New York to consult a specialist, but he asked for me, and I came down to the private reception-room. I was a graduate nurse then. Oh, Jim, it was quite dreadful! He seemed to be scared until he saw that I was. Then he was fearfully harsh with me. He told me that my aunt was about to begin suit against him to recover some money—a great deal of money—which my aunt pretended I should have inherited from my grandmother, Mr. Grismer's sister. He said we were two adventuresses, and that he would expose me and my unhappy origin—all that horror of my childhood—"

A sob checked her; she rested in his arms, breathing fast and irregularly, then, recovering self-control:

"I was bewildered. I told him I didn't want his money. But there was in his eyes a terror which I could see there, even when he was upbraiding and threatening me most



Grayson, sprawling on his stomach, his handsome face framed in both hands, emitted a scornful laugh. "You're very tender-hearted—theoretically," he said

could cover in his touring car. All the Gipsy instinct born in me, all the tendency to irresponsible wandering and idle pleasure suddenly seemed to develop and demand satisfaction.

"Oswald was a dear. He was in love with me; I knew it. He didn't want to go on those escapades with me, but I bullied him into it. And it got to a point beyond all bounds; the more recklessly we went about, the keener my delight in risking everything for the sake of unconventional amusement. Twice we were caught out so far from New York that he had to drive all night to get into town. And then, what was to be expected happened. Our car broke down when it meant a night away from the studio with Oswald. And the very deuce was to pay, too, for in the hotel at Albany we ran into friends—girls I knew in school and their parents—friends of dad's!

"Oh, Jim, I was panic-stricken. We had to stay there, too. I—there was

violently. I didn't know what to do; I wanted to go back to my ward, but he followed me and held the door closed, and I had to listen to the terrible, shameful things he said about my mother's mother and my own mother and myself. Well—just as he was about to leave, my aunt entered. I was in tears, and Mr. Grismer's face was all twisted and contorted with rage. I heard what my aunt said to him—I didn't want to hear it. I cried out, protesting that I didn't wish any of his money. He went away with his face all twisted—"

"What did your aunt say to him?"

"I can't tell you, dear. I am not at liberty to tell you. And, after all, it doesn't matter. He died—suddenly—a week later. My aunt was ill at the time, and I was with her. A letter was handed to her by an orderly. It was from Mr. Grismer. From a dead man! What she read in it seemed to be a terrific shock to her. She was sick and weak, but she got out of bed and telephoned to her attorney in New York. I was frightened. It was a most dreadful night for us both. And—and my aunt died of it, I think—the shock and her illness combined. She died a week later.

"I took our studio with Helen. I saw Oswald every day. He had inherited a great deal of money. We went about. And, Jim, the very devil was in me to roam everywhere with him and see things and explore the part of the world we

nothing to do but present Oswald as my husband. That was a terrible night. We had two rooms and a connecting parlor. We talked it over; I cried most of the time. Then I wrote out that cablegram to you. Oh, Jim, he is a dear. You don't know him as I do. He knew I didn't love him, and he was in love with me. Well, we had to do something.

"He went out to the Fort Orange Club and got a man he knew. Then, with this man as witness, we told each other that we'd marry each other. Then Oswald went away with his friend, and I didn't see him again until next day, when he called for me with the car. And that is all there was of my marriage. And now," she sobbed, "I'm in love with you, and I—I—" She broke down hopelessly. He drew her close to him, holding her tightly. "There is m-more," she faltered, "but I c-can't tell it. It's c-confidential—a matter of honor. I want to be what dad and you expect of me. I do want to be honorable. That is why I can't tell you another person's secret. It would be dishonorable. And even if I told you, I'd be afraid to ask him for my freedom—"

"You mean he would not let you divorce him?"

"Oh, no; I don't mean that. That is the terrible part of it. He would give me my freedom. But I don't want it—that way—not on the—not on such terms."

They walked slowly toward the house (Continued on page 121)

New Fables

By George Ade

The Fable of the Uplift

DURING the later Puff-Sleeve Period and shortly before Stout Ladies began to ride Bikes, a dignified Episcopalian who owned a Prince Albert and a lacquered Stove Pipe found himself in the County Court, trying to stave off his Creditors.

After a Grand Slam by the Sheriff, the Family Honor was intact, but the Owner couldn't hock it for the Price of a Doughnut.

When a College Graduate goes on the Rocks, he has to cast about for something other than Manual Toil, so the Party of whom we are speaking circulated a Petition and landed a Berth in the U. S. Consular Service.

The Fact that Rodney J. Whipple sailed away in 1887 for the Port Town of Comato on the Island of Dolsifar has no important Connection with the present Recital.

He boarded a single-screw Chugger and steamed on and on.

Finally, when the Coal was about to give out, there arose from the Azure Sea a steam-heated Possession pin-feathered with spidery Palms.

A scattering of whitewashed Dobes against a background of Jungle was the Capitol City in which Mr. Whipple was to keep the Starry Banner from drooping.

The Consulship at Comato was a Dream of a Job for anyone of crippled Pocket-book, shy on Ambition, and willing to be forgotten by his former Cronies.

It was so far over the edge of the Map that it was overlooked by Beach-Combbers, Remittance Men, and the State Department.

Mr. Whipple had to send in Reports, but the Blank Spaces were undisturbed.

A Steamer hove into View once a Month, and the Lulls in between were broken only by the murmur of the Surf.

It was the sort of Tropical Paradise in which the maddest Fling is to ride along the Sea Wall in what had been a Victoria at one Time.

Year after year the Yankee Consul loafed in his White Clothes and Siesta'd and read out-of-date Books.



Year after year the Yankee Consul loafed in his White Clothes and Siesta'd and read out-of-date Books

The Noises of the Great World could not carry across the deep Drink.

He felt no yearning for the scenes of previous Disasters and no one urged him to come Home, so he stuck along until after the Champion Trouble-Maker tried to get astride of the Globe and dig in with his Spurs.

In other words, it was in 1918 that he opened a Letter and learned that a durable old Uncle finally had let go.

The real Plot of the Message was that our Consular Representative had Dough once again and could go back to the old Diggings and hold up his Head and be a regular Cuss.

He could see himself riding in a Brougham on his way to a Progressive-Euchre Party, for he had been away Thirty Years and had kept no Tab on the shifts of Scenery leading up to the Grand Transformation.

He stood at the front end of the Ship so as to be in ahead of the Others.

He wondered if there had been many Changes.

Enoch Arden and Rip Van Winkle were piking Amateurs compared with Rodney J.

Here was a well-preserved American, holding an A. B. from an A-1 College, who never had dodged a Motor Bus, looked up at an Air-plane, or waited for a Suffrage Parade to pass by.

Here was a high-grade Specimen of old Colonial Stock who never saw William Jennings Bryan or fozzled a Niblick Approach.

He was just as ripe for Impressions as if he had come from the planet Mars hanging to the tail of a Meteorite.

What he wanted to know was, had



There seemed to be a new breed of Woman since the bygone Period of the Mazurka and the 13-inch Waist

in Slang

Illustrated by
John T. McCutcheon
that moved Sideways



He took his first Taxi ride and looked into the face of
Death 100 Times

the old Universe reformed or backslid while he was absent from the Side Lines?

He took his first Taxi ride and looked into the face of Death 100 Times.

The city he remembered had disappeared and on the former Site were Mountains girded with Steel and Bedlam frothing in every Valley.

Most of the curdled Impressions of the first Day were utterly trivial.

The first Fact striking him hard was that the Derby Hat was no longer shaped like a Turtle.

His old Friend, the Cigar-Store Indian, had been sent to a Reservation.

Where were the box-toed Boots of Yesteryear?

The Cravat encircled by a Gold Ring was no longer a Mark of Gentility.

Where once the Oyster Parlor smiled, a Cafeteria lifted its pale Front.

Whiskers had ceased to be an important Trade-Mark.

Policemen rode on Horses and Street Cars had burrowed into the Ground and Food was being served in Drug Stores.

Hotel Rates had been whooped and Meals were no longer included.

He hurried to collect his Legacy and listened to Strange Talk regarding Inheritance Tax and Income Tax and Excess Profits.

It seemed that each Good Citizen kept his Money in plain Sight, so that the Government could reach over at any time and swipe what it needed.

Back in the 'Eighties, anyone who spoke of a Million Dollars did so in a Choking Whisper.

Now the World of Finance was play-

ing Ring around the Rosie with a Jack Pot of ever so many Billions stacked up in the Center.

"What is the large Idea," he asked of his feverish Friends.

"Why, we must kill at least a million Foreigners next Year," was the prompt reply. "The Overhead Expense of operating a Slaughter Pen about 400 Miles long is a tidy Item. Therefore, count your Assets very carefully and then kiss them Good-By."

He went to Lectures and Patriotic Rallies to find out what it was all about.

He listened to Pale Men who had been shot into twisted Shapes.

They told of the Murder of little Children and gentle Priests, of wronged Maidenhood, of peaceful Towns battered to Pieces, of Civilians enslaved, and Innocents tortured.

"I have come back to a World gone drunk on Blood," he said.

Then he walked the Streets and looked in at Windows and learned that these unfamiliar Countrymen of his were assembling their Treasures, even to Young Men and the Girls just from School, and staking them all on a Grand Venture.

They had put aside the selfish Comforts and the habits of easy-going Days.

They had raised a new Standard—that of Service.

He read their Motives. And then he said,

"I have come back to a world of Saints and Heroes."

Then he walked a little farther down the Street and got to guessing again.

There seemed to be a new breed of Woman since the bygone Period of the Mazurka and the 13-inch Waist.

The Female seemed to have come into her Own and then kept on coming.

When he looked at her Costume, he decided that she was a Questionable Character, but her Patriotic Behavior helped him to give her the Benefit of the Doubt.

It seemed that she knew a great many Things that had been kept from her Grandfather.

Rodney J. Whipple could remember when the Daughter of the Household was not permitted to leave the Veranda.



If she read a Novel containing a Love Scene, the other Maud Mullers thought she was a bit Daring. Now the Débutante could look straight at any Cardinal Truth and never bat an Eye



As it was Then—As it is Now

If she read a Novel containing a Love Scene, the other Maud Mullers thought she was a bit Daring.

Now the Débutante could look straight at any Cardinal Truth and never bat an Eye.

So far as the Knitting was concerned, they seemed to be Regular Women, but the Exile went dizzy in the head when he saw them tearing into Cocktails and blowing Cigarette Smoke through powdered Nostrils.

He knew that Emancipation meant being Free, but he did not see why it should mean being Free and Easy.

It was pretty hard for anyone with an 1885 Training to believe that a really Nice Woman could be so Skittish.

He was told that people had become more Moral but less Particular, which you can figure out for yourself.

Reforming Influences certainly had altered the face of the Landscape.

Nearly all of the Race Tracks had been closed.

Thirty years ago the Pool Room had been as open-faced as a Delicatessen Store. Betting on the Races was a daily Weakness among the Best People.

Mr. Whipple learned that the Race-Track Gambler was now classed with the Well-Poisoner and Pacifist.

The Gambling House, with its red Brussels Carpet and free Midnight Supper, had become a dim Memory.

The Red Lights of long ago had been snuffed out.

Mr. Whipple wanted to shake the Box in a Cigar Store and was warned by a Cop.

He began to realize that the Average Citizen of 30 years ago was little better than a Crook.

He recalled that in the 'Eighties he enjoyed going to Prize Fights and liked to see the Ponies gallop and knew how to keep Cases at Faro and was personally acquainted with the Genius who invented the Manhattan Cocktail.

He learned that even the Manhattan had become Prehistoric, and every form of Excitator containing above 2% of the Useful Ingredient was about to be thrown overboard.

It was certainly a renovated and sterilized and fumigated Community in which Mr. Whipple found himself.

He had been a great Show Fan in the

old days, and he felt a natural Longing to revel in Theatrical Entertainment after all the Years on that lonely Island.

"But what is the Use?" asked Mr. Whipple. "All the rational Enjoyments of my Youth have been put into the Discard. Public Entertainments are now under the direction of the Epworth League. What is the good of going to a Show Shop? I just know that I won't be able to see anything Snappy and Devilish, the same as 'The Black Crook.' That certainly was a Mango! The Girls wore Tights and you never saw a Woman in the Audience."

Mr. Whipple bought a Front Seat for some newfangled Drama called a Revue and went in prepared to take a good Nap.

One hour later, just as the barelegged Dancers, each of them wearing as much Material as goes into a Shopping Bag, were performing a Classical Number entitled "The Satyr's Saturday Night," Mr. Whipple dashed out of the Theater with his Hat in front of his Face.

He was the only Quitter.

All the Seminary Flappers home on a Vacation, and the sweet-faced old Chaperons, and the various Pillars of the Baptist, Unitarian, and Congregational Churches stuck in their Places and continued the Anatomical Researches, while Mr. Whipple leaned against a Mail-Box outside gasping for Breath.

He recalled that in 1878 he had slipped away from Home one Evening to attend a Performance by the British Blondes.

The imported Fairies had been tabu and outcast because they came out in short Skirts and Kicked up.

He compared that evening of guilty Pleasure long ago with the brazen Indecencies and the flaunting Shamelessness of what he had just witnessed in a first-class \$2 House catering to the Family Trade.

The Cycle of Change evidently had been making about 2400 Revolutions per minute.

A Policeman came along, and Mr. Whipple urged him to call for a lot of Blue Wagons and pull the Joint.

"Evidently you are behind the Parade," said the kindly Officer of the Law. "This one isn't a Marker compared to the one that ran 38 weeks last Season. (Concluded on page 92)"



In the Old Days—At the Present Time

"Accept my invitation
To this pleasing Campbell feast
The banquet of the nation
From the greatest to the least!"



"Dinner is served!"

Or call it "luncheon" or "supper" if you like.

Mid-day meal or evening meal—It makes no difference. *Campbell's Vegetable Soup* is such a well-proportioned and satisfying food that in itself it supplies the best part of a palatable repast all cooked and ready for your table any time at three minutes' notice. You simply add *boiling* water, bring the soup to *boiling* point, let it simmer an instant, and serve it *hot*.

And, you not only save time and labor but you cut down other needless expenses every time you use

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It includes every ingredient of a perfect vegetable soup. And each material is the choicest of its kind for this purpose.

We combine a full-bodied beef stock with diced potatoes, carrots and rutabagas. Also fancy peas, baby lima beans, Country Gentleman corn, fresh celery, okra and parsley.

Beside this we add Dutch cabbage, plenty of barley and rice, a puree of

selected tomatoes, a sprinkling of macaroni "alphabets." And we heighten the tasty flavor by a dash of onion, leek and sweet red peppers.

This invigorating soup is completely prepared and seasoned. You need not add any material. You have no waste, no cooking cost. How few are the foods of which you can say this!

Think how much of your gas bill or coal bill is cooking cost!

Keep on hand a regular supply of this nourishing *Campbell* "kind." And you'll find you gain both in economy and health.

21 kinds

12c a can

Asparagus

Beef

Bouillon

Celery

Chicken

Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)

Clam Bouillon

Clam Chowder

Conso.mné

Julienne

Mock Turtle

Mulligatawny

Mutton

Ox Tail

Pea

Printanier

Tomato

Tomato-Okra

Vegetable

Vegetable-Beef


Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



*Winter-proof
Your
Complexion*



ROUGHNESS is the advance agent of wrinkles.

Wind and weather, chaps and roughness—these are the allied plagues, the causes and effects of winter-time skin trials. Unless prevented or counteracted they toughen the skin, encourage the formation of tiny lines that soon develop into wrinkles.

Do not wait for the lines to appear—keep them away with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. A gentle, softening, soothing rub with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream once or twice a day is cold weather preparedness of the right kind—skin protection you will be thankful for later on.

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM**
"The Kind That Keeps"

Be sure it is D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream—"The Kind That Keeps"—the kind that supplies just what the tissues require in winter: the kind that softens, that satisfies, that sustains, that shields the skin. Used by American women in increasing numbers for more than twenty-five years, D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream is a safe reliance when buying toilet creams—a dependable product for daily use in every season, a skin-reviving toilet delight, acknowledged aid to skin health, to beauty, to a coveted complexion. The cream for every person—a size for every purse.

Put a tube in the soldier's kit.
A comfort in the camp or trench.

POUDRE AMOURETTE—supreme among face powders, companion in quality and perfection to D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. Pure, perfectly blended, dainty and distinctive, the final exquisite touch on dress occasions. Flesh, white, brunette, 50c. at your dealer's or from us.

TRY BOTH FREE
Trial samples of Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette sent free on request.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
DEPARTMENT 155
D. & R. Building New York

**Cultivate Your
Natural Beauty**

YOU can have a youthful appearance, clear complexion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows and lashes, graceful neck and chin; luxuriant hair, attractive hands; comfortable feet.

You can remove wrinkles, lines, pimples, blackheads; strengthen sagging facial muscles—have comfortable feet, all thru following the simple directions of *Suzanna Cocroft's Physical Culture for Face, Neck, Scalp and Feet*.

Thousands have done so. No drugs, no apparatus, no inconvenience, no waste of time, no big expense—and quick results.

Send postal for latest free Booklet containing many beauty hints and all about the wonderful work accomplished by the



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Dept. 7, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
(A Division of Suzanna Cocroft's Phys. Culture Course)

New Fables in Slang

(Concluded from page 90)

We are living in an Era of Candor and Confidence. Our present Motto is that there shall be no Secrets among Friends, even when Moles and Freckles are involved."

"Have you no Censorship?" asked Mr. Whipple.

"Yes; but it is quite busy closing up Movies and keeping us in Ignorance as to the number of Soldiers now in France."

The poor Has-Been went home to tell his Relatives of the Shock he had received.

They informed him that the Ox-Cart had gone to Limbo and Folks now went in for Twin Sixes.

Besides, had he not learned that Meatless Day was observed and the Cabarets were closing at 1 o'clock?

He asked them what they meant by "Cabaret," and they told him he had better not go out again unless he had a Messenger Boy to lead him around.

Grand Opera seemed a safe refuge for an Old-Timer.

Sure enough, he found the same dependable Faust with Oakum Beard trailing the heavy-weight Marguerite, and Romeo trilling to a Juliet with Grandchildren at the Front.

He was pleased to know that the best Traditions of Music had not been lost in the Shuffle.

Then he happened in at a Small Dance and looked over the Card for the Lancers and the Polka and the Military Schottische, after which he secreted himself behind a Palm to await Developments.

The Band began to Jazz.

Mr. Whipple held his Head.

The next *New Fable in Slang*, that of *The Ripe Persimmon and the Plucked Flower*, will appear in *April Cosmopolitan*.

Either the Orchestra had forgot to tune up or he was going off his Dip—he couldn't tell which.

He knew it wasn't Music, but they were on the Floor, making epileptic Efforts to ride on the choppy Sea of Discords.

They shuffled in close Formation, with-ing as if in Agony.

Mr. Whipple wondered if he had made a Mistake in leaving the Island.

"Music has ceased to be," he said. "Modesty is a Lost Art, and Gentle Woman has become an Acrobat. I know it is an Age of Progress, because many States have gone Dry and sanitary Paper Cups are being used on every Railway Train. Home Life seems to be slightly disarranged, but I suppose that is part of the Game."

Next day they took him to a Club Meeting, but it turned out to be a Clinic, so he ducked for fear some one would catch him Blushing and denounce him as a Reactionary.

Last week he wrote to the State Department inquiring if anyone had been named for the Post at Comato on the Island of Dolsifar.

He thinks he can help win the War by getting away somewhere and calming down and giving Absent Treatment.

"Do you notice many Improvements?" asks some former Friend.

"Yes, indeed; there have been many Changes," replies Mr. Whipple, with his Fingers crossed.

Moral: Familiarity breeds Contentment.

What Do You Think?

(Continued from page 63)

C.: We were the same age, you know. She would have been fifty-five her next birthday.

H.: I understand a woman of fifty-five could very easily have white hair.

C. (quite collected now, consults the letter): You see, this description is, after all, very general, and could be quite misleading. Take the one item of height—"medium" means anything between five feet three and five feet seven according to the idea of the particular person estimating one's height. Now, how tall would you say my wife was?

H. (hesitating a little): About five feet four inches.

C. (almost triumphantly): Wrong. She was five feet seven. Now, you would have said she was tall, wouldn't you?

H. (grudgingly): I suppose so.

C. (again consulting the letter): Now, as to eyes—not one person in a thousand can accurately describe the color of another person's eyes.

H. (stubbornly): Goodson says "light"—I say light—light blue, perhaps.

C. (smoothly): Wrong again, Hayden. Mrs. Cowles' eyes were a soft brown, almost amber. (Points to portrait on the wall.) There is her portrait, painted the year before she was lost. You can see for yourself. Her eyes are not blue—they

are brown. (He paused for some response from Hayden, who is studying the portrait. Receiving none, he goes on reading from paper.) "Age: Middle-aged," he puts down. Now, tell me, is your professor married?

H.: No.

C.: Well, isn't it a fact that women seem older than they really are to an unmarried man?

H. (grimly): I know nothing upon which to base such a theory.

C. (thoughtfully): A woman of fifty-five, tall and rather heavy, with white hair, having a record of some ill health, would unquestionably be classed as "old" by a bachelor.

H. (sarcastically): I'm afraid we're not going to find a match anywhere.

C. (still thoughtfully): Then there's another thing to be considered: Could a woman of her age, far from strong, of nervous temperament, and, therefore, more subject to the effects of shock, have survived such a hurricane? Are not the chances ten to one that the woman in question is nearer forty than fifty-five?

H. (bitterly): Yes. In fact, with time and ingenuity I think we can reason ourselves out of the whole affair. (Looks about for his hat and overcoat.)

C. (ignores Hayden's hostility and speaks

Beautiful Women
Healthy Women Well-Downed Women

WEAR
GOSSARD
Corsets

The Original Front-Lacing Corsets

OFFERED this season with a front so perfect that it rivals the beauty of the world-famed Gossard back.

This cleverly designed front absolutely eliminates all appearance of fat or thickness at the front and emphasizes the delicate curve of the waist line by accenting the curve under the bust. Only in a Gossard can this perfect front be attained, together with the small hips and flat back demanded by the present mode. Gossards are the only front-lacing corsets that completely conform to Fashion's lines.

Be sure you buy a genuine Gossard. The name Gossard on the inside of the corset is your guarantee of the original.

Look for the name

Gossard

and demand the genuine.

All front-lacing corsets are not Gossards. A Gossard is a front-lacing corset *made* by Gossard.

Some stores do not sell the genuine Gossard Corsets; some palm off imitations. There is a store—sometimes more—in every city selling the genuine Gossard Corsets. You will know them by their Gossard signs displayed in their windows and by their advertising Gossard Corsets.

The H. W. Gossard Co., Inc.

Largest Makers of Fine Corsets

TORONTO

CHICAGO NEW YORK

BUENOS AIRES



A Gossard will improve every figure

There are many Gossard Corsets designed for every type of figure; in a Gossard any woman may attain the ideal proportions of her type and that youthfulness of outline that makes possible the wearing of model suits and frocks without the tedium and expense of alterations.



"Flirt"—An afternoon gown created by House of Gossard of Paris, in black satin and chiffon in a dull Chinese blue, has an over-bodice of black chiffon held in at the waist by rows of narrow, black silk braid



A Gossard is so easy to put on

You stand before your mirror, seeing and adjusting your lacings to obtain a flat abdomen, a curve under the bust and perfect freedom above the waistline, and so retain in your oldest Gossard the same lines you had when the corset was new.

Wear
Gossard
CORSETS
They Lace In Front

First aid in every household—Musterole

Cough, cough, cough. How it racks little Dorothy and passes on to mother and grandma and holds a croup danger for all the little ones!

Hurry, there, with the Musterole, that pure, white ointment that is better than a mustard plaster—and it will not bring a blister. Massage it gently over the chest and neck. Feel the tingle, then the cool delightfulness as Musterole searches down. It will penetrate, never fear. It will rout that old congestion clear away.

Musterole is a pure, white ointment made from oil of mustard and a few home simples! Musterole searches in under the skin down to the heart of the congestion. There it generates a peculiar congestion-dispersing heat. Yet this heat will not blister. On the contrary you feel a relieving sense of delightful coolness. Rub Musterole over the spot. And you get relief while you use it; for Musterole results usually follow immediately.

On no account fail to have a jar of Musterole handy. For coughs and colds and even the congestions of rheumatism or lumbago Musterole is wonderful. Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—\$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp." The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers. For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet. Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat-Balms for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, like in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

with a visible effort at patience): Don't go, Hayden; we're not done with this yet.

H.: I am.

C.: I have something to tell you—

H. (with a significant gesture toward the photograph on the library table): You don't have to. I already know.

C. (starting): Ah, you've guessed the situation! But, old friend, don't wrong me. You don't want to wrong me, do you? (Hayden stands silent, hat in hand.) We've been friends for thirty-five years, and you've always thought me a pretty decent chap, haven't you?

H.: You've always stood first with me, as you know.

C.: And yet, in your own mind, you're accusing me—damnably!

H.: I accuse you of nothing.

C.: Not openly, perhaps. But I want you to listen while I say a few things to you. Sit down, won't you? (Hayden walks up and down nervously, then throws aside his hat and drops into a chair. When he is quiet, Cowles continues.) I'm engaged to marry that lady—to-morrow. (Hayden starts up.)

H.: If I had dreamed of such a thing, I should never—

C. (interrupting): In any case, you should have told me what you have—you owed that much to our friendship. You acted out of conscience and affection. I value both. Now, let's look at this situation dispassionately, calmly. As my friend—my adviser—help me decide what should be done. Shall I get into a panic, rush off on a quest that you tell me yourself is perfectly hopeless, and, in the name of my beloved dead, destroy the living?

H. (doubtfully): But if we are sure it is your wife, are we free to choose?

C.: That's just it! I am sure it is not my wife. Now, though my reason tells me that the Creole and all on board must have perished, though not a single point in this description fits my wife, am I to set up some insane standard of duty and devotion and, like a crazy knight errant of old, pursue a phantom? Tell me, Hayden; do my obligations to the living justify such a course?

H. (rises, and stands with his hands in his pockets, looking down at the framed photograph): If you owed nothing to the living, Robert, would your conclusions be the same?

C. (in a blaze of anger): Hayden!

H.: God knows I don't want to be brutal, but I thought you meant it when you asked me to discuss this question with you.

C.: Forgive me. I did. But you don't seem to understand. It is not a bald question of abandoning one woman for another, as you seem to intimate. There is but one woman involved—a living woman—there! (Points to photograph.) The woman to whom I have pledged the balance of my life. Shall I get into a romantic frenzy and follow a disordered dream, wreck her life and mine, or keep my promises to her?

H.: And incidentally be happy with a young and beautiful woman.

C. (turning on him with clenched fists; then he speaks restrainedly): I am going to try to remember that true, disinterested friendship brought you here. You came with a harrowing story—not sure that it really concerned me—told me, and proved to me that, if it did, I could do nothing. Yet, when all the evidence shows that it cannot possibly touch me or my life, you traduce

Cosmopolitan for March, 1918

my motives and practically denounce me as a traitor to every decent feeling. Why? Is it because the situation leaves me a chance of happiness instead of plunging me into despair?

H. (brokenly): Forgive me, Robert. You are right and I am wrong. But, somehow, I thought you'd do something—I didn't know what. Then, when I heard about—about the other one, it seemed as though you were a kind of deserter, that even you could fail, that you had your price, like the rest of the world. You know, it is said that everyone—

C.: Yes, I know.

H.: Then I felt almost sure the picture was your wife's.

C.: What picture?

H.: The little snap-shot I gave you.

C. (very pale): You gave me no picture.

H. (slowly): It was with the letter.

C. (snatching the letter from the table where he had placed it, and shaking out the single sheet. Sees envelop on the floor, picks it up, and takes from it a little photograph. Hayden watches him intently. An inscrutable expression appears on Cowles' face. Slowly the eyes of the two men meet. Neither speaks for a few moments. Cowles recovers and speaks gravely but smoothly): Hayden, do you know anything about ethnology?

H.: No.

C.: I've made a study of it. It deals with the differences—mind you—the differences in mankind. This woman is not a Caucasian. She is an Indian.

H.: I would swear she is white.

C.: Yes, white, but an Albino.

H. (doubtfully): An Albino?

C.: Yes; they occur sometimes among the dark races. You'd know that if you'd ever given any attention to ethnology.

H. (sarcastically): Ah, your favorite science!

C.: Yes; one in which I can make no mistakes.

H.: Oh, well, it's for you to decide the question. The problem is yours, not mine.

C. (still calmly): Naturally, I realize the responsibility. (Walks toward fireplace and reexamines picture by the firelight.) No, Hayden; this woman hasn't a drop of European blood in her veins—she's an Albino Indian. (The telephone-bell rings. Cowles starts violently, and the little photograph flutters from his hand into the fire. Hayden starts forward with a cry, makes a gesture of despair. After gazing intently at Cowles for a moment, he seizes his hat and coat and rushes from the room. The telephone-bell rings again. Cowles walks hesitatingly to the table and finally takes down the receiver.) Yes, dearest . . . Nothing has happened—I'm all right . . . A premonition? I never knew before that you were superstitious . . . No; believe me, all's well . . . (Laughs a little.) Yes; I promise not to forget the ring. Don't be foolish—you're nervous, that's all. Go to sleep now, and you'll feel all right to-morrow. Half-past eight at the church. I'll be waiting for you. Good-night, dearest. (He hangs up receiver, lights a cigar, leans back in his chair, smokes for a few moments. One by one, he pulls the three little chains of the library lamp, extinguishing the lights and leaving him in darkness except for the glow of his cigar. Slowly there appears within the frame of his wife's portrait a vision of his young and beautiful fiancée.

CURTAIN



Resinol Soap

cleanses and improves the skin

Almost any soap will *cleanse* the skin and hair, and many toilet soaps are pure enough to do it without *injuring* these delicate textures. But those who want a soap which not only cleanses but actually *improves* the complexion and hair naturally turn to Resinol Soap.

In every way an exceptionally pleasing toilet soap, the soothing, healing properties which it derives from Resinol Ointment help it to keep the complexion clear, and the hair rich and lustrous, as soaps which are merely pure and cleansing cannot be *expected* to do.

A week's trial should suffice to make Resinol Soap your favorite.

The regular use of Resinol Soap reduces the tendency to chapping and keeps the hands soft and white in spite of winter's wind and cold.

Resinol Soap contains no free alkali to dry and roughen the skin, and is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol medication it contains. Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a trial size cake, with a miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 34-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
PUBLISHING SOCIETY
BOSTON U. S. A.

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STOP STOP



To the motorists and foot-passengers alike the "Stop-Go" signal affords protection against accidental danger.

**DEAN'S
COUGH
DROPS**

stop coughs and colds and prevent the little colds from growing into big ones.

They have for years proved a safeguard against hoarseness and sore throat.

**Get the Drop
on that Cough**



DEAN MEDICINE CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Aladdin on Simpson Street

(Continued from page 59)

They'll tell you something about me. Something dreadful! It isn't true."

"She isn't in there," said Mary, joining them. Then, "Oh!" She looked at Henry, with a hint of alarm in her face, said, "How do you do?" in a voice that chilled him, brought the despair back, then said to Cicely, ignoring him, "We'd better tell them." And moved a step toward the group under the lanterns. Cicely hesitated.

It was happening, right there, and in the cruelest manner. Henry couldn't speak. He felt as if a fire were burning in his brain. Al Knight, seeing Mary, drifted back. The group, over yonder, was breaking up. Or coming this way. Another moment, and Elberforce Jenkins—tall, really good-looking in his perfect-fitting evening clothes—stood before them. He glanced at Henry, gave him the cut direct.

"All right," said Elbow Jenkins, addressing Cicely now; "we'll go without her. She won't mind."

Still Cicely hesitated. For a moment, standing there, lips parted a little, looking from one to another. Then, with an air of shyness, apparently still confused, she gave Henry her hand.

"Do come," she said, with a quick little smile, "and bring the stories. I'm sure I'd like them."

She went with them then. Henry stared after her with wet eyes. Then, for a while, he wandered alone among the trees. His thoughts, like his pulse, were racing uncontrollably.

It is to be noted that he returned a while later, faced Mrs. Jenkins, wrote down the names of all the guests he recognized, and walked, very fast, with a stiff dignity, lips compressed, eyes and brain still burning, down to the *Gleaner* office.

The story had to be written. Not at the rooms, though; Mildred might be there with Humphrey. Sometimes he worked at the Y. M. C. A.

But there was a light in the windows of the *Gleaner* office over Hemple's.

McGibbon was up there, bent over his desk in his shirt-sleeves.

Henry acknowledged his partner's greeting with a grunt, dropped down at his own desk, plunged at the story.

McGibbon looked up once or twice, saw that Henry was unaware of him, continued his own work. His thin face looked worn. He bit his lip a good deal.

"There," said Henry finally, with a grim look; "there's the reception story."

"Oh, all right." McGibbon came over, took the penciled script, then sat on the edge of the table beside Henry's desk.

"Haven't got some good filler stuff?" he queried wearily. "We're going to have a lot of extra space this week."

He watched Henry, to see if this remark had an effect. It had none.

"The fact is," he remarked, "they've landed on us. Pretty hard. The advertisers. Just about all Simpson Street. It's a sort of boycott, apparently. Takes out two-thirds of our advertising. And Weston called my note—that two hundred and forty-eight dollars for paper. Simply charged it up against our account. Pretty high-handed, I call it!" His voice was

rising. He sprang up, paced the floor. "They're showing fight," he ran on; "we've got to lick 'em. That's my way—start at the drop of the hat. What's a little advertising? Get readers—that's the real trick of it! If you've got 'em, the advertising has to come. We'll lick 'em with circulation—that's what we'll do!"

He stood over Henry's desk—even pounded it. The boy didn't seem to get it, even now. He was hardly listening. With his own money at stake. But McGibbon was finding him like that—no money-sense whatever.

"Henry," he was crying now, "it's up to you! You're a genius. It's sheer waste to use you on fool receptions. Write, man; write! Let yourself go. Anything—sketches, verse, stories! Let's give 'em what they don't look for in a country paper. Like the old Burlington *Hawkeye* and that fellow, Braun. And the paper in Lahore that nobody would ever have heard of if Kipling hadn't written prose and verse to fill in here and there. He was a kid, too. There's always, somewhere, a little paper that's famous because a man can write. Why shouldn't it be us? Why, we can make the little old *Gleaner* known from coast to coast. We can put Sunbury on the map. Just with your pen, my boy. With your pen! And then where'll these little two-bit advertisers be?" He spread his thin hands in a gesture of triumph.

Henry looked up now, slowly pushed back his chair, said, in a weak voice: "I'm tired. Guess I'd better get along," and actually walked out. McGibbon stared after him, his mouth literally open.

Back of the old Parmenter place, the barn was dark. Henry felt relief. He was tingling with excitement. He couldn't move slowly. His fists were clenched. Every nerve in his body was strung tight.

He was thinking hopelessly, "I must relax."

He crept through the dim shop, among Humphrey's lathes, belts, benches of tools, big kites, and rows of steel wheels mounted in frames. He lingered on the stairs and looked about the ghostly room. Beams of moonlight came in through the windows and touched this and that machine. He felt himself attuned to all the trouble, the disaster, in the universe. Life was a tragic disappointment. Nothing ever came right.

Poor old Hump! He had put money into this shop. All the little he had—or nearly all. And into the technical library that lined his bedroom walls up-stairs. His daily work at the *Voice* office was just a grind, to keep body and soul together, while his experiments were working out. Hump was patient. And steady. He had been a recluse.

"Until I moved in here," Henry thought, with a disturbingly passive sort of bitterness. "He doesn't have his nights and Sundays for work now. Hump could do big things, too."

He went on up the stairs and switched on the lights in the living-room. Standing on the rug in the center of the room, he said:

"I'll face them. I'll go down fighting. They shan't say I surrendered."

He walked round and round the room.

the floor.
e ran on;
my way—
What's a
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e'll do!"
desk—even
m to get it,
ing. With
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Painted by
Neyna McMain

This Gracious Face

is one to carefully regard. It is the San-Tox trade mark and it symbolizes San-Tox Purity on many fragrant and charming San-Tox Toilet Preparations, and on many, many other-than-toilet San-Tox Preparations, too. On every packet of San-Tox blue you will see it; and on every San-Tox druggist's window. *Look for it carefully.* You can trust it and the particular San-Tox Purity Preparations you have need of. And there are 125 San-Tox Preparations—equally pure.

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HEINZ Vinegars



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Cider
White

One of the
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YOU want your vinegar to be of assured purity and to possess appetizing zest and flavor. Heinz could not find vinegars good enough to use in making his pickles, foods and condiments, so he made his own vinegars, choosing better materials than are usually used, aging and mellowing with more care than had ever been used before. Heinz vinegars, delicately flavored, aromatic, rich and mellow, are everything a vinegar ought to be but seldom is.

Strictly pure and wholesome, they can now be bought attractively bottled wherever the Heinz 57 Varieties are sold.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada

He had never in his life felt anything like this jerky nervousness. A restlessness that wouldn't permit him so much as to sit down. While down there, in the *Gleaner* office, he had hardly been aware of Bob McGibbon. He certainly hadn't listened to him.

But now, like a blow, everything McGibbon had said came to him. Every syllable. Suddenly, he could see the man towering over him, pounding his desk. Talking—talking—full of fresh hopes while the world crumbled around him. More disaster! It was the buzzing song of the old globe as it spun endlessly on its axis. Disaster! The advertisers had at last combined against the paper. Old Weston had called McGibbon's note. That must have taken about the last of Henry's thousand. Their advertising was gone! They were broke!

His hand brushed his coat pocket. It bulged with copy-paper. He must have thrust it back there absently at the office.

He drew it out and gazed at it.

It was curious; he seemed to see it as a printed page, with a title at the top, and his name. He couldn't see what the title was. Yet it was there, and it was good.

His restlessness grew. Again he walked round and round the room. There was a glow in his breast. Something that burned and fired his nerves and drove him, something as one is driven in a dream. Either he must rush outdoors and wander at a feverish pace round the town and up the lake shore—walk all night—or he must sit down and write.

He sat down. Picked up an atlas of Humphrey's and wrote on his lap. And he wrote, from the beginning, as he would have walked had he gone out, in a fever of energy, gripping the pencil tightly, holding his knees up a little, heels off the floor.

When Humphrey came in after midnight, he was in just this posture, writing at a desperate rate. The floor all about him was strewn with sheets of paper. He didn't hear his friend come up the stairs. When he saw him, standing, looking down, something puzzled, he cried out excitedly, "Don't, Hump!"

Humphrey resisted the impulse to reply with a "Don't what?"

"Go on! Don't disturb me!"

"You seem to be hitting it up."

"I am. I can't talk. Please—go away! Go to bed. You'll make me lose it!"

Humphrey obeyed. Later—well along in the night—he awoke. There was a crack of light about his door. He turned on his own light. It was quarter of three.

"Here!" he called. "What on earth are you up to, Hen?"

A chair scraped. Then Henry came to the door and burst it open. His coat was off now, and his vest open. He had unbuttoned his collar in front, and the ends of his tie hung down. His hair was straggling down over his forehead.

"Do you know what time it is, Hen?"

"No. Say—listen to this! Just a few sentences. You liked the piece I did about the Business Men's Picnic, remember. Well, this has sorta grown out of it. It's just the plain folks along Simpson Street. Say! There's a title for the book."

"For the what?"

"The book. Oh, there'll be a lot of them! Sorta sketches. Or maybe they're stories. I can't tell yet. 'Plain Folks of Simpson Street.' Yes; that's good. Wait a second

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while I write it down! The thing struck me all at once—to-night! Queer—isn't it?—thinking about the folks along the street—Bill Hemple, and Jim Smith in your pressroom with the tattooed arms, and old Boice, and Charlie Waterhouse, and the way Bob McGibbon blew into town with a big dream, and the barber shop, Schultz & Schwartz's, and Donovan's soda-fountain, and Izzy Bloom, and the trouble about his boys in the high school, and all his fires, and Mr. Draine, the Y. M. C. A. secretary that's been in the British mounted police in Mashonaland—think of it! In Africa—and—"

"Would you mind?"—Humphrey was on an elbow, blinking sleepy eyes—"would you mind talking a little more slowly?"

"All right, Hump. Only I'm excited, sorta. You see, it just struck me that there's just as much romance right here on Simpson Street as there is in Kipling's hills or Bagdad or Paris. Just the way people's lives go. And what old Berger's really thinking about when he tells you the vegetables were picked yesterday."

Humphrey gazed—wider awake now—at the wild figure before him. And a thrill stirred his heart. This boy was supposed to be crushed.

"How much have you done?" he asked soberly.

"Most finished this first one. It's about old Boice and Charlie Waterhouse and Mr. Weston—"

"Gee!" said Humphrey.

"I call it, 'The Caliph of Simpson Street.'"

"Well, see here—you're going to bed, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes. But listen." And he began reading aloud.

Humphrey waved his arms.

"No, no! For heaven's sake, go to bed, Hen!"

"Well, but—oh, say! Just thought of something!" And he went out, chuckling.

Humphrey awoke again at eight. Through his open door came a light that was not altogether of the sun.

The incident of the earlier morning came to him in confused form, like a dream. He sprang out of bed. There, still bending over the atlas, was Henry. The sheets of paper lay like drifts of snow about him now. His pencil was flying.

He looked up. His face was white and red in spots now. He was grinning, apparently out of sheer happiness.

"Say!" he cried. "Listen to this! It's one I call, 'The Cauliflowers of the Caliph.' Oh, by the way, I've changed the title of the book to 'Satraps of the Simple.' The whole book'll be sort of imaginary—like that. It's queer. Just as if it came to me out of the air. Things I never thought of in my life. Only, everything I ever knew's going into it. Things I'd forgotten."

"Hen," said Humphrey, "are you stark mad?"

"Me? Why—why, no, Hump!" The grin was a thought sheepish now. "But—well, Bob McGibbon said we needed stuff for the paper."

"How many stories have you written?"

"Just three."

"Three! In one night?"

"But they're short, Hump. I don't believe they average over two or three thousand words. I think they're good. You know, just the way they made me

feel. Funny idea—Bagdad and Simpson Street, all mixed up together."

"One thing's certain, Hen. You're an extremely surprising youth, but right here's where you quit. I don't propose to have a roaring maniac here in the rooms. On my hands."

"Oh, Hump, I can't quit now! You don't understand. It's wonderful! It just comes. Like taking dictation."

"Dictation is what you're going to take. Right now. From me. Brush up your clothes, and pick up all that mess while I dress. We'll go out for some breakfast."

"Not now, Hump! Wait—"

"You'll go now. And I want your promise that after breakfast you'll go straight to bed."

"Hump, I can't!"

This, apparently, was the truth. He couldn't.

He stopped in at Jackson's bookstore (formerly B. F. Jones') and bought paper and pencils. Then, in a thrill of fresh importance, he bought penholders, large desk-blotters, a flannel pen-wiper with a bronze dog seated in the center, a cut-glass inkstand, a ruler, half a dozen pads of a better paper, a partly abridged dictionary, Roget's "Thesaurus" (for years he casually wondered what a thesaurus was), a round glass paper-weight with a gay butterfly imprisoned within, four boxes of wire clips, assorted sizes, and, because he saw it, Crabbe's "Synonyms." Then he saw an old copy of "The Thousand and One Nights" and bought that.

He was back at the rooms by nine-fifteen. Before the university clock boomed out the hour of noon, he had written that elusive, extraordinary little classic, "A Curbstone Barmecide," and had jotted down suggestive notes for the story that was later to be known as "The Printer and the Pearls." Also the one called "Sinbad the Treasurer."

He then stretched out on the lounge and dozed very lightly for an hour or two.

Humphrey stole in, found him tossing there, fully dressed, mumbling in his sleep, and stole out.

But early in the afternoon, Henry leaped up. His brain, or his emotions, or whatever the source of his ideas, was a glowing, boiling, seething crater of tantalizing, obscurely associated concepts and scraps of characterization and queerly vivid, half-glimpsed dramatic moments, situations, contrasts. They amounted to a force that dragged him on. The thought that some bit might escape before he could catch it and get it written down kept his pulse racing. At about half-past four, he finished that curious fantasy, "Roc's Eggs, Strictly Fresh."

This accomplishment brought a respite. He could see his book clearly now. The cover, the title-page, and particularly the final sentence. He knew that the concluding story was to be called "The Old Man of the Street." He printed out this title, printed, too, several titles of others yet to be written—"Ali Anderson and the Four Policemen," and "Scheherazade in a Livery Stable," and one or two more.

His next performance I find particularly interesting in retrospect. During the long two years of his extreme self-suppression in the vital matters of candy, girls, and charge-accounts, Henry had firmly refused to sing. Without a murmur he had foregone the four or five dollars a Sunday he



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Grape-Nuts food requires no sugar, for in its twenty-hour baking a quantity of grape-sugar is developed from the grains. Then, too, less milk or cream is required than for the ordinary cereal.

Barley is mixed with wheat in Grape-Nuts, providing an economy over an all-wheat food and further enriching it. And it can be eaten to the last atom—not a particle of waste.

And best of all, it is about 93% wholesome, delicious nutrition.

**"There's a Reason"
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Inflamed gums—the cause of tooth-base decay



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or flabbied and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called *Pyorrhea* (Riggs' Disease). Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for the organic disease germs which cause the fatal diseases of mid-life.

Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents *Pyorrhea* if used in time and used consistently. It quickly relieves tender or bleeding gums. It makes the gums harder and, accordingly, gives to the teeth the sound foundations they need. It also scientifically cleans the teeth, which feel particularly smooth to the tongue after using Forhan's.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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could easily have picked up in church-quartet work, the occasional sums from substituting in this or that male quartet and singing at funerals. It was even more extraordinary that he should have given up, as he did, his old habit of singing to girls. The only explanation he had ever offered of this curious stand was the rather obscure one that singing was "too physical." Whatever the real complex of motives, it had been a rather violent or, at least, a complete reaction.

But now he strode about the room, chin up, chest expanded, brows puckered, roaring out scales and other vocalizing in his best voice. He was still roaring, half an hour later, when McGibbon came anxiously in.

"Saw Humphrey Weaver down-town," said the editor of the *Gleaner*, "and he said I'd better look you up."

An hour later, McGibbon—red spots in his cheeks, a nervous glitter in his eyes—hurried down to the *Gleaner* office with the penciled manuscripts of four of the "Caliph" stories. He was hurrying, because it seemed to him highly important to get them into type. For one thing, something might happen to them—fire, anything. For another, it might occur to Henry to sell them to an Eastern magazine.

When Humphrey came in, just before six, Henry was already well into "Scheherezade in a Livery Stable," and was chuckling out loud as he wrote.

Friday night was press-night at the *Gleaner* office. Henry strolled in about ten o'clock and carelessly dropped a thick roll of script on McGibbon's desk.

That jaded editor leaned back, ran thin fingers through his tousled hair, and wearily looked over the disheveled, yawning, exhausted, grinning youth before him. Never in his life had he seen an expression of such utter happiness on a human face.

"How many stories is this?" he asked.

"Ten."

"Good Lord! That's a whole book!"

"No—hardly. I've thought of some more. There'll be fifteen or twenty altogether. I just thought of one, coming over here. Think I'll call it, 'The Story of the Man from Jerusalem.' It's about the life of a little Jew storekeeper in a town like this. I don't think I'll write it to-night—just make a few notes so it won't get away from me."

Bob McGibbon rose up, put on coat and hat, took Henry firmly by the arm, and marched him, protesting, home.

"Now," he said, "you go to bed."

"Sure, Bob! What's the matter with you? I'm just going to—"

"You're going to bed," said McGibbon.

And he stood there, earnest, even grim, until Henry was undressed and stretched out peacefully asleep.

Henry slept until nearly three o'clock Saturday afternoon.

Senator Watt laid down the *Gleaner*, took off his glasses, removed an unlighted cigar from his mouth, and said, in his low, slightly husky voice:

"A really remarkable piece of work. Quite worthy of Kipling." The 'Nineties belonged to Kipling. Outright. He had to be mentioned. "It is fresh, vivid, and remarkably condensed. The author produces his effects with a sure, swift stroke of the brush."

The senator rarely spoke. When he did it was always in these measured, solid sentences, as if his words might be heard around the world and therefore must be chosen with infinite care. After delivering himself of this opinion, he resumed his "dry smoke" and reached for the *Evening Post*.

"I was sure you would think so," said Cicely Hamlin, glancing first at the senator, then at her aunt. "I wish you would read it, aunt Eleanor."

"Hm," remarked that formidable person, planting her gold-rimmed glasses firmly astride her rugged nose. "Even so, suppose the young man has gifts. That will hardly make it necessary for you to cultivate him. I gather he's a bad lot."

"I have no intention of cultivating him," replied Cicely, moving toward the door but pausing by the mantel to pat her dark, ample hair into place. She was wearing a simple-appearing, far-from-inexpensive blue frock.

Madame Watt read the opening sentence of "The Caliph of Simpson Street," then lowered the paper again.

"Are you going out, Cicely?"

"No; I expect company here."

"Who is coming?"

The girl compressed her lips for an instant, then replied,

"Elberforce Jenkins."

"Hm," said madame, and raised the paper.

An electric bell rang.

Cicely came back into the room, stood by a large bowl of roses, considered them. The maid passed through the wide hall. A voice sounded in the distance. The maid appeared.

"Mr. Henry Calverly calling," she said.

Madame Watt raised her head so abruptly that her glasses fell, brought up with a jerk at the end of a thin gold chain. Cicely stood motionless by the roses.

The senator glanced up, then shifted his cigar and resumed his paper.

"You will hardly—" began madame.

"Show him into the drawing-room," said Cicely, with dignity.

The maid wavered. Then, as if to settle all such small difficulties, Henry himself appeared behind her, smiling naively.

Cicely hurried forward.

"How do you do?" she said brightly.

"Mr. Calverly—My aunt, Madame Watt. And my uncle, Senator Watt."

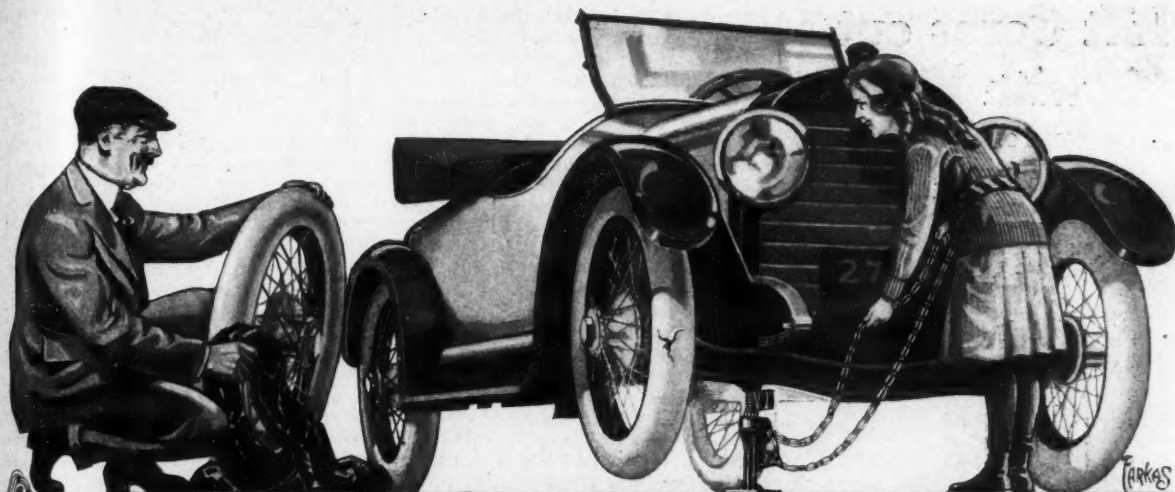
Madame Watt arose, deliberately, not without a solid sort of majesty. She fixed an uncompromising gaze on Henry. So uncompromising was it that Cicely covered her embarrassment by moving hurriedly toward the drawing-room, with a quick,

"Come right in here!"

There was no one living on this erratic earth who could have cowed Henry on this Saturday evening. A week later, yes. But not to-night. He never even suspected that madame meant to cow him. In such moments as these (and there were a good many of them in his life), Henry was incapable of perceiving hostility toward himself. The disaster that on Tuesday had seemed the end of the world was to-night a hazy memory of another era.

He marched straight on madame with cordial smile and outstretched hand. He wrung the hand of the impassive senator. That worthy said now:

"I have just read this first of your new series of sketches. Allow me to tell you



"Goodness, Daddy! You're Slow—The Car is Already Jacked Up!"

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It's Child's Play to Operate It

Simply a few easy pulls on its chain lifts or lowers the heaviest car while you stand erect. Up or down—there's no labor.

To operate a Weed Chain-Jack it is not necessary to get down in a cramped, strained position and grovel in mud, grease or dust under a car to work a "handle" that is apt to fly up with unpleasant results. **To lift a car** with the Weed Chain-Jack, simply give a few easy pulls on its endless chain while you stand erect—clear from springs, tire carriers and other projections. **To lower a car** pull the chain in opposite direction.

Never gets out of order. Gears and chain wheel protected by a stamped-steel housing. **Chain heavily plated** to prevent rusting. **Has a strong cap**, providing the kind of support from which an axle will not slip, while a **broad base** prevents the jack from upsetting on uneven roads. **Quickly adjusted to any required height** by lifting the screw and spinning the corrugated "collar" shown in the illustration. **Try it yourself**—you will never be satisfied with any other jack.

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Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

A small bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at drug stores anywhere.

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EYES—the most important feature of the face, should possess, charm, beauty and soulful expression. Your eyes may be dark, blue, grey or brown; in all cases, however, the eyes that possess fascinating charm are shaded by long, thick, silky and beautiful well-shaped eyebrows.

If your eyebrows and lashes are short, thin and uneven, you can greatly assist Nature in improving these defects by simply applying a little

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that I think it admirable. In the briefest possible compass you have pictured a whole community in its petty relationships, at once tragic and comic. There is caustic satire in this sketch, yet I find deep human sympathy as well. It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

When, after a rather amazing outpouring of words—the thing didn't amount to much; just a rough draft really; he hoped they'd like the next one; it was about cauliflowers—he had disappeared into the front room, the senator remarked,

"The young man makes an excellent impression."

"The young man," remarked *madame*, "is all right."

Half an hour later, the noise of the front door opening and a voice caused the two young people to start up out of a breathless absorption in the story called, "A Curbstone Barmecide," which Henry was reading from long strips of galley-proofs. He had already finished "The Cauliflowers of the Caliph."

For a moment, Cicely's face went blank.

The maid announced,

"Mr. Jenkins calling, Miss Cicely."

The one who was not equal to the situation was Elbow. He stood in the doorway, staring. Cicely was only a moment late with her smile. Henry, with an open sigh of regret, nodded at his old acquaintance and folded up his galley-proofs.

Elbow came into the room now and took Cicely's hand. But his small talk had gone with his wits. He barely returned Henry's nod. Cicely, nervously active, suggested a chair, asked if there was going to be a country-club dance this week, thanked him for the beautiful roses.

Then silence fell upon them. Henry sat still. Once he raised his eyes. They met squarely the eyes of Elbow. For a long moment, each held the gaze. It was war.

Cicely said now, greatly confused:

"I know that you sing, Mr. Calverly. Please do sing something."

There, now, was an idea! It appealed warmly to Henry. He went straight to the piano, twisted up the stool, struck his three chords in turn, and plunged into that old song of Samuel Lover's that has quaint charm when delivered with the spirit

The next *Henry Calverly* story, *Speaking of Frock Coats*, will appear in *April Cosmopolitan*.

Cosmopolitan for March, 1918

and humor, "Kitty of Coleraine." After which he sang "Rory O'More."

The senator came quietly in, bowed to Elbow, and asked for "The Low-back Car."

Elbow left.

"Why did you tell me you hadn't any stories you could bring?" Cicely asked, a touch of indignation in her voice.

"It was so. I didn't."

"You had these."

"No, I didn't. That's just it!"

"But you don't mean—"

"Yes—just since I met you."

"Ten stories, you said? It seems—I can't—"

"But it's true. Three days. And nights, of course. I've been so excited!"

"I never heard of such a thing! Though of course Stevenson wrote 'Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' in three days. But ten different stories!" She sat quiet, her hands folded in her lap, very thoughtful, flatteringly thoughtful. "It sounds a little like magic."

She was delicately pretty, sitting so still in her big chair. The defenseless Henry felt thrills. Her very gravity delighted him. It seemed to bring them deliciously close.

"I wrote them straight at you," he said low, tense. "Every word."

Even Henry caught the extreme emphasis of this, and hurried to elaborate.

"You see, I was just sick Tuesday night. Everything had gone wrong with me. And then that horrible story that wasn't true. I knew I shouldn't have spoken of it to you, but, well, it was just driving me crazy, and I couldn't bear to think you might despise me like the others without ever knowing the truth. And—you see, I must have felt the inspiration—"

He was red. He seemed to be getting himself out of breath. And he was tugging at the roll of proofs in his pocket.

"Shall I—finish—this?"

"Oh, yes!" She sank into a great leather chair, looked up at him with glowing eyes. "I want you to read me all of them. Please!"

She said it almost shyly. Henry drew up a chair, found his place, and read on. And on. And on. It was victory.

The Future of the Earth

(Concluded from page 41)

lava and red-hot cinders, which were the only elements that it possessed, what will it not be able to do with all that it will end by possessing?

It is well, sometimes, to tell ourselves, especially in these days of distress and discouragement, that we are living in a world which has not yet exhausted its future and which is much nearer to its beginning than to its end. It was born but yesterday, and has only just disentangled its original chaos. It is at the starting-point of its hopes and of its experience. We believe that it is making for death, whereas all its past, on the contrary, shows that it is much more probably making for life. In any case, as its years pass by, the quantity, and still more the quality, of the life which it engenders and maintains tend to increase and to improve. It has given us only the

first-fruits of its miracles; and in all likelihood there is no more connection between what it was and what it is than there will be between what it is and what it will be. No doubt, when its greatest marvels burst into being, we shall no longer possess the lives which we possess to-day, but we shall still be there under another form; we shall still be existing somewhere, on its surface or in its depths, and it is not utterly improbable that one of its last prodigies will reach us in our dust, awaken us, and recall us to life, in order to impart to us the share of happiness which we had not enjoyed and to teach us that we were wrong not to interest ourselves, on the further side of our graves, in the destiny of this earth of ours, whereof we had never ceased to be the immortal offspring.

When Alice Told Her Soul

(Continued from page 33)

my all! I will give all. I will give even the two bolts of *pin*-cloth, the mandarin cloak, and the entire dozen silk stockings—"

By the time she could lend ear again, Abel Ah Yo was launching out on his famous definition of eternity.

"Eternity is a long time, my friends. God lives, and, therefore, God lives inside eternity. And God is very old. The fires of hell are as old and as everlasting as God." How else could there be everlasting torment for those sinners cast down by God into the pit on the last day to burn forever and forever through all eternity? Oh, my friends, your minds are small—too small to grasp eternity! Yet is it given to me, by God's grace, to convey to you an understanding of a tiny bit of eternity.

"The grains of sand on the beach of Waikiki are as many as the stars, and more. No man may count them. Did he have a million lives in which to count them, he would have to ask for more time. Now let us consider a little dinky old minah-bird with one broken wing, that cannot fly. At Waikiki the minah-bird that cannot fly takes one grain of sand in its beak and hops, hops, all day long and for many days, all the way to Pearl Harbor and drops that one grain of sand into the harbor. Then it hops, hops, all day and for many days, all the way back to Waikiki for another grain of sand. And again it hops, hops all the way back to Pearl Harbor. And it continues to do this through the years and centuries and the thousands and thousands of centuries until, at last, there remains not one grain of sand at Waikiki, and Pearl Harbor is filled up with land and growing coconuts and pine-apples. And then, O my friends, even then, IT WOULD NOT YET BE SUNRISE IN HELL!"

Here, at the smashing impact of so abrupt a climax, unable to withstand the sheer simplicity and objectivity of such artful measurement of a trifle of eternity, Alice Akana's mind broke down and blew up. She uprose, reeled blindly, and stumbled to her knees at the penitent form. Abel Ah Yo had not finished his preaching, but it was his gift to know crowd-psychology and to feel the heat of the pentecostal conflagration that scorched his audience. He called for a rousing revival hymn from his singers, and stepped down to wade among the hallelujah-shouting negro soldiers to Alice Akana. And, ere the excitement began to ebb, nine-tenths of his congregation and all his converts were down on knees and praying and shouting aloud an immensity of contriteness and sin.

Word came, via telephone, almost simultaneously to the Pacific and University Clubs, that, at last, Alice was telling her soul in meeting; and, by private machine and taxi-cab, for the first time Abel Ah Yo's revival was invaded by those of caste and place. The first comers beheld the curious sight of Hawaiian, Chinese, and all variegated racial mixtures of the melting-pot of Hawaiian men and women fading out and slinking away through the exits of Abel Ah Yo's tabernacle. But those who were sneaking out were mostly

men, while those who remained were avid-faced as they hung on Alice's utterance.

Never was a more fearful and damning community-narrative enunciated, in the entire Pacific, North and South, than that enunciated by Alice Akana, the penitent Phryne of Honolulu.

"Huh!" the first comers heard her saying, having already disposed of most of the venial sins of the lesser ones of her memory. "You think this man, Stephen Makekau, is the son of Moses Makekau and Minnie Ah Ling, and has a legal right to the two hundred and eight dollars he draws each month from Parke Richards, Limited, for the lease of the fish-pond to Bill Kong at Amana. Not so. Stephen Makekau is not the son of Moses. He is the son of Aaron Kama and Tillie Naone. He was given as a present, as a feeding child, to Moses and Minnie by Aaron and Tillie. I know. Moses and Minnie and Aaron and Tillie are dead. Yet I know and can prove it. Old Mrs. Poepeoe is still alive. I was present when Stephen was born, and in the night-time, when he was two months old, I myself carried him as a present to Moses and Minnie, and old Mrs. Poepeoe carried the lantern. This secret has been one of my sins. It has kept me from God. Now I am free of it. Young Archie Makekau, who collects bills for the gas company and plays baseball in the afternoons and drinks too much gin, should get that two hundred and eight dollars the first of each month from Parke Richards, Limited. He will blow it in on gin and an automobile. Stephen is a good man. Archie is no good. Also he is a liar, and he has served two sentences on the reef. Yet God demands the truth, and Archie will get the money and make a bad use of it."

And, in such fashion, Alice rambled on through the experiences of her long and full-packed life. And women forgot they were in the tabernacle, and men, too; and faces darkened with passion as they learned, for the first time, the long-buried secrets of their other halves.

"The lawyers' offices will be crowded to-morrow morning," MacIlwaine, chief of detectives, muttered in Colonel Stilton's ear.

Colonel Stilton grinned affirmation, although the chief of detectives could not fail to note the ghastliness of the grin.

"There is a banker in Honolulu. You all know his name. He is 'way up, swell society because of his wife. He owns much stock in General Plantations & Inter-Island. His name is Colonel Stilton. Last Christmas eve he came to my house with big *aloha*' (love) 'and gave me mortgages on my land in Iapio Valley, all canceled, for two thousand dollars' worth. Now why did he have such big cash *aloha* for me? I will tell you—' And tell she did, throwing the search-light on ancient business transactions which, from their inception, had lurked in the dark.

"This," Alice concluded the episode, "has long been a sin upon my conscience and kept my heart from God."

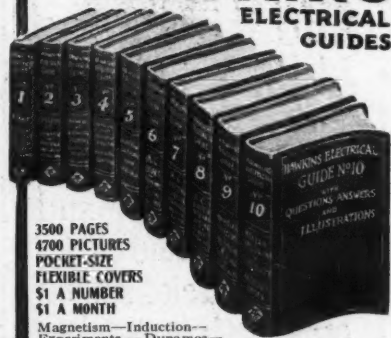
"And Harold Miles was that time president of the Senate, and next week he bought three town lots at Pearl Harbor, and painted his Honolulu house, and paid



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up his back dues in his clubs. Also the Ramsay home at Honokiki was left by will to the people if the government would keep it up. But if the government, after two years, did not begin to keep it up, then would it go to the Ramsay heirs who old Ramsay hated like poison. Well, it went to the heirs all right. Their lawyer was Charlie Middleton, and he had me help fix it with the government men. And their names were:" Six names, from both branches of the legislature, Alice recited, and added:

"Maybe they all painted their houses after that. For the first time have I spoken. My heart is much lighter and softer. It has been coated with an armor of house-paint against the Lord. And there is Harry Werther. He was in the Senate that time. Everybody said bad things about him, and he was never re-elected. Yet his house was not painted. He was honest. To this day, his house is not painted, as everybody knows.

"There is Jim Lokendamp. He has a bad heart. I heard him, only last week, right here before you all, tell his soul. He did not tell all his soul, and he lied to God. I am not lying to God. It is a big telling, but I am telling everything. Now Azalea Akau, sitting right over there, is his wife. But Lizzie Lokendamp is his married wife. A long time ago he had the great *aloha* for Azalea. You think her uncle who went to California and died left her by will that two thousand five hundred dollars she got. Her uncle did not. I know. Her uncle died broke in California, and Jim Lokendamp sent eighty dollars to California to bury him. Jim Lokendamp had a piece of land in Kohala he got from his mother's aunt. Lizzie, his married wife, did not know this. So he sold it to the Kohala Ditch Company and gave the twenty-five hundred to Azalea Akau—"

Here, Lizzie, the married wife, upstood like a fury long-thwarted, and, in lieu of her husband, already fled, flung herself tooth and nail on Azalea.

"Wait, Lizzie Lokendamp!" Alice cried out. "I have much weight of you on my heart, and some house-paint, too—" And when she had finished her disclosure of how Lizzie had painted her house, Azalea was up and raging.

"Wait, Azalea Akau! I shall now lighten my heart about you. And it is not house-paint. Jim always paid that. It is your new bathtub and modern plumbing that is heavy on me—"

Worse, much worse, about many and sundry, did Alice Akana have to say, cutting high in business, financial, and social life, as well as low. None was too high or too low to escape; and not until two in the morning, before an entranced audience that packed the tabernaule to the doors, did she complete her recital of the personal and detailed iniquities she knew of the community. Just as she was finishing, she remembered more.

"Huh!" she sniffed. "I gave last week one lot worth eight hundred dollars cash market price to Abel Ah Yo to pay running-expenses and add up in Peter's account-

books in heaven. Where did I get that lot? You all think Mr. Fleming Jason is a good man. He is more crooked than the entrance was to Pearl Lochs before the United States government straightened the channel. He has liver-disease now; but his sickness is a judgment of God, and he will die crooked. Mr. Fleming Jason gave me that lot twenty-two years ago when its cash market price was thirty-five dollars. Because his *aloha* for me was big? No. He never had *aloha* inside of him except for dol-

lars. "You listen. Mr. Fleming Jason put a great sin upon me. When Frank Lomiloli was at my house, full of gin, for which gin Mr. Fleming Jason paid me in advance five times over, I got Frank Lomiloli to sign his

name to the sale-paper of his town land for one hundred dollars. It was worth six hundred then. It is worth twenty thousand now. Maybe you want to know where that town land is. I will tell you, and remove it off my heart. It is on King Street, where is now the Come Again Saloon, the Japanese Taxi-cab Company garage, the Smith & Wilson plumbing shop, and the Ambrosia Ice-Cream Parlors, with the two more stories big Addison Lodging-House overhead. And it is all wood, and always has been well painted. Yesterday they started painting it again. But that paint will not stand between me and God. There are no more paint-pots between me and my path to heaven."

The morning and evening papers of the day following held an unholy hush on the greatest news-story of years; but Honolulu was half agiggle and half aghast at the whispered reports, not always basely exaggerated, that circulated wherever two Honoluluans chanced to meet.

"Our mistake," said Colonel Stilton, at the club, "was that we did not, at the very first, appoint a committee of safety to keep track of Alice's soul."

Bob Cristy, one of the younger Islanders, burst into laughter so pointed and so loud that the meaning of it was demanded.

"Oh, nothing much," was his reply. "But I heard, on my way here, that old John Ward had just been run in for drunken and disorderly conduct and for resisting an officer. Now Abel Ah Yo fine-tooth-combs the police court. He loves nothing better than soul-snatching a chronic drunkard."

Colonel Stilton looked at Lask Finneston, and both looked at Gary Wilkinson. He returned to them a similar look.

"The old beach-comber!" Lask Finneston cried. "The drunken old reprobate! I'd forgotten he was alive. Wonderful constitution. Never drew a sober breath except when he was shipwrecked, and, when I remember him, into every devilry afloat. He must be going on eighty."

"He isn't far away from it," Bob Cristy nodded. "Still beach-combs, drinks when he gets the price, and keeps all his senses, though he's not spry and has to use glasses when he reads. And his memory is perfect. Now, if Abel Ah Yo catches him—"

The Unsent Letter,

a new story by

Gouverneur Morris,

will appear in

April Cosmopolitan.

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Gary Wilkinson cleared his throat, preliminary to speech.

"Now, there's a grand old man" he said. "A left-over from a forgotten age. Few of his type remain. A pioneer. A true *kamaaina*" (old-timer). "Helpless and in the hands of the police in his old age. We should do something for him in recognition of his yeoman work in Hawaii. His old home, I happen to know, is Sag Harbor. He hasn't seen it for over half a century. Now, why shouldn't he be surprised to-morrow morning by having his fine paid and by being presented with return-tickets to Sag Harbor, and say, expenses for a year's trip? I move a committee. I appoint Colonel Stilton, Lask Finneston, and myself. As for chairman, who more appropriate than Lask Finneston, who knew the old gentleman so well in the early days? Since there is no objection, I hereby appoint Lask Finneston chairman of the committee for the purpose of raising and donating money to pay the police-court fine and the expenses of a year's travel for that noble pioneer, John Ward, in recognition of a lifetime of devotion of energy to the upbuilding of Hawaii."

There was no dissent.
"The committee will now go into secret session," said Lask Finneston, arising and indicating the way to the library.

The next **Jack London** story will be
The Princess.

Penrod Jashber

(Continued from page 27)

"What?"
"What did they do to you to make you after 'em?"

"Well"—he paused—"well, I'm after 'em all right, and they better look out."

"Who are they, Penrod? Is that little Carlie Chitten one?"

Penrod was becoming exasperated by Marjorie's opacity and her failure to be impressed.

"No; 'that little Carlie Chitten' is not one!" he said, bitterly burlesquing her voice. "My goodness! I thought you knew anyways a little about sumpting!"

"Well, why don't you tell me who these crooks are, then?"

"I'll tell you, all right!" said Penrod.

"I guess when I tell you who it is, you won't talk so much about 'little Carlie Chitten' so much!"

"Well then, why don't you go ahead and tell me?"

"Well, I will, if you'd ever give me the chance."

"Well, I'm givin' you the chance now. I won't say a thing till you're through."

"Well, one of 'em's a man that wears false black whiskers."

"You mean a grown-up man, Penrod?"

"Course I mean a 'grown-up man,'" said the daring boy. "What do you think I'm talkin' about? He hangs around, and every little while he talks to the other one. He's got false black whisker. There's two of 'em."

"You mean they both have false black whiskers, Penrod?"

"No! I didn't say they had, did I? Who said they both— My goodness! I said the one with false black whiskers had

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Cosmopolitan for March, 1918

false black whiskers. I didn't say the other one had. He hasn't got any at all."

"Well, who is this other one, then, Penrod?"

"It's that ole Mr. Dade."

"Who?"

"It's that ole Dade comes to our house and sits around so much."

"Penrod!" Marjorie cried, amazed.

"W'y, I know him! He comes to see papa sometimes."

"Well, he's the crook."

Marjorie was utterly skeptical.

"He is not!" she cried. "Papa wouldn't let him if he wa—somebody ought to be in jail. He wouldn't let him in our house. Penrod Schofield, you made all this up yourself!"

"I did not!" Penrod cried, and he was sincerely indignant. "That's just what crooks do. They go around and get in people's houses, and then they steal something or else get the people to sign some ole paper and grab everything they got. I don't care if ole Dade does come around and see your father, he's the worst crook there is."

"He is not!"

"He is, too! And perty soon he'll either steal sumphing or he'll get your father and mother to sign some ole papers, and your father won't have a cent left to his name."

At last he began to make an impression. Marjorie showed signs of alarm.

"Penrod!" she cried, her lovely eyes widening, her pink lips parting.

"You'll see!"

"Penrod, do you think he'd steal papa's money?"

"I don't know," Penrod said modestly, "whether he'd slip it out of his pocket or get him to sign some ole papers, but he'll do *sumphing* like that. Your father won't have a cent left to his name if he keeps on goin' with that ole Dade or the man with the false black whisk—"

Penrod paused, and his jaw dropped slightly in his amazement, a tribute to one of those supreme coincidences which happen to ordinary people only four or five times in their lives. Marjorie's father, Mr. Paoli Jones, was just entering the front gate, and by his side walked the man with the false black whiskers. Conversing seriously, the two passed along the path from the front gate to the front door—and disappeared within the house.

"My goodness!" Penrod gasped.

"What's the matter?"

"That was *him*!"

"Who?" cried Marjorie. "Where was he?"

"With your father! Marjorie, that was the other crook I and Herm—I and Bill and Jim are after. It's the one with the false black whiskers!"

Marjorie's eyes flashed.

"They are not!" she cried. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Penrod Schofield, telling such a story! They are not any such a thing false! He had typhoid fever, and when he got well, mamma coaxed him to let 'em stay on, on account of hiding his chin."

"Do you know who it is, Marjorie?"

"I should think maybe I ought to know him!" she responded indignantly. "It's my uncle Montgomery."

The next instalment of *Penrod Jashber* will appear in *April Cosmopolitan*.

Bittersweet

(Continued from page 21)

First thing we know, the whole shebang of the boys will be claiming the exemption of sole support of wife."

"It's a good thing we made up our minds quick, Jimmie. They'll be getting wise. If too many get exemption from the army by marrying right away, it'll be a give-away."

"I'd like to know who can lay his hands on the exemption of a little wife to support."

"Oh, Jimmie, it—it sounds so funny! Being supported! Me that always did the supporting, not only to me but to my mother and great-grandmother up to the day they died."

"I'm the greatest little supporter you ever seen."

"Me getting up mornings to stay at home in my own darling little flat and no basement or time-clock. Nothing but a busy little hubby to eat him nice, smelly, bacon breakfast and grab him nice morning newspaper, kiss him wife, and run down-town to support her. Jimmie, every morning for your breakfast I'm going to fry—"

"You bet your life he's going to support her, and he's going to pay back that forty dollars of his girl's that went into his wedding-duds, and that hundred and ninety of his girl's savings that went into furniture—"

"We got to meet our instalments every month first, Jimmie. That's what we want—no debts, and every little darling piece of furniture paid up."

"We—I'm going to pay it, too."

"And my Jimmie is going to work to get himself promoted and quit being a sore-head at his steady hours and all."

"I know more about selling, honey, than the whole bunch of dubs in that store put together, if they'd give me a chance to prove it."

She laid her palm to his lips.

"Sh-h-h. You don't nothing of the kind. It's not conceit; it's work is going to get my boy his raise."

"If they'd listen to me, that department would—"

"Sh-h-h. J. G. Hoffheimer don't have to get pointers from Jimmie Batch how to run his department store."

"There you go again! What's J. G. Hoffheimer got that I ain't? Luck and a few dollars in his pocket that if I had in mine would—"

"It was his own grit put those dollars there, Jimmie. Just put it out of your head that it's luck makes a self-made man."

"Self-made! You mean things just broke right for him. That's two-thirds of this self-made business."

"You mean he buckled right down to brass tacks, and that's what my boy is going to do."

"The trouble with this world is it takes money to make money. Get your first few dollars, I always say, no matter how, and then, when you're on your feet, scratch your conscience if it itches. That's why I said in the beginning, if we had took that hundred and ninety furniture-money and staked it on—"

"Jimmie, please—please! You wouldn't want to take a girl's saving of years and



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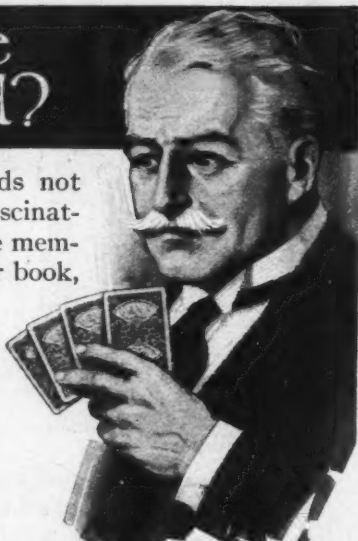
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It is easy to be well, to be free from nagging ailments. Even the most chronic affections, in nine cases out of ten, are vastly benefited by my help. May I help you?

If you have any of the following derangements, mark an X after it and send to me:

Excess Flesh in any part of body	Lack of Reserve
Tired Bust, Chest, Neck or Arms	Nervousness
Round Shoulders	Irritability
Incorrect Standing	Constipation
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Headache	Colds
Sleeplessness	Torpid Liver
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Susanna Crocroft, Dept. 42, 624 Michigan Ave., Chicago

years to gamble on a sporty cigar proposition with a card-room in the rear. You wouldn't, Jimmie. You ain't that kind of fellow. Tell me you wouldn't, Jimmie!"

He turned away to dive down into the barrel.

"Naw," he said; "I wouldn't."

The sun had receded, leaving a sudden, sullen gray, the little square of room, littered with an upheaval of excelsior, sheet-shrouded furniture, and the paper-hanger's paraphernalia and inimitable smells, darkening and seeming to chill.

"We got to quit now, Jimmie; it's getting dark and the gas ain't turned on in the meter yet."

He rose up out of the barrel, holding out at arm's length what might have been a tinsmith's version of a porcupine.

"What in—what's this thing that scratched me?"

She danced to take it.

"It's a grater, a darling grater for horseradish and nutmeg and coconut. I'm going to fix you a coconut cake for our honeymoon supper to-morrow night, honey-bee. Essie Wohlgenuth, over in the cake-demonstrating department, is going to bring me the recipe. Coconut cake, and I'm going to fry us a little steak in this darling little skillet. Ain't it the cutest!"

"Cute, she calls a tin skillet!"

"Look what's pasted on it! 'Little Housewife's Skillet. The Kitchen Fairy.' That's what I'm going to be, Jimmie, the kitchen fairy. Give me that. It's a rolling-pin. All my life I've wanted a rolling-pin. Look, honey—a little string to hang it up by! I'm going to hang everything up in rows. It's going to look like Tiffany's kitchen, all shiny. Give me, honey; that's an egg-beater. Look at it whiz! And this—this is a pan for war-bread. I'm going to make us war-bread to help the soldiers."

"You're a little soldier yourself," he said.

"That's what I would be if I was a man—a soldier all in brass buttons."

"There's a bunch of the fellows going," said Mr. Batch, standing at the window, looking out over roofs, dilly-dallying up and down on his heels, and breaking into low, contemplative whistle.

She was at his shoulder, peering over it.

"You wouldn't be afraid, would you, Jimmie?"

"You bet your life I wouldn't!"

She was tiptoes now, her arms creeping up to him.

"Only, my boy's got a wife—a brand-new wife to support, ain't he?"

"That's what he has!" said Mr. Batch, stroking her forearm but still gazing through and beyond whatever roofs he was seeing.

"Jimmie!"

"Huh?"

"Look! We got a view of Hudson River from our flat just like we lived on Riverside Drive."

"All the Hudson River I can see is fifteen smoke-stacks and somebody's wash-line out."

"It ain't so. We got a grand view. Look—stand on tiptoe, Jimmie—like me! There, between that water-tank on that black roof over there and them two chimneys. See—watch my finger—a little stream of something over there that moves."

"No, I don't see."
"Look, honey-bee, close! See that little streak?"

"All right then; if you see it, I see it."
"To think we got a river view from our flat! It's like living in the country. I'll peek out at it all day long. God, honey, I just never will be over the happiness of being done with basements!"

"It was swell of old Higgins to give us this half-Saturday. It shows where you stood with the management, Gert, this and a five-dollar gold piece. Lord knows they wouldn't pony up that way if it was me getting married by myself."

"It's because my boy ain't shown them down there yet the best that's in him. You just watch his little safety-first wife see to it that from now on he keeps up her record of never in seven years punching the time-clock even one minute late, and that he keeps his stock-shelves O. K. and shows his department he's a comer-on."

"With that bunch of boobs, a fellow's got a swell chance to get anywhere."

"It's getting late, Jimmie. It don't look nice for us to stay here so late alone, not till—to-morrow. Ruby and Essie and Charlie are going to meet us in the minister's back parlor at ten sharp in the morning. We can be back here by noon and get the place cleared enough to give 'em a little lunch, just a fun lunch without fixings."

"I hope the old guy don't waste no time splicing us. It's one of the things a fellow likes to have over with."

"Jimmie! Why, it's the most beautiful thing in the world, like a garden of lilies or—or something, a marriage ceremony is. You got the ring safe, honey-bee, and the license?"

"Pinned in my pocket where you put 'em, flirty Gertie."

"Flirty Gertie! Now you'll begin teasing me with that all our life. The way I didn't slap your face that night when I should have. I just couldn't have, honey. Goes to show we were just cut and dried for each other, don't it? Me, a girl that never in her life let a fellow even bat his eyes at her without an introduction! But that night when you winked, honey—something inside of me just winked back."

"My girl!"

"You mean my boy. You ain't sorry about nothing, Jimmie?"

"Sorry! Well, I guess not!"

"You seen the way—she—May—you seen for yourself what she was, when we seen her walking that next night after Ceiner's, nearly staggering up Sixth Avenue with Budge Evans."

"I never took no stock in her, honey. I was just letting her like me."

She sat back on the box-edge, regarding him, her face so soft and wont to smile that she could not keep its composure.

"Get me my hat and coat, honey; we'll walk down. Got the key?"

They skirmished in the gloom, moving through slithering aisles of furniture and packing-box.

"Ouch!"

"Oh, the running water is hot, Jimmie—just like the ad said. We got red-hot running water in our flat. Close the front windows, honey; we don't want it to rain in on our new green sofa. Not till it's paid for, anyways."

"Hurry."

"I'm ready."



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They met at the door, kissing on the inside and the outside of it, at the head of the fourth and the third and the second balustrade down.

"We'll always make 'em little love-landings, Jimmie, so we can't ever get tired climbing them."

"Yep."

Outside, there was still a pink glow in a clean sky. The first flush of spring in the air had died, leaving chill. They walked briskly, arm in arm, down the asphalt incline of sidewalk leading from their apartment-house, a new street of canned homes built on a hillside. The sepulchral abode of the city's trapped, whose only escape is down the fire-escape and then only when the alternative is death. At the base of the hill there flows in constant hubbub a great up-and-down artery of street, repeating itself, mile after mile, in terms of the butcher, the baker, and the every-other-corner drug store of a million-dollar corporation. Housewives with perambulators and oilcloth shopping-bags. Children on roller skates. The din of small tradesmen and the humdrum of every city block where the homes remain unboarded all summer and every wife is on haggling terms with the purveyor of her evening round steak and mess of rutabaga.

Then there is the soap-box provender too, sure of a crowd, offering creed, propaganda, patent medicine, and politics. It is the pulpit of the reformer and the house-top of the fanatic, this soap-box. From it, the voice to the city is often a pious one, an impious one, and almost always a raucous one. Luther and Sophocles and even a Citizen of Nazareth made of the four winds of the street corner the walls of a temple of Wisdom. What more fitting acropolis for freedom of speech than the great out-of-doors?

Turning from the incline of cross-street into this petty Bagdad of the penny-wise, the voice of the street corner lifted itself above the inarticulate din of the thoroughfare. A youth, thewed like an ox, surmounted on a stack of three self-provided canned-goods boxes, his in-at-the-waist silhouette thrown out against a sky that was almost ready to break out in stars, a crowd tightening about him.

"It's a soldier boy talking, Gert."

"If it ain't!"

They tiptoed at the fringe of the circle, heads back.

"Look, Gert—he's a lieutenant; he's got a shoulder-bar! And those four down there holding the flags are privates. You can always tell a lieutenant by the bar."

"Uh-huh."

"Say—they boys do stack up some for Uncle Sam."

"Sh-h-h, Jimmie."

"I'm here to tell you that them boys stack up some."

A banner stiffened out in the breeze, Mr. Batch reading:

ENLIST BEFORE YOU ARE DRAFTED
LAST CHANCE TO BEAT THE DRAFT
PROVE YOUR PATRIOTISM
ENLIST NOW! YOUR COUNTRY CALLS!

"Come on," said Mr. Batch.

"Wait; I want to hear what he's saying."

"There's not a man here before me can afford to shirk his duty to his country. The slacker can't get along without his country, but his country can very easily get along without him."

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Cheers.
"The poor exemption-boobs are already running for doctors' certificates and marriage licenses, but even if they get by with it—it is ninety-nine to one they won't—they can't run away from their own degradation and shame."
"Come on, Jimmie!"
"Wait."

"Men of America, for every one of you who tries to dodge his duty to his country, there is a yellow streak somewhere underneath the hide of you. Women of America, every one of you that helps to foster the spirit of cowardice in your particular man is helping to make a coward. It's the cowards and the quitters and the slackers and dodgers that need this war more than the patriotic ones who are willing to buckle on and go."

"Don't be a buttonhole patriot! A government that is good enough to live under is good enough to fight under."

Cheers.
"If there is any reason on earth that has manifested itself for this devastating and terrible war, it is that it has been a maker of men."

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am back from four months in the trenches with the French army, and I've come home, now that my own country is at war, to give her every ounce of energy I've got to offer. As soon as a hole in my side is healed up, I'm going back to those trenches, and I want to say to you that them four months of mine face to face with life and with death have done more for me than all my twenty-four civilian years put together."

Cheers.
"I'll be a different man, if I live to come back home after this war and take up my work again as a draftsman. Why, I've seen weaklings and self-confessed failures and even ninnies go into them trenches and come out, oh, yes, plenty of them do come out, men. Men that have got close enough down to the facts of things to feel new realizations of what life means come over them. Men that have gotten back their pep, their ambitions, their unselfishness. That's what war can do for your men, you women who are helping them to foster the spirit of holding-back, of cheating their government. That's what war can do for your men. Make of them the kind of men who some day can face their children without having to hang their heads. Men who can answer for their part in making the world a safe place for democracy!"

An hour they stood there, the air quieting but chilling, and lavishly sown stars cropping out. Street-lights had come out, too, throwing up in even darker relief the figure above the heads of the crowd. His voice had coarsened and taken on a raw edge, but every gesture was flung from the socket and from where they had forced themselves into the tight circle, Gertie Slayback, her mouth fallen open and her head still back, could see the sinews of him ripple under khaki and the diaphragm lift for voice.

There was a shift of speaker then, this time a private, still too rangy, but his looseness of frame seeming already to conform to the exigency of uniform.

"Come on, Jimmie; I—I'm cold."
They worked out into the freedom of the sidewalk, and for ten minutes, down blocks of petty shops already lighted, walked in a silence that grew apace.

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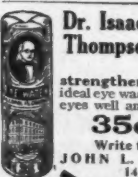


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He was suddenly conscious that she was crying quietly, her handkerchief wadded against her mouth. He strode on with a scowl and his head bent.

"Let's sit down in this little park, Jimmie. I'm tired."

They rested on a bench on one of those small triangles of breathing-space which the city ekes out now and then—mill-ends of land parcels.

He took immediately to roving the toe of his shoe in and out among the gravel. She stole out her hand to his arm.

"Well, Jimmie?" Her voice was in the gauze of a whisper that hardly left her throat.

"Well, what?" he said, still toeing.

"There—there's a lot of things we never thought about, Jimmie."

"Aw!"

"Eh, Jimmie?"

"You mean you never thought about."

"What do you mean?"

"I know what I mean all-righty."

"I—I was the one that suggested it, Jimmie, but—but you fell in. I—I just couldn't bear to think of it, Jimmie—your going and all. I suggested it, but—but you fell in."

"Say, when a fellow's shoved, he falls. I never gave a thought to sneaking an exemption until it was put in my head. I'd smash the fellow in the face that calls me coward, I will."

"You could have knocked me down with a feather, Jimmie, looking at it his way, all of a sudden."

"You couldn't me. Don't think I was ever strong for the whole business—I mean the exemption part. I wasn't going to say nothing—what's the use, seeing the way you had your heart set on—on things? But the whole business, if you want to know it, went against my grain. I'll smash the fellow in the face that calls me coward."

"I know, Jimmie; you—you're right. It was me suggested hurrying things like this. Sneaking. O God, ain't I the messer-up!"

"Lay easy, girl; I'm going to see it through. I guess there's been fellows before me and will be after me who have done worse. I'm going to see it through. All I got to say is I'll smash up the fellow that calls me coward. Come on; forget it. Let's go."

She was close to him, her cheek crinkled against his with the frank kind of social unconsciousness the park bench seems to engender.

"Come on, Gert; I got a hunger on."

"Sh-h-h, Jimmie; let me think. I'm thinking."

"Too much thinking killed a cat. Come on."

"Jimmie?"

"Huh?"

"Jimmie—would you—had you ever thought about being a soldier?"

"Sure. I came in an ace of going into the army that time after—after that little Central Street trouble of mine. I've got a book in my trunk this minute on military tactics. Wouldn't surprise me a bit to see me land in the army some day."

"It's a fine thing, Jimmie, for a fellow—the army."

"Yeh; good for what ails him."

She drew him back, pulling at his shoulder so that finally he faced her.

"Jimmie?"

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"Huh?"

"I got an idea."

"Shoot!"

"You remember once, honey-bee, how I put it to you that night at Ceiner's, how, if it was for your good, no sacrifice was too much to make."

"Forget it."

"You don't believe it?"

"Aw, say now—what's the use digging up ancient history?"

"You'd be right, Jimmie, not to believe it. I haven't lived up to what I said."

"O Lord, honey, what's eating you now? Come to the point."

She would not meet his eyes, turning her head from him to hide lips that would quiver.

"Honey, it—it ain't coming off—that's all. Not now—anyways."

"What ain't?"

"Us."

"Who?"

"You know what I mean, Jimmie. It's like everything the soldier boy on the corner just said. I—I saw you getting red clear behind your ears over it. I—I was, too, Jimmie. It's like that soldier boy was put there on that corner just to show me, before it was too late, how wrong I been in every one of my ways. Us women who are helping to foster slackers. That's what we're making of them—slackers for life. And here I been thinking it was your good I had in mind, when all along it's been mine. That's what it's been—mine!"

"Aw, now, Gert—"

"You got to go, Jimmie; you got to go, because you want to go and—because I want you to go."

"Where?"

"To war."

He took hold of her two arms because they were trembling.

"Aw, now, Gert, I didn't say anything complaining; I—"

"You did, Jimmie; you did, and—and I never was so glad over you that you did complain. I just never was so glad. I want you to go, Jimmie. I want you to go and get a man made out of you. They'll make a better job out of you than ever I can. I want you to get the yellow streak washed out. I want you to get to be all the things he said you would. For every line he was talking up there, I could see my boy coming home to me some day better than anything I could make out of him, babying him the way I can't help doing. I could see you, honey-bee, coming back to me with the kind of lift to your head a fellow has when he's been fighting to make the world a safe place for democracy for whatever it was he said. I want you to go, Jimmie. I want you to beat the draft, too. Nothing on earth can make me not want you to go."

"Why, Gert—you're kidding!"

"Honey, you want to go, don't you? You want to square up those shoulders and put on khaki, don't you? Tell me you want to go."

"Why—why, yes, Gert, if—"

"Oh, you're going, Jimmie! You're going!"

"Why, girl, you're crazy! Our flat. Our furniture. Our—"

"What's a flat? What's furniture? What's anything? There's not a firm in business wouldn't take back a boy's furniture—a boy's everything that's going



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out to fight for—for dem-o-cra-cy! What's a flat? What's anything?"

He let drop his head to hide his eyes.

Do you know it is said that on the desert of Sahara, the slope of Sorrento, and the marble of Fifth Avenue the sun can shine whitest? There is an iridescence to its glittering on bleached sand, blue bay, and Carrara façade that is sheer light distilled to its utmost.

On one such day when, standing on the high slope of Fifth Avenue where it rises toward the park and looking down, it was as if, so manifold the brilliancy, every head wore a tin helmet, parrying sunlight at a thousand angles of refraction.

On parade-days, all this glittering mid-stream is swept to the clean sheen of a strip of moire, this splendid desolation blocked on each side by crowds half the density of the sidewalk.

On one of these sun-drenched Saturdays dedicated by a growing tradition to this or that national expression, the Ninety-ninth Regiment, to a flare of music that made the heart leap out against its walls, turned into a scene thus swept clean for it, a wave of olive drab, impeccable row after impeccable row of scissorslike legs advancing. Recruits, raw if you will, but already caparisoned, sniffing and scenting, as it were, for the great primordial mire of war.

There is no state of being so finely sensitized as national consciousness. A gauntlet down and it surges up. One ripple of a flag defended can goose-flesh a nation. How bitter and how sweet it is to give a soldier!

To the seething, kinetic chemistry of such mingling emotions, there were women who stood in the frontal crowds of the

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sidewalks stifling hysteria, or ran after in terror at sight of him so personally receding in that great, impersonal wave of olive drab.

And yet the air was martial with banner and with shout. And the ecstasy of such moments is like a dam against reality, pressing it back. It is in the pompous watches of the night or of too long days that such dams break, exhorting.

For the thirty blocks of its course, Gertie Slayback followed that wave of men, half run and half walk. Down from the curb and at the beck and call of this or that policeman, up again; only to find opportunity for still another dive out from the invisible roping-off of the sidewalk crowds.

From the middle of his line she could see sometimes the tail of Jimmie Batch's glance roving for her, but, to all purports, his eye was solely for his own replica in front of him, and, at such times when he marched, his back had a little additional straightness that was almost swayback.

Nor was Gertie Slayback crying. On the contrary, she was inclined to laughter. A little too inclined to a high and brittle sort of dissonance over which she seemed to have no control.

"By, Jimmie! So long, Jimmie! You—hoo!"

Tramp. Tramp. Tramp-tramp-tramp. "You-hoo, Jimmie! So-long, Jimmie!"

At Fourteenth Street, and to the solemn stroke of one from a tower, she broke off suddenly without even a second look back, dodging under the very arms of the crowd as she ran out from it.

She was one and three-quarters minutes late when she punched the time-clock beside the Complaints-and-Adjustments desk in the bargain basement.

The next **Fannie Hurst** story, **A Boob Spelled Backwards**, will appear in **April Cosmopolitan**.

Myself and Others

(Continued from page 79)

of Belfast, my creature comforts were thoughtfully looked after by some of his tenants, who lowered pheasants, hares, and other delicacies from the gallery to the stage to testify their approval of my artistic efforts. Nevertheless, in spite of this somewhat embarrassing and novel way of showing their appreciation, I recall that one of the prettiest tributes I ever received came from that same city in the shape of a bevy of fluttering doves tied with blue ribbons to a floral cage and presented to me by Belfast University. The other towns were warm but more conventional in their greetings.

During this tour, Mrs. Labouchère, glowing with pride and satisfaction at my success, turned toward new fields to conquer, and a cable to the United States brought Henry E. Abbey post-haste from New York. The leading American manager of his time was a dark-eyed man with black hair and mustache, an attractive smile, and handsome, though a little flabby of figure, perhaps, to an English eye.

Mrs. Labouchère's early struggles had made her a shrewd woman of business, and after being closeted with Abbey for an hour or two, she emerged smiling and victorious, having obtained as high a percentage as had ever been paid to a

star. Triumphant, but still not quite content, she urged me to use my powers of persuasion to extract "just five more," which was easy, for Henry E. Abbey was "grand seigneur" in his dealings, and no haggler. Thus, a contract was signed for my American appearance in the coming autumn—about a year after my stage début. A few hurried weeks in London enabled me to collect the necessary wardrobe and support for the transatlantic engagement.

I confess that I was not wildly enthusiastic over the prospect, for, the States, at that time, seemed to me about as far off as Mars and nearly as inaccessible. I had traveled very little, and England, to my narrowed vision, seemed a large slice of the world after Jersey. Moreover, my many friends and relations were within easy reach, and to leave them for unknown lands gave me a feeling of utter depression. But, as I have said before, Mrs. Labouchère was a woman of great determination, and she closed her eyes resolutely to my evident disinclination to migrate. How the States surprised and delighted me, and how I grew so fond of America that I made it my second home, everyone now knows, and I cannot be too grateful to Henrietta Hodson for bringing about my first visit.

When the time came to say good-by to England, I felt increasingly depressed. A crowd of acquaintances saw me off at Euston; my saloon-carriage was heaped with flowers, and everything was done to cheer me up. Nevertheless, after the train had started, I settled back in my seat, feeling very forlorn, and indulged in a good cry. Arrived at Liverpool, I still hoped to the last minute that something would prevent this undesired voyage—even a broken limb would have been welcome. But nothing intervened to thwart fate and I went on board the Arizona feeling perfectly miserable. The ship belonged to the Guion Line, and was then considered one of the "greyhounds of the sea."

After we got on board, I lost sight of Mrs. Labouchère and my maid, and drifted about until I found what I thought was my cabin. Thankful to escape the curious gaze of my fellow passengers, I entered it and promptly tucked myself into bed, and when Henrietta eventually made her appearance, I announced my intention of remaining there for the entire voyage. But my plans seemed likely to be defeated by a yellow, cadaverous-looking man, who presented himself at the cabin door and claimed the room as the one he had booked. This caused a commotion. Officials were sent for; his ticket was examined, and it was clearly established that my unwelcome caller was right in his claim. However, possession being nine points of the law, I refused to budge. In vain he argued. Henrietta stood firm as a rock in the doorway and declined even to consider his plea. The man declared he was a bad sailor and that the cabin reserved for me on the ship, though twice the size, was adjacent to the pantry and—as he was already beginning to abhor food—unsuited to a seaskick subject. One by one, the purser, the passenger agent, Mr. Guion (proprietor of the line), and finally the captain himself appeared upon the scene, the latter offering his private cabin to each of the belligerents in turn, only to be contemptuously refused by both. The ship started, and the fuss continued until luckily the wind and the sea ended the situation by driving my wretched antagonist to seek any haven at hand, and we saw no more of him (nor did anyone) for the rest of the voyage.

This was a turbulent beginning to what proved a very pleasant trip. I soon found my cabin monotonous, emerged therefrom in time for dinner, sat next to Captain Brooks, and found at his table, among other agreeable Americans, one named "Willie" Cutting, a prominent New Yorker, who was destined to be our host on the evening of arrival in New York.

The remainder of the journey was uneventful. Charles Wyndham and his company were on board, but the Arizona, being of small dimensions, made the big seas really seem mountains high, and he and they were under the weather for most of the voyage. One night, the water swished about the passages, and I think we were all more or less frightened. I waded along the passage ankle-deep until I came upon a steward cleaning shoes at the foot of the gangway. On my asking him, in a terrified whisper, "Is the ship going down?" he replied, "D'ye think if the ship were in danger I'd be here brushing boots?" This seemed such a sensible process of reasoning that I returned, with complete confidence, to my berth. The next morning, the cap-

tain told me that he had spent most of the night "arming" ladies in various states of dress and undress back from the decks to their cabins.

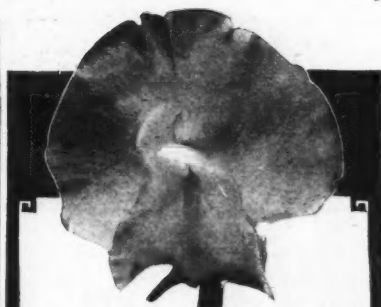
There were rats on the Arizona—long-coated and tame. Poor Mrs. Labouchère, who was a victim to *mal de mer*, remained in bed nearly the whole of the voyage, and one morning, on opening her eyes, she was horrified to find a fat, genial rat sitting on her chest. Alas, I knew that rat! He used to sit and listen while I read to the invalid, and with unwelcome familiarity would indicate his need of water by rattling the chain in the wash-basin.

By the time we neared New York, I had forgotten my homesickness entirely, and was very keenly looking forward to my first glimpse of the New World. After a voyage lasting over sixteen days, we reached Quarantine at daybreak, and, before I was fully dressed, I heard the furious braying of a particularly brazen band. I hurried on deck, and there found a tug alongside with Henry E. Abbey and his partner, Schoeffel, marshaling a perfect army of reporters, while Oscar Wilde, torn from his slumbers at an unearthly hour, still had the spirit to wave a bunch of lilies in welcome.

Abbey and his boat-load scrambled on board, and the troop of newspaper men, having been duly presented to me, all started in concert bombing me with questions, some rather naive and others rather audacious. It was all very strange to me. Interviewing was then an unknown art outside the States, and therefore such questions as, "What do you think of America?" seemed surprisingly premature, considering that a morning haze still obscured the beautiful harbor; but when the sun presently shone and the outline of the bay became visible, I understood their eagerness for my opinion, for I had never seen so noble and picturesque a port. I recall that my first impression on landing was the sense of hurry round me. I felt that the crowd running to the cars and hurrying and jostling each other in the streets was literally exemplifying the adage that "Time is Money." We were packed into a huge landau and jolted over rough pavements to the Albemarle Hotel, which overlooked Madison Square, and, for the first time, I found myself in a luxurious hotel, for the British ones of that time were little more than large boarding-houses. The atmosphere was clear and exhilarating, the sky blue, the sun warm, and, altogether, my first glance at New York was a pleasant surprise. Henry Abbey lent us his shay (it was a curious high-backed vehicle), and very soon we were on our way up Fifth Avenue to Central Park. Many people in carriages—perhaps recognizing me from my photographs—turned and followed, and I was mildly mobbed. The trees were just taking on their autumnal tints, the sumach, the elm, and the scarlet oak making the park look extra lovely.

On returning to the hotel, I found fresh relays of reporters waiting, and the interviewing continued into the evening. Being favorably impressed, I praised everything. One reporter asked me what I thought of the paving on the Avenue, which really was very bad then, and while I was considering how I should answer, the rest of the group shouted encouragingly, "Abuse it, Mrs. Langtry; it will be popular."

We escaped the ordeal in time to dine at Delmonico's, to which we had eagerly



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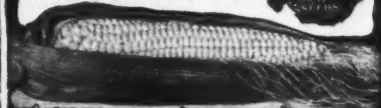
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looked forward, and the *chic* and well-dressed women I saw there made me feel quite dowdy. Mrs. Paran Stevens and others of my acquaintance were at the tables, and invitations were showered on me, but having promised before leaving England not to forsake Henrietta Hodson, I refused them all on the plea of work.

My opening night at Abbey's Park Theatre had been arranged to follow within a few days of my arrival, and the intervening time was occupied with rehearsals. The boxes and stalls for the *première* were auctioned by W. Oliver of the New York Stock-Exchange, and reached the goodly sum of twenty thousand dollars.

I left the theater and returned to the hotel about five o'clock on the momentous day with the comfortable feeling that all was in complete readiness. Perhaps half an hour later, Pierre Lorillard, whom I had known in England, rushed unannounced into our parlor excitedly exclaiming, "I am afraid the Park Theatre is on fire!" Sure enough, it was, and from my window I could see the building, on which all my hopes were centered, with flames bursting through the roof. A great crowd filled Broadway, their attention divided between me and the blazing pile, the light from which illuminated the whole of Madison Square. The only thing that seemed likely to escape the flames was a large board on iron standards high above the roof, with my name—"Mrs. Langtry"—upon it. I stood intently watching that sign with a fixed feeling that my fate depended upon its escape from destruction.

"If it stands, I shall succeed!" I cried. "And"—as it toppled—"if it burns, I will succeed without it!"

The building was gutted, and the whole of the elaborate scenery and all the costumes—with the exception of mine—were destroyed and—saddest of all—two lives were lost.

The next day, the papers declared the burning of the Park Theatre was the biggest and costliest advertisement ever designed to welcome a star to America's shores. Mr. Abbey bore this tremendous blow with characteristic pluck, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed, had arranged with Lester Wallack that I should appear at his theater a week later.

Mrs. Labouchère elected that I should make my first bow to America as Hester Grazebrook, in a comedy-drama called "An Unequal Match," by Tom Taylor. It seemed rather a strange choice, but Mrs. Labouchère ruled, and so it had to be. I made my entrance as a milkmaid, carrying pails on my arms, and after a love-scene conducted on a wheelbarrow amid rural surroundings, became the illiterate wife of a baronet. The next act was devoted to the solecisms of the country girl in her new position, her blunders causing Sir Harry to fall an easy prey to the adventures of the piece. In the third act, I became the polite and witty woman of the world, and, following the pair to Ems, recovered my husband's love and discomfited my rival. It was a queer and artificial play, but perhaps Mrs. Labouchère believed in giving the public the unexpected. The evening was memorable, the audience delightful, and the floral tributes showered on me were a revelation.

The conclusion of *Myself and Others* will appear in *April Cosmopolitan*.

The Restless Sex

(Continued from page 87)

together, she leaning on him as though very tired.

Helen had retired, leaving a note for them on the library table.

Forgive me, but I've yawned my head off—not because you two lunatics are out stargazing, but because I'm in my right mind and healthily fatigued. Put the cat out before you lock up.

Stephanie laughed, and they hunted up the cat, discovered her asleep in the best room, and bore her out to the veranda. Then Cleland locked up while Stephanie waited for him. Her tears had dried. She was a trifle pale and languid in her movements, but so lovely that Cleland, already hopelessly in love with her, fell deeper as he looked at her in this pale and unfamiliar phase. Her gray eyes returned his adoration sweetly, pensively humorous.

"I'm in rags emotionally," she said. "This loving a young man is a disturbing business to a girl who's just learned how. Are you coming up-stairs?"

"I suppose so."

"You'll sleep, of course?"

"Probably not a wink, Steve."

"I wonder if I shall."

They ascended the staircase together in silence. At her door, she held out her hand; he kissed it, released the fingers, but they closed around his and she drew him to her.

"What shall I do?" she said. "Tell me."

"I don't know, dearest. There seems to be nothing you can do for us."

She bent her head thoughtfully.

"Anything that dishonors me would dishonor you and dad, wouldn't it, Jim?"

"Yes."

"You understand, don't you? I count myself as nothing. Only you count, Jim. But I can't marry you. And I can't go to you otherwise. The only way I can show my love and gratitude to dad and you is to retain your respect—by being unkind—Jim—my dearest—dearest—"

She closed her eyes and gave him her lips, slipped swiftly out of his arms and into her room.

"Oh, I'm desperately in love!" she said, shaking her head at him as she slowly closed the door. "I'm going to get very, very little sleep, I fear. Jim?"

"Yes."

"You know," she said, "Helen is a charming, clever, talented, beautiful girl. If you are afraid my behavior is going to make you unhappy—"

"Steve, are you crazy?"

"Couldn't you fall in love with her?"

"Do you want me to try?"

There was a silence; then Stephanie shook her head and gently closed her door.

XXXXIII

In July, Stephanie asked John Belter and his wife to spend a week at Runner's Rest. They arrived, the husband a vastly modified edition of his former boisterous, careless, assertive self—a subdued young man now, who haunted his wife with edifying assiduity, moving when she moved, sitting when she sat, tagging faithfully at her dainty heels as though a common mind originated their every inclination.

Philip Grayson, who had been asked with them, told Helen that the Belters had bored him horribly on the journey up.

"You can't blame them," smiled Helen, "after three years of estrangement, and in love with each other all the while."

She was seated under a tree on the edge of the woods, half-way up the western slope behind Runner's Rest. Grayson lay among the ferns at her feet. The day had turned hot, but up there, in the transparent green shadows of the woods, a slight breeze was stirring.

"Estranged all that time, and yet in love," repeated Helen sentimentally. "Do you wonder that they lose no time together?"

Grayson, sprawling on his stomach, his handsome face framed in both hands, emitted a scornful laugh.

"You're very tender-hearted—theoretically," he said.

The girl looked up, smiled.

"Theoretically?" she inquired. "What do you mean, Phil?"

"What I say. Theoretically, you are tender-hearted, sympathetic, susceptible; but practically—" His short laugh was ironical.

"Practically"—what? demanded the girl, flushing.

"Practically, you're just practical, Helen. You're nice to everybody impartially; you go about your sculpture with the cheerful certainty of genius; nothing ever disconcerts you; you are always the cool, freshly gowned, charmingly poised embodiment of everything lovely and desirable—wonderful to look at, engaging and winsome to talk to, and—and all marble inside!"

"Phil! You are unpleasant!"

"Therefore," he said deliberately, "when you sentimentalize over the Belters and how they loved each other madly for several years after having bounced each other, your enthusiasm leaves me incredulous."

"The trouble with every man is this," she said: "Any girl who doesn't fall in love with him is heartless—all marble inside. He gives that girl no credit for warm humanity unless she lavishes it on him. If she doesn't, she's an iceberg, and he sticks that label on her for life."

Grayson sat up among the ferns and gathered his legs under him.

"It isn't because you don't care for me," he said; "but I tell you, Helen, you're too complete in yourself to fall in love."

"Self-satisfied? Thanks!" But she still did not believe he meant it.

"You are conscious of your self-sufficiency," he said coolly. "You are beautiful to look at, but your mind controls your heart; you do with your heart what you choose to do." He added, half to himself, "It would be wonderful if you ever let it go."

"Let what go?"

"Your heart. You really have one, you know."

The pink tint of rising indignation still lingered on her cheeks; she looked at this presumptuous young man with speculative brown eyes, realizing that, for the first time in his three years' sweet-tempered courtship, he had said something unpleasantly blunt and virile to her—unacceptable because of the raw truth in it.



"There, Little Girl, Don't Cry!"

She had broken her heart—the same little girl who had broken her doll so many, many years before—and Riley's words of cheer and comfort, "There, little girl, don't cry!" tell, at once, what Riley has meant to the world.

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This was not like Phil Grayson—this sweet-tempered, gentle, good-looking writer of a literature which might be included under the term of "belles-lettres"—this ornamental young fellow whose agreeable devotion she had come to take for granted, whose rare poems pleased her critical taste.

"Phil," she said, her brown eyes resting on him with a curiosity not free from irritation, "is this really what you think I am—after all these years of friendship?"

"It really is, Helen."

Into her hurt face came the pink tint of wrath again; but she sat quite still, her head lowered, pulling fronds from a fern in her lap.

"I'm sorry if you're offended," he said cheerfully, and lighted a cigarette.

Helen's troubled face cooled; her remote eyes rested on him, on the blue hills across the valley, on the river below them, sparkling under the July sun.

Down there, Marie Belter, with her red parasol, was sauntering across the pasture, and Jack padded faithfully beside her, fanning his features with his straw hat.

"There goes Marie and Fido," said Grayson, laughing. "Good Lord! After all, it's a dog's life at any angle you care to view it."

"What is a dog's life?" inquired Helen crisply.

"Marriage, dear child."

"Oh! Do you view it that way?"

"I do. But we dogs were invented for it. After all, I suppose we prefer to live our dogs' lives to any other—we human Fidos."

"Phil! You never before gave me any reason to believe you a cynical materialist. And you have been very unjust and disagreeable to me. Do you know it?"

"I'm tired of running at your heels, I suppose. A dog knows when he's welcome. After a while, the lack of mutual sympathy gets on his nerves, and he strays by the roadside. And sometimes, if lonely, the owner of another pair of heels will look behind her and find him padding along. That's the life of the dog, Helen—with exceptions like that cur of Bill Sykes. But the great majority of pups won't stay where they're lonely for such love as they offer. For your dog must have love—the love of the human god he worships—or of some other god." He laughed lightly. "And I, who worship a goddess for her divine genius and her loveliness—I have trotted at her heels a long, long time, Helen, and I'm just beginning to understand in my dog's heart that my divinity does not want me."

"I—I do want you!"

"No, you don't. You haven't enough emotion in you to want anybody. There's nothing to, you but intellect and beauty. And I'm fed up."

The girl rose, flushed and disconcerted by his brutality, Grayson got up, bland, unperturbable, accepting her departure pleasantly.

She meant to go back all alone down the hillside; that was evident in her manner, in her furious calmness, in her ignoring the tiny handkerchief which he recovered from the moss and presented.

She was far too angry to speak. He stood under the trees and watched her as she descended the hillside toward the house, just visible below.

Down she went through the heated

Cosmopolitan for March, 1918

wild grass and ferns, stepping daintily over gullies, avoiding jutting rocks, down, ever down-hill, receding farther and farther from his view until, a long way below him, he saw her halt, a tiny distant figure shining white and motionless in the sun. He waited for her to move on again out of sight. She did not. After a long while he saw her lift one arm and beckon him.

"Am I a Fido?" he asked himself. "Well, I believe I am." And he started in a leisurely manner down the hill.

When he joined her where she stood waiting, her brown eyes avoided his glance and the color in her cheeks grew brighter.

"If you believe," she said, "that my mind controls my heart, why don't you make it an intellectual argument with me? Because I—I am intelligent enough to be open to conviction—if your logic proves sounder than mine."

"I can't make love to you logically. Love doesn't admit of it."

"Love is logical—or it's piffle."

"I don't know how to make intellectual love."

"You'd better learn."

"Could you give me a tip?" he asked timidly.

Then Helen threw back her pretty head and began to laugh, with that irresponsible, unfeigned, full-throated, and human laughter that characterized the primitive girl when her naive sense of humor was stirred to response by her lover of the cave.

For Helen had caught a glimpse of this modern young caveman's intellectual brutality and bad temper for the first time in her life, and it was a vital revelation to the girl.

He had whacked her, verbally, violently, until, in her infuriated astonishment, it was made plain to her that there was much more to him than she had ever reckoned with. He had hurt her pride dreadfully; he had banged her character about without mercy, handled her with a disdainful vigor and virility that opened her complacent brown eyes to a new vision and a new interpretation of man.

"Phil," she murmured, "do you realize that you were positively common in what you said to me up on that hill?"

"I know I was."

"You told me"—a slight shudder passed over her, and he felt it in the shoulder that touched his—"you told me that you—you were 'fed up.'"

"I was!"

"And you, a poet—a man with an almost divine facility of language!"

"Sure," he said, grinning; "I'm artist enough to know the value of vulgarity. It gives a wonderful punch, Helen—once in a lifetime."

"Oh, Phil, you horrify me! I didn't understand that you are just a plain, every-day, bad-tempered, brutal, selfish, and violent man."

"Dearest, I am! And thank God you are woman enough to stand for it. Are you?"

They had reached the house and were standing on the porch now, her hands restlessly twisting in his sun-browned grasp, her pretty head averted, refusing to meet his eyes.

"Are you?" he repeated sternly.

"Am I what? Oh, Phil, you hurt me—my rings hurt—"

"Then don't twist your fingers. And



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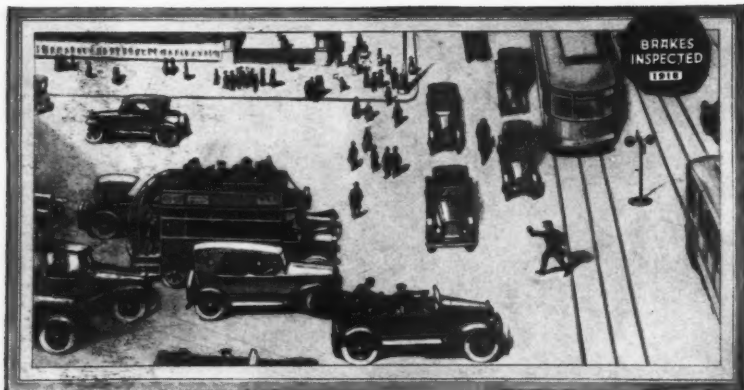
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answer me: Are you woman enough to stand for the sort of every-day human man that you say I am? Are you?"

She said something under her breath.

"Did you say, 'Yes?'" he demanded.

She nodded, not looking at him.

Before he could kiss her, she slid out of his grasp with a low exclamation of warning, and, looking round, he beheld the Belters, arm in arm, approaching across the lawn.

"Fido!" he muttered. And he followed his divinity into the house.

XXXIV

HELEN kept her own council as long as the Belters remained at Runner's Rest, but as soon as they had departed, she went to Stephanie's room and made a clean breast of it.

"What on earth do you suppose has happened to me, Steve?" she demanded, standing by the day-bed on which Stephanie was stretched out, reading a novel and absorbing chocolates.

"What?" asked Stephanie, lifting her eyes.

"Well, there's the very deuce to pay with Phil Grayson. He isn't a bit nice to me. He bullies me."

"Why do you let him?"

"I—don't know. I resent it. He's entirely too bossy. He's taken possession of me, and he behaves abominably."

"Sentimentally?"

"Yes."

"But you don't have to endure it!" exclaimed Stephanie, astonished.

"If I don't submit," said Helen, "I shall lose him. He'll go away. He says he will."

"Well, do you care what Phil Grayson does?" demanded Stephanie, amazed.

Then that intellectual, capable, intelligent, and superbly healthy girl flopped down on her knees by Stephanie's day-bed and, laying her lovely head on the pillow, began to whimper.

"I—I don't know what's the matter with me," she stammered, "but my mind is full of that wretched man every minute of the day and half of the night. He is absolutely shameless; he makes love to me t-tyrannically. It's impossible for a girl to keep her reserve—her d-dignity with a m-man who takes her into his arms and k-kisses her whenever he chooses—"

"What!" cried Stephanie, sitting bolt upright and staring at her friend. "Do you mean to tell me that Phil is that sort of man?"

"I didn't think so, either," explained Helen. "I've known him for ages. He's been so considerate and attentive and sweet to me—so gentle and self-effacing. I thought I could c-count on him. But a girl can't tell anything about a man—even when he's been an old and trusted friend of years."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Stephanie blankly.

"Do? I suppose I'll go on doing what he wishes. I suppose I'll marry him. It looks that way. I don't seem to have any will-power. It's such an odd sensation to be bullied."

"Are you in love with him?"

"I don't know. I suppose I am. It makes me simply furious, but I guess I am, Steve. If he'd behaved as agreeably and pleasantly as he always had behaved,

I should never have cared for him except in a friendly way. He always has paid his courtship to me in the nicest way. It was quite ideal, not disturbing, and we exchanged intellectual views quite happily and contentedly. And then, suddenly, he—he flew into a most frightful temper, and he told me that he was 'fed up.' My dear, can you imagine my rage and amazement? And then he told me what he thought of me—oh, Steve—the most horrid things ever said about a girl he said of me! And then—I don't know how it happened—but I waited for him, and we walked home together, and I understood him to say that I'd got to love him if I were a human girl. And I am! So—it's that way now with us. And when I think about it, I am still bewildered and furious with him. But I don't dare let him go. There are other girls, you know."

Stephanie lay very still. Helen rose presently and walked slowly to the door. There she paused for a moment, then turned. And Stephanie saw in her brown eyes an expression entirely new to her.

"Helen! You are in love with him!" she said.

"I'm afraid I am. Anyway, I shall not let him go until I am quite certain. It's abominable that he should have made of me a thing with which I never have had any patience—a girl whose heart has run away with her senses. And that's what he has done to me, I'm afraid."

Stephanie suddenly flushed.

"If he has," she said, "you ought to be glad. You are free to marry him if you love him, and you ought to thank God for the privilege."

"Yes. But what is marriage going to do to my work? I never meant to marry. I've been afraid to. What happens to a girl's creative work if her heart is full of something else—full of her lover—her husband—children, perhaps—new duties, new cares? I didn't want to love this man. I loved my work. It took all of me. It's the very devil to have a thing like this happen. It scares me. I can't think of my work now. It bores me to recollect it. My mind and heart are full of this man—there's no room for anything else. What is this going to do to my career? That's what frightens me to think about. And I can't give up sculpture, and I won't give up Phil!"

Stephanie's clear gray eyes regarded her. "If you're any good," she said, "your career will begin from the moment you fell in love. Love clears the mind wonderfully. You learn a lot about yourself when you fall in love. I learned that I had no talent, nothing to express. That's what love has done for me. But you will learn what genius really means."

Helen came slowly back to where the girl was lying.

"You are in love, then," she said gently.

"I was afraid—"

"I am afraid, too."

They looked at each other in silence.

"Do you ever mean to live with Oswald?" asked Helen.

The conclusion of *The Restless Sex* will appear in *April Cosmopolitan*.

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"Not if I can avoid it."
"Can you not?"
"Yes; I can avoid it—unless the price of immunity is too heavy."
"I don't understand."
"I know you don't. Neither does Jim. It's a rather ghastly situation."
"You are not at liberty to explain it?"
"No."

Helen bent and laid her hand on Stephanie's hair.

"I'm sorry. I knew you were falling in love. There seemed to be no help for either of you."

"No—no help. One can't help one's heart's inclinations. The only thing we can control is our behavior."

"Steve, are you unhappy?"

"I'm beginning to be. I didn't think I would be—it's so wonderful! But the seriousness of love reveals itself sooner or later. All we want is to give, if we're in love. It's tragic when we can't." She turned her face abruptly and laid one arm across her eyes.

Helen sank to her knees again and laid her face against Stephanie's flushed cheek.

"Darling," she said, "there must be some way for you."

"No honorable way."

"But that marriage is a farce."

"Yes; I made it so. But Oswald cares for me."

"Still?"

"Yes. He is a very wonderful, generous, unhappy man, proud, deeply sensitive, tender-hearted, and loyal. I cannot sacrifice him. He has done too much for my sake. And I promised—"

"What?"

"I promised him to give myself as long a time as he wished to learn whether I could ever come to love him."

"Does he know you are in love?"

"No."

"What would he do if he knew?"

Stephanie began to tremble: "I—don't know," she stammered. "He must never think that I am in love with Jim. It would be dreadful—terrible!" She sat up, covering her face with both hands. "Don't ask me! There are things I can't tell you—things I can't do, no matter what happens to me—no matter whether I am unhappy—whether Jim is—"

"Don't cry, darling! I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Oh, Helen, Helen! There's something that happened which I can't ever forget. It terrifies me. There's no way out of this marriage for me—there's no way! No way!" she repeated desolately. "And I'm so deeply in love—so deeply—"

She flung herself on her face and buried her head in her arms.

"Just let me alone," she sobbed. "I can't talk about it. I—I'm glad you're happy, dear. But please go out now!"

Helen rose and stood for a moment looking down at the slender figure in its jeweled kimono and its tumbled splendor of chestnut hair. Then she went out very quietly.



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STORES IN LEADING CITIES

Indian Summer of a Forsyte

(Continued from page 40)

beauty good to see. To live again in the youth of the young—what else on earth was he doing?

Methodically, as had been the way of his whole life, he now arranged his time. On Tuesdays he journeyed up to town by train; Irene came and dined with him, and they went to the opera. On Thursdays he drove to town, and, putting that fat chap and his horses up, met her in Kensington Gardens, picking up the carriage after he had left her, and driving home again in time for dinner. He used the formula that he had business. On Wednesdays and Saturdays she came down to give Holly music-lessons. The greater the pleasure he took in the sight of her, the more scrupulously fastidious he became, just a matter-of-fact and friendly uncle. Not even in feeling, really, was he more—for, after all, there was his age. And yet, if she were late, he fidgeted himself to death. If she missed coming, which happened twice, his eyes grew sad as an old dog's, and he failed to sleep.

And so a month went by—a month of summer in the fields, and in his heart, with summer's heat and the fatigue thereof. Who could have believed a few weeks back that he would have looked forward to his son's and his granddaughter's return with something like dread? There was such delicious freedom, such recovery of that independence a man enjoys before he founds a family about these weeks of lovely weather and this new companionship with one who demanded nothing and remained always a little unknown, retaining the fascination of mystery. It was like a draft of wine to him who has been drinking water for so long that he has almost forgotten the stir wine brings to his blood, the narcotic to his brain. The flowers were colored brighter; scents and music and the sunlight had living value—were no longer mere reminders of past enjoyment. There was something now to live for in the present, something that stirred him continually to anticipation. He lived in that, not in retrospection; the difference is considerable. The pleasures of the table, never of much consequence to one naturally abstemious, had lost all value. He ate little, without knowing what he ate, and every day grew thinner and more worn to look at. He was again a "thread-paper," and to this thinned form his massive forehead, with hollows at the temples, gave more dignity than ever. He was very well aware that he ought to see the doctor, but liberty was too sweet. He could not afford to pet his frequent shortness of breath and the pain in his side at the expense of liberty. Return to the vegetable existence he had led among the agricultural journals with the life-size mangel-wurzels, before beauty came again into his life—no!

He exceeded his allowance of cigars. Two a day had always been his rule. Now he smoked three and sometimes four—a man will when he is filled with the creative spirit. But very often he thought: "I must give up smoking and coffee. I must give up rattling up to town." But he did not; there was no one in any sort of authority to notice him, and this was a priceless boon. The servants perhaps

wondered, but they were, naturally, dumb. Mam'zelle Beauce was too concerned with her own digestion and too "well bred" to make personal allusions. Holly had not as yet an eye for the relative appearance of him who was her plaything and her god. It was left to Irene herself to beg him to eat more, to rest in the hot part of the day, to take a tonic, and so forth. But she did not tell him that she was the cause of his thinness—for one cannot see the havoc oneself is working. A man of eighty-four has no passions, but the beauty which produces passion works on in the old way till death closes the eyes that crave the sight of her.

On the first day of the second week in July, he received a letter from his son in Paris to say that they would all be back on Friday. This had always been more sure than fate; but, with the pathetic improvidence given to the old, that they may endure to the end, he had never quite admitted it. Now he did, and something would have to be done. He had ceased to be able to imagine life without this new interest; but that which is not imagined sometimes exists, as the English are perpetually finding to their cost. He sat in his old leather chair, doubling up the letter and mumbling with his lips the end of an unlighted cigar. After to-morrow, his Tuesday expeditions to town would have to be abandoned. He could still drive up perhaps once a week, on the pretext of seeing his man of business. But even that would be dependent on his health; for now they would begin to fuss about him. The lessons! The lessons must go on. Irene must swallow down her scruples, and June must put her feelings in her pocket. She had done so once, on the day after the news of Bosinney's death. What she had done then, she could surely do again now. Four years since that wrong was wrought—not Christian to keep the memory of old sores alive like that. June's will was strong, but his was stronger, for his sands were running out. The lessons must continue; for if they did, he was secure. And, lighting his cigar at last, he began trying to shape out how to put it to them all and explain this strange intimacy, how to veil and wrap it away from the naked truth—that he could not bear to be deprived of beauty. Ah—Holly! Holly was fond of her; Holly liked her lessons. She would save him—his little sweet! And, with that happy thought, he became serene and wondered what he had been worrying about so fearfully. He must not worry; it left him always curiously weak, and as if but half present in his own body.

That evening after dinner he had a return of the dizziness, though he did not faint. He would not ring the bell, because he knew it would mean a fuss and make his going-up on the morrow more conspicuous. When one grew old, the whole world was in conspiracy to limit freedom, and for what reason? Just to keep the breath in him a little longer. He did not want it at such cost. Only the dog Balthazar saw his lonely recovery from that weakness, anxiously watched him go to the sideboard and drink some brandy instead of giving him a biscuit. When he felt



The Most Interesting Man I Ever Met

By J. A. Butler

MEN usually are fluent only when talking about their own business or sport. Women—at least most I've met—can talk of little other than household duties and their children. Instead of broadening out as they grow older—instead of constantly adding to their fund of information—they have literally gotten into a rut, they are backsliding. But fortunately this condition is not universal. There are, in spite of our manifold distractions and hurried living, a few who do manage to keep up with the really worthwhile things of life, and it is indeed a rare treat to meet them.

A Chance Acquaintance

Not long ago, I was coming from Chicago to New York on the Century. After dinner I picked up an acquaintance with a quiet man sitting near me. Starting out with a pleasantries about the weather, we gradually drifted from one subject to another until I looked at my watch and found that three hours had passed and it seemed scarcely but a few moments, so quickly had the time flown.

Never before had I met such a well-informed man. He seemed to know and to love all that is the best in Art; he knew little intimate things about the great writers; he could talk interestingly about almost any place of historical importance, and about the big men of all time. And so it was with Music, with Popular Science, with Nature, and with all the Arts.

Naturally I was intensely interested in this man. Who was he? Where had he gotten this fund of information? Surely he must be some rich dilettante with nothing to think of but developing his mind.

When we finally got up and decided to turn in for the night, I asked him for his card and gave him mine. Picture my amazement when I read the name of a big manufacturer in the Middle West, who had a reputation for having pulled himself up by his bootstraps.

Risking a rebuke, I asked him how he had been able to spare the time from his business to master the wonderful store of interesting information of which he was the possessor.

Worth Dollars and Cents

Here is what he said: "A few years ago I began to feel in a very definite way my lack of knowledge—for up to then I had devoted my entire waking hours to business—thought I was too busy—that culture was merely a luxury, all right for the idle rich, but not meant for the hard headed business man.

"Suddenly one day I realized that this attitude was entirely wrong. It was brought

Tells How Anyone Can Easily Develop a Strong Personality and How It Helps in a Business and Social Way.

forcibly to my attention by a new associate—a young man who had made an amazing success in our line, having attained a reputation out of all proportion to his years. I noticed that this man, in every situation—in any company—seemed to be more at home than anyone else. He seemed to have 'something on' the others. He was so easy and confident—such a fluent talker—and made such a telling impression that he seemed to be able to make everyone he met do anything he wanted them to.

"Right then I determined to somehow find the time to improve myself—and I want to say that I consider the things I've learned—the ability to talk and think other things than business—one of my greatest dollar and cents assets. Personality is one of the greatest powers in business. And culture—if you want to call what I've gained by that name—is the backbone of personality.

"And the remarkable part about it all is that I gained all of this in less than five minutes a day by joining the Mentor Association, which solved the problem of finding time to keep up with the finer things in life. The Mentor Association is a group of men and women, now numbering one hundred thousand, who have determined to learn just one new worthwhile thing every day. And it is really marvelous, the ground that can be covered in this way. All my appreciation and knowledge of the great works of the big masters in all the fields of art, my viewpoint in travel and nature, has come from my membership in the Mentor Association—by learning one new thing each day."

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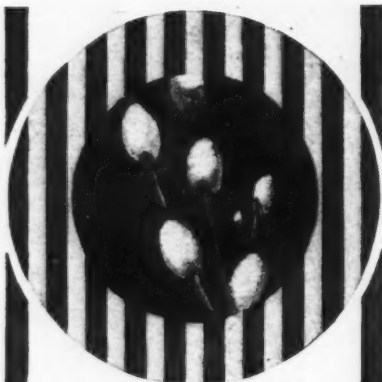
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able to tackle the stairs, he went up to bed. And, though still shaky next morning, the thought of the evening sustained and strengthened him. It was always such a pleasure to give her a good dinner—he suspected her of undereating when she was alone—and at the opera to watch her eyes glow and brighten, the unconscious smiling of her lips. She hadn't much pleasure, and this was the last time, perhaps, he would be able to watch her enjoy that treat. But when he was packing his bag, he caught himself wishing he had not the fatigue of dressing for dinner before him, and the exertion, too, of telling her about June's return.

The opera that evening was "Carmen," and he chose the last entr'acte to break the news, instinctively putting it off till the latest moment. She took it quietly, queerly; he did not know how she had taken it before the wayward music lifted up again, and silence became necessary. The mask was down over her face—that mask behind which so much went on that he could not see. She wanted time to think it over, no doubt. He would not press her, for she would be coming to give her lesson to-morrow afternoon, and he should see her then when she had got used to the idea. In the cab, he talked only of the Carmen; he had seen better in the old days, but this one was not bad at all. When he took her hand to say good-night, she bent quickly forward and kissed his forehead.

"Good-by, dear uncle Jolyon; you have been so sweet to me."

"To-morrow, then," he said. "Good-night. Sleep well."

She echoed softly, "Sleep well," and in the cab window, already moving away, he saw her face screwed round toward him, and her hand put out in a gesture that seemed to linger.

He sought his room slowly. They never gave him the same, and he could not get used to these "spick-and-span" affairs, with new furniture and gray-green carpets sprinkled all over with pink roses. He was wakeful, and that wretched *habañera* kept thrumming in his head. His French had never been equal to its words, but its sense he knew, if it had any sense—a Gipsy thing, wild and unaccountable. Well, there was in life something which upset all your care and plans—something which made men and women dance to its pipes. And he lay staring from deep-sunk eyes into the darkness, where the unaccountable held sway. You thought you had hold of life, but it slipped away behind you, took you by the scruff of the neck, forced you here and forced you there, and then, likely as not, squeezed life out of you. It took the very stars like that, he shouldn't wonder, rubbed their noses together, and flung them apart; it had never done playing its tricks. Five million people in this great blunderbuss of a town, and all of them at the mercy of that life-force, like a lot of little dried peas hopping about on a board when you struck your fist on it. Ah, well! Himself would not hop much longer—a good long sleep would do him good. How hot it was up here—how noisy! His forehead burned; she had kissed it just where he always worried—just there, as if she had known the very place and wanted to kiss it all away for him. But, instead; her lips had left a patch of grievous uneasiness. She had never kissed his face before,

had never made that lingering gesture, or looked back at him as she drove away. He got out of bed and pulled the curtains aside; his room faced down over the river. There was little air, but the sight of that breadth of water flowing by, calm, eternal, soothed him. "The great thing," he thought, "is not to make myself a nuisance. I'll think of my little sweet and go to sleep." But it was long before the heat and throbbing of the London night died out into the short slumber of the summer morning. And old Jolyon had but forty winks.

When he reached home next day, he went out to the flower garden, and, with the help of Holly, who was very delicate with flowers, gathered a great bunch of carnations. They were, he told her, for "the lady in gray"—a name still banded between them—and he put them in a bowl in his study, where he meant to tackle Irene the moment she came on the subject of June and future lessons. Their fragrance and color would help. After lunch, he lay down, for he felt very tired, and the carriage would not bring her from the station till four o'clock. But as the hour approached, he grew restless and sought the schoolroom, which overlooked the drive. The sun-blinds were down, and Holly was there with Mademoiselle Beauce, sheltered from the heat of a stifling July day, attending to their silkworms. Old Jolyon had a natural antipathy to these methodical creatures, whose heads and color reminded him of elephants, who nibbled such quantities of holes in nice green leaves and smelled, as he thought, horrid. He sat down on a chintz-covered window-seat, whence he could see the drive and get what air there was; and the dog Balthazar, who appreciated chintz on hot days, jumped up beside him. Over the cottage-piano a violet dust-sheet, faded almost to gray, was spread, and on it the first of the lavender, whose scent filled the room. In spite of the coolness here, perhaps because of that coolness, the beat of life vehemently impressed his ebb-down senses. Each sunbeam that came through the chinks had annoying brilliance; that dog smelled very strong; the lavender perfume was overpowering; those silkworms, heaving up their gray-green backs, seemed horribly alive, and Holly's dark head bent over them had a wonderful silky sheen. A marvelous, cruelly strong thing was life, when you were old and weak; it seemed to mock you with its multitude of forms and its beating vitality. He had never, till these last few weeks, had this curious feeling of being with one half of him eagerly borne along in the stream of life, and with the other half left on the bank, watching that helpless progress. Only when Irene was with him did he lose this double consciousness.

Holly turned her head, pointed with her little brown fist to the piano—for to point with a finger was not "well bred"—and said slyly,

"Look at the 'lady in gray,' gran; isn't she beautiful to-day?"

Old Jolyon's heart gave a flutter, and for a second the room was clouded; then it cleared, and he said, with a twinkle,

"Who's been dressing her up?"

"Oh—*mam'zelle*! But she'll have to change her dress before my music-lesson, won't she?"

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The child's words brought the chilly atmosphere of opposition about old Jolyon, disclosed all the menace to his new-found freedom. He would have to resign himself to being an old man at the mercy of care and love or fight, and to fight tired him to death. But his thin, worn face hardened into resolution till it appeared all jaw. This was his house, and his affair; he should not budge! He looked at his watch, old and thin like himself; he had owned it fifty years. Past four already! And, kissing the top of Holly's head in passing, he went down to the hall. He wanted to get hold of her before she went up to give her lesson. At the first sound of wheels, he stepped out into the porch and saw at once that the victoria was empty.

"The train's in, sir; but the lady 'asn't come."

Old Jolyon gave him a sharp upward look; his eyes seemed to push away that fat chap's curiosity and defy him to see the bitter disappointment he was feeling.

"Very well," he said, and turned back into the house.

He went to his study and sat down, quivering like a leaf. What did this mean? She might have lost her train, but he knew well enough she hadn't. "Good-by, dear uncle Jolyon." Why "Good-by" and not "Good-night?" And that hand of hers lingering in the air. And her kiss. What did it mean? Vehement alarm and irritation took possession of him. He got up and began to pace the Turkey carpet between window and wall. She was going to give him up! He felt it for certain—and he defenseless. An old man wanting to look on beauty! It was ridiculous! To everyone, even to her. Unnatural, ridiculous! Age closed his mouth, paralyzed his power to fight. He had no right to what was warm and living, no right to anything but memories and sorrow. He could not plead with her; even an old man has his dignity. Defenseless! For an hour, lost to bodily fatigue, he paced up and down, past the bowl of carnations he had plucked, that mocked him with its scent. Of all things hard to bear, the prostration of will-power is hardest for one who has always had his way. Nature had got him in its net, and, like an unhappy fish, he turned and swam at the meshes, here and there, and found no hole, no breaking-point. They brought him tea at five o'clock, and a letter. For a moment, hope beat up in him. He cut the envelop with the butter-knife and read:

DEAREST UNCLE JOLYON:

I can't bear to write anything that may disappoint you, but I was too cowardly to tell you last night. I feel I can't come down and give Holly any more lessons, now that June is coming back. Some things go too deep to be forgotten. It has been such a joy to see you and Holly. Perhaps I shall still see you sometimes when you come up, but I'm sure it's

"Holle, don't be foolish!"

That Frenchwoman! She hadn't yet got over the music-lessons being taken away from her. His little sweet was the only friend those lessons had. Well, they were her lessons. And he shouldn't budge for anything. He stroked the warm wool on Balthasar's head, and heard Holly say:

"When mother's home, there won't be any changes, will there? She doesn't like strangers, you know."

The child's words brought the chilly atmosphere of opposition about old Jolyon, disclosed all the menace to his new-found freedom. He would have to resign himself to being an old man at the mercy of care and love or fight, and to fight tired him to death. But his thin, worn face hardened into resolution till it appeared all jaw. This was his house, and his affair; he should not budge! He looked at his watch, old and thin like himself; he had owned it fifty years. Past four already! And, kissing the top of Holly's head in passing, he went down to the hall. He wanted to get hold of her before she went up to give her lesson. At the first sound of wheels, he stepped out into the porch and saw at once that the victoria was empty.

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not good for you; I can see you are tiring yourself too much. I believe you ought to rest quite quietly all this hot weather, and now that you have your son and June coming back, you will be so happy. Thank you a million times for all your sweetness to me.

Lovingly your

IRENE.

So there it was! Not good for him to have pleasure and what he chiefly cared about; to try and put off feeling the inevitable end of all things, the approach of death with its stealthy, rustling footsteps! Not good for him! Not even she could see how she was his new lease of interest in life, the incarnation of all he felt slipping from him!

His tea grew cold; his cigar remained unlit, and up and down he paced, torn between his dignity and his hold on life. Intolerable to be squeezed out slowly, without a say of your own, to live on when your will was in the hands of others bent on weighing you to the ground with care and love! Intolerable! He would see what telling her the truth would do—the truth that he wanted beauty more than just a lingering-on. He sat down at his old bureau and took a pen. But he could not write. There was something revolting in having to plead like this, plead that she should warm his eyes with the sight of her. It was tantamount to confessing dotage. He simply could not. And, instead, he wrote:

I had hoped that the memory of old sores would not be allowed to stand in the way of what is a pleasure and a profit to me and my little granddaughter. But old men learn to forego their whims; they are obliged to. Even the whim to live must be foregone sooner or later; and perhaps the sooner the better.

My love to you.

JOLYON FORSYTE.

"Bitter," he thought; "but I can't help it. I'm tired." And he sealed and dropped it into the box for the evening post, and, hearing it fall to the bottom, thought, "There goes all I've looked forward to."

That evening after dinner, which he scarcely touched, after his cigar which he left half smoked, for it made him feel faint, he went very slowly up-stairs and stole into the night nursery. He sat down on the window-seat. A night-light was burning, and he could just see Holly's face, with one hand underneath the cheek. A cockchafer buzzed in the Japanese paper with which they had filled the grate, and one of the horses in the stable stamped restlessly. To sleep like that child! He pressed apart two rungs of the Venetian blind and looked out. The moon was rising blood-red. He had never seen so red a moon. The woods and fields out there were dropping to sleep, too, in the last glimmer of the summer light. And beauty, like a spirit, walked.

"I've had a long life," he thought, "the best of nearly everything. I'm an ungrateful chap; I've seen a lot of beauty in my time. Poor young Bosinney said I had a sense of beauty. There's a man in the moon to-night!" A moth went by, another, another. "Ladies in gray!" He closed his eyes. A feeling that he would never open them again beset him; he let it grow, let himself sink, then, with a shiver, dragged the lids up. There was something wrong with him, no doubt—

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deeply wrong; he would have to have the doctor after all. It didn't much matter now!

Into that coppice, the moonlight would have crept; there would be shadows, and those shadows would be the only things awake. No birds, beasts, flowers, insects; just the shadows moving—"ladies in gray!" Over that log they would climb, would whisper together. She and Bosinney! Funny thought! And the frogs and little things would whisper, too! How the clock ticked in here! It was all cery out there in the light of that red moon; in here with the steady night-light and the ticking clock and the nurse's dressing-gown hanging from the edge of the screen, tall, like a woman's figure—"lady in gray!" And a very odd thought beset him. Did she exist? Had she ever come at all? Or was she but the emanation of all the beauty he had loved and must leave so soon? The violet-gray spirit with the dark eyes and the crown of amber hair that walks the dawn and the moonlight and at bluebell time? What was she? Who was she? Did she exist? He rose and stood a moment, clutching the window-sill to give him a sense of reality again, then began tiptoeing toward the door. He stopped at the foot of the bed; and Holly, as if conscious of his eyes fixed on her, stirred, sighed, and curled up closer in defense. He tiptoed on and passed out into the dark passage. He reached his room, undressed at once, and stood before a mirror in his nightshirt. What a scare-crow—with temples fallen in and thin legs! His eyes resisted his own image, and a look of pride came on his face. All was in league to pull him down, even his reflection in the glass; but he was not down—yet!

He got into bed, and lay a long time without sleeping, trying to reach resignation, only too well aware that fretting and disappointment were very bad for him.

He woke in the morning so unrefreshed and strengthless that he sent for the doctor. After sounding him, the fellow pulled a face as long as your arm and ordered him to stay in bed and give up smoking. That was no hardship; there was nothing to get up for, and when he felt ill, tobacco always lost its savor. He spent the morning languidly with the sunblinds down, turning and returning the *Times*, not reading much, the dog Balthasar lying beside his bed. With his lunch, they brought him a telegram running thus:

Your letter received. Coming down this afternoon; will be with you at four-thirty. IRENE.

Coming down! After all! Then she did exist—and he was not deserted. Coming down!

A glow ran through his limbs; his cheeks and forehead felt hot. He drank his soup and pushed the tray-table, lying very quiet until they had removed lunch and left him alone; but every now and then his eyes twinkled. Coming down! His heart beat fast, and then did not seem to beat at all. At three o'clock, he got up and dressed deliberately, noiselessly. Holly and *mam'zelle* would be in the schoolroom, and the servants asleep after their dinner, he shouldn't wonder.

He opened his door cautiously and went down-stairs.

In the hall, the dog Balthasar lay solitary, and, followed by him, old Jolyon passed into his study and out into the burning afternoon. He meant to go down and meet her in the coppice, but felt at once he could not manage that in this heat. He sat down instead under the oak tree by the swing, and the dog Balthasar, who also felt the heat, lay down beside him. He sat there smiling. What a revel of bright minutes! What a hum of insects and cooing of pigeons! It was the quintessence of a summer day. Lovely! And he was happy—happy as a sand-boy, whatever that might be. She was coming; she had not given him up! He had everything in life he wanted—except a little more breath, and less weight—just here! He would see her when she emerged from the fernery, come, swaying just a little, a violet-gray figure passing over the daisies and dandelions and "soldiers" on the lawn—the "soldiers" with their flowery crowns. He would not move, but she would come up to him and say, "Dear uncle Jolyon, I am sorry!" and sit in the swing and let him look at her and tell her that he had not been very well but was all right now; and that dog would lick her hand. That dog knew his master was fond of her. That dog was a good dog.

It was quite shady under the tree; the sun could not get at him, only make the rest of the world bright so that he could see the grand stand at Epsom away out there, very far, and the cows cropping the clover in the field and swishing at the flies with their tails. He smelled the scent of limes, and lavender. Ah, that was why there was such a racket of bees! They were excited—busy as his heart was busy—and excited. Drowsy, too, drowsy, and drugged on honey and happiness—as his heart was drugged and drowsy. "Summer—summer," they seemed saying—great bees and little bees, and the flies, too!

The stable-clock struck four; in half an hour she would be here. He would have just one tiny nap, because he had had so little sleep of late; and then he would be fresh for her, fresh for youth and beauty, coming toward him across the sunlit lawn—lady in gray! And, settling back in his chair, he closed his eyes. Some thistle-down came on what little air there was and pitched on his mustache more white than itself. He did not know, but his breathing stirred it, caught there. A ray of sunlight struck through and lodged on his boot. A humblebee alighted and strolled on the crown of his Panama hat. And the delicious surge of slumber reached the brain beneath that hat, and the head swayed forward and rested on his breast. "Summer—summer!" So went the hum. The stable-clock struck the quarter past. The dog Balthasar stretched and looked up at his master. The thistle-down no longer moved. The dog placed his chin over the sunlit foot. It did not stir. The dog withdrew his chin quickly, rose, and leaped on old Jolyon's lap, looked in his face, whined and, leaping down, sat on his haunches, gazing up. And, suddenly, he uttered a long, long howl.

But the thistle-down was still as death and the face of his old master.

"Summer—summer—summer!" The soundless footsteps on the grass!



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Virtuous Wives

(Continued from page 48)

"Thank you, Mr. Forrester."

He tipped his hat and went his mechanical way, a thin, chop-whiskered, feeble-voiced man of forty, with a sweeping nose and the Yankee's prominent Adam's apple. Forrester rang for the porter.

"Sam, get all the papers and any new magazines, and clear out this truck."

"Yassir, yassir; I sure will!" said the porter, grinning from ear to ear with the certainty of fancy tips. He went out hugging the discarded newspapers, which filled his arms.

"If she does as she wrote," said Andrew Forrester to himself, staring out at the squatter settlements which heralded the approach of the city; "if she does that, it means only one thing." He laughed an ugly laugh. "Andrew B. Forrester, what's the use of fooling yourself? It's all over long ago, and you know it. You might as well readjust things now—face things as they are." Their estrangement was not of an accident; it had crept gradually in, in the long months of his absence, fatuously devoted to his dream of putting her on an equal footing with the great ones of America. "Suppose you've only yourself to blame—then, that doesn't help matters. Good God, can't a woman have even gratitude—if nothing else?"

It is a popular belief that an American husband is the most-indulgent in the world. In great measure, this is true, but it is also true that he is the most susceptible to brusque rebellion. So long as his faith continues, his self-sacrifice is fabulous; but once convinced of ingratitude, the revulsion in his nature has the force of dynamite. Andrew Forrester, in the direct obstinacy of his outlook on life, knew neither subtleties nor compromise. Out of the ardent impulse of his nature, he had consecrated his life to seek for his wife the precious gifts of pleasure. That was a fact. She had suddenly revealed herself as unable to consider his point of view, his business interests, or his dignity. Then she had announced her intention of flatly disobeying him. These were more facts. There could be no extenuation and no explanation. If the old attitude could be restored, it could only be by an unqualified recognition of the justice of his grievance. That there could be the slightest hesitation on her part in acknowledging this, once the question clearly put, had astounded him. There could be but one answer. She did not love him.

All this was as clear and as logical as a business problem, but once arrived at the inevitable conclusion, he found himself wandering back into mazes of puzzled conjecture.

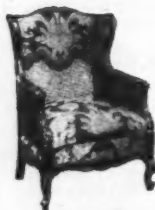
"But what have I done to deserve such treatment?" he thought wearily, going over the past. "What is it she can't see? Why won't she realize that I am the important one, that what I do counts, that if I am hindered, if I fail—but, O Lord, what's the use of hashing that over? We've gone beyond that. It's a question of authority now—order or anarchy. If she's brought back that young cub, Dawson, if she intends to sacrifice me rather than him—well, there's only one thing to be done!" He fidgeted in his seat, re-

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treating before an ultimatum. "Of course there's nothing wrong—she's not that kind. Yes; I know that—God, but once I wasn't sure!" His blood leaped up hotly at the thought. For days he had been shaken with the hot insomnia of jealousy, ready to believe anything. Youth sought youth and the rapid gaiety of its own generation. He himself had willed it. The next moment he frowned, passed his hand over his forehead. "No, no; that's ridiculous. I mustn't let my imagination run away. I'm making myself suffer for nothing. Whoa there, Andrew B. Forrester!"

He sprang up, searched in his bag for a cigar, and, the train running into Buffalo, descended. It was deep into the evening, and in the scurrying, flower-laden crowds was the scent of the full spring. He caught a newsboy rushing past by the shoulders and bought a newspaper, opening it to the day's reports of the stock-market. Osaba Refining and Smelting had again receded a fraction on unfavorable news from Mexico. He crumpled up the paper and flung it on a bench, though it had visualized no more than he knew.

"Why the deuce should I be bothered with debts now, when I'm making twice what I did?" he said savagely. "Then, nothing bothered me from morning to night. I was in the pink of condition, could eat like a schoolboy, and could work twenty hours at a stretch."

In two years he had trebled his debts. Since his marriage, luck had run persistently against him. He had played for the gambler's maximum, sold his solid holdings, accumulation of years, to plunge into the new venture. Confident of golden horizons, he had taken large blocks of stock on margins. To-day, Osaba Refining and Smelting was fifteen points lower, despite the miracle of organization and development he had worked, despite the net earnings and the prospects ahead. By one of those tricks of fate which the American financier never foresees in his confident manipulations of destiny, a subordinate officer in Tampico had affronted the dignity of the American nation, and forty-eight hours later war hung on the horizon. Though his income was fifty thousand a year, he spent seventy and faced the possibility of borrowing a large sum in order not to sacrifice part of his holdings.

The thought of bills, large or small, had always annoyed him, and now, confronted with the specter of Amy's extravagance, he had begun to age. Deprived of his morning gallop, he had grown soft, and a slight *embonpoint* had arrived. Lines had gathered about the eyes and temples. His lips had a trick of twitching when his mind was perplexed, and day or night he found it increasingly difficult to relax.

"Well, if the cub's there—that'll settle it!" he thought again, his mind reverting to the approaching crisis. "Anyhow, in a few hours I'll know where I stand."

During the long isolation in Mexico, he had felt, with an increased heaviness of heart, the change in her letters. It had been not only their increasing rarity but the growing note of complete self-absorption which had warned him of the widening chasm between them. The only result of his self-abnegation had been to give wings to a butterfly, with which to escape from him.

Like most American men, he had married without the slightest contemplation of marriage. He had had no conception either of the new duties he should assume or what share of responsibility in this new attitude of life he would eventually demand from his wife. He had plunged in, without chart or compass. No religious training had prepared him; no home standards existed for the necessary background. The second period had now arrived, when he was to examine logically what he had done on impulse.

"But what have I done that was wrong?" he asked himself, as he had asked a hundred times. "Where have I failed? Given without asking anything in return? Perhaps." That was the tragedy of America, and the result was the same, whether it was the husband, in his chivalry sacrificing himself to the youth of his wife, or the parents, educating their children beyond them in the passionate American longing to raise those they love above them.

The incoming crowds surged about him. They recalled the first parting in the Grand Central Station, when, by some impulse of her deeper self, some ominous shrinking before the future, she had clung to his side and begged to go with him.

"How queer—how queer life is!" he thought, with a laugh of mockery. "There was one moment when everything might have been different—a moment when I would have let her—if we had been alone—just us two—if the others hadn't been there! And if she had asked the next time—" He shrugged his shoulders. There had been no next time!

The whistle gave a shrill blast. Sam called to him in warning. He swung up the steps and returned to his seat.

"Well, here I am, and what am I going to do about it?" he said, sorting the new pile of periodicals and newspapers. "Face the music, of course. Other men have, and life goes on just the same."

Perkins came in after dinner, and he welcomed the interruption with a feeling of relief.

"Come in, come in, Perkins; here's your cigar—and it's a pretty good one," he said, extending the box. "Take a couple away for a good dinner when you get home."

The thin conductor selected the cigars with an air of veneration, pocketed two, and bit a third, after pinching the end, in order to save the precious fraction.

"Thank you, Mr. Forrester; that will help a lot," he said, beaming with the feeling of good humor Forrester communicated to those who approached him. He brought forward a newspaper. "Notice this?"

"No, what is it?"

"Picture of your missus."

Forrester took the paper, drawing back and nodding gravely. Before him was the exquisite profile of his wife and underneath:

MRS. ANDREW B. FORRESTER

WHOSE VERSAILLES FÊTE TO-NIGHT IS AN

EVENT OF THE SEASON

"Yes; she is extraordinarily pretty," he said to himself, examining it critically. "Quite different from anyone else." A thrill of pride went through him. "Is it possible that I am in love with her?"

"Quite a story about the ball," said Perkins admiringly. "Description of the



DO you remember when Tom Sawyer went swimming and had everything hidden so carefully so that Aunt Polly couldn't find out? Aunt Polly had sewed up his shirt that morning. But Tom had carefully re-sewed it, so he thought he was safe. But alack and alas, he used black thread instead of white.

Once more you will laugh with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—but you will want to cry as you laugh. For behind the joy of youth is the reality of life—the philosophy you did not see when you were a boy.

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He was American. He had the idealism of America—the humor, the kindliness, the reaching toward a bigger thing, the simplicity. In this work we find all things, from the ridiculous in "Huckleberry Finn" to the sublime of "Joan of Arc"—the most spiritual book that was ever written in the English language, of serene and lovely beauty, as lofty as Joan herself. A man who could write two such books as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Joan of Arc" was sublime in power. His youth and his laughter are eternal; his genius will never die.

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costumes and all that. Guess everyone worth while will be there, won't they?"

"You seem quite interested," said Forrester. He laid down the paper, pushing it a little away from him. This was a new side of Perkins—Perkins, whose salary, whose struggles and perplexities and hopes he knew, as he liked to know the inner mechanism of all lives.

"My missus thinks a lot about such things," Perkins said apologetically. "You see, knowing that I know you, she's been specially interested in this. She says it's the most elegant thing this year."

A fantastic idea came to Forrester. What if he gave Mrs. Perkins the chance to gaze upon this paradise of her imagination? It could easily be arranged—all she would need to do would be to help upstairs. But immediately, looking at Perkins, he said to himself angrily:

"I must be crazy! Do him such an injustice? Not by a long shot!"

Out loud, he said, "So Mrs. Perkins reads the social column, eh?"

Perkins nodded gloomily.

"She's daffy on it." He blew out a fragrant cloud of smoke and looked at Forrester inquiringly. "Mr. Forrester, what's gotten into the women folks these days?"

"Well, what do you think is wrong?" he answered defensively, startled at a question which came so close to his own perplexities.

"Search me," said Perkins, shaking his head. He started to continue the subject, hesitated awkwardly, and switched. "What kind of openings are there down in Mexico for a fellow like myself?"

"For you, Perkins?"

"Yes, for me. I've been wanting to make a shift," he said, looking at the end of his cigar with the gravity that one assumes with brass buttons. "Yes, Mr. Forrester, for a long time." He looked up quickly. "You couldn't use me somewhere, could you, Mr. Forrester?"

"Mexico's a long way off," he answered, studying him in surprise, "and just at present it's no place for women."

"I wasn't thinking of taking the missus."

"Oh!" A silence rested between them. "Trouble of some sort?"

"Yes."

"Not in the family?"

Perkins began to play with the brass buttons on his uniform, clearing his throat nervously.

"Well, that's about it."

"Sorry to hear that," said Forrester, startled at the conjunction of circumstances.

"Mr. Forrester, what's got into the women folks these days?" the conductor repeated all at once, and Forrester, at a loss for an answer, replied again,

"Well, what do you think's the matter?"

"You can search me," Perkins said, staring out of the window. "It was all right the first years, until I got a couple of raises—until we settled in the city. Mr. Forrester, I think it's the dance-craze has got a lot to do with it. It does turn their heads, particularly if they're young and pretty." He stopped, opened a pocket-book, and brought out a photograph.

"Never showed you this, did I? Quite smart-looking girl, isn't she?"

"Very," said Forrester, glancing in wonder at Perkins' wife, who might have walked out of his own drawing-room.

Cosmopolitan for March, 1918

"Some style," said the conductor, with a touch of pride.

Forrester nodded, pursed his lips, and handed back the photograph.

"You have to pay for what goes on that back, Perkins."

"Exactly—that's the point," he said slowly. "That's where we differ—one of the points. You see, I'm thinking ahead—there's a good ways to go still, and it takes a powerful store of nuts."

"Saved anything?"

"Six hundred in the bank—six hundred, that's all," he said wearily.

"Only six hundred—at your age!" said Forrester, astonished. "Things been going pretty badly, then?"

"Pretty bad, sir; yes. Oh, there's nothing wrong, you know, with Nellie—you understand what I mean."

"I understand," said Forrester, gazing out of the window.

"But her life and mine don't jibe. It's society's turned her head—all these political picnics and balls, the 'movies,' the friend with a car, and dancing every afternoon. I've tried to get her out of it. But you can't budge her from New York—no, sir; not an inch. I'd a fine opening out in St. Louis with my uncle in a wholesale grocery. But she wouldn't go."

"Perkins, why don't you divorce?" said Forrester abruptly. Then he drew back and stared again into the flitting hills, shocked at the echoes of what he had himself pronounced.

"Well, you see, there's a couple of kiddies," Perkins said gently, "and they're fond of her. So am I—in a way. You saw what she looks like. She's bright, always full of spirits. No; I wouldn't want to do anything to hurt her. But some one's got to think ahead—and that's me. I want to get away, Mr. Forrester, or I'll be losing my grip."

Forrester straightened up, drew out a memorandum-pad and pencil.

"Write down your name and address."

"You mean—you'll find a place for me?"

"You bet I will!" he said emphatically. He spoke with decision. "You're a first-class, corking man, and I'm going to use you. Now, a few plain words. What's important—her life or yours? Who's the worker? Who's feeding the family? These things are hard—hard—especially coming to a decision. But make your decision, stick to it, and you'll feel like another man. She won't follow you? Make her an allowance and get out. You come to me to-morrow, when you've told her, and I'll take care of you, Perkins—and you won't lose by it, either. Is it a go?"

He held out his hand. Perkins took it slowly, swallowing hard.

"It's a miracle, sir, that's what it is—no use trying to thank—"

"Don't. I guess I can understand."

When Perkins presently departed, Forrester craned forward, arms on the table, hands drawn under the chin, held for hours in his own thoughts. Before, he had felt isolated by his own private unhappiness; now, a certain kinship in misery descended on him and softened the ache.

"Whatever happens, Andrew B. Forrester's not going to be wrecked, either," he said stubbornly. "I've gambled like a fool, I've gotten in beyond my depth. I've lived like a spendthrift. Now

enough—she can go her way and I'll go mine, but her way isn't going to sink the ship!"

He was still in this belligerent mood as the train plunged into the long tunnel below Harlem. He rose and went out on the platform. A gigantic transformation was being worked; an immense system was growing around the shell of the old layers of tracks, being built beneath their road-bed—houses shored up, caverns opened, new supports replacing the crumbling rock, and all this myriad activity going on night and day, without a single minute's disturbance to the multitudes which flowed in and out.

"By George, that is great!" he said in awe. "If I had a son, I'd like him to do big things like that."

But he had no son. He was alone.

In the station, that great underground sky-scraper, where crowds swarmed up from delving stories, the same joyful reverence filled him. It was all so immense, on a scale so much bigger than any human consideration. It was like a great purposeful tempest washing away little uglinesses.

"This is America!" he said to himself, at the sight of world-crowds that rushed about him. The electricity of the moment, the swaying toward the future, the regeneration of the old, tired strain, with the joy of great horizons, held him in its grip. A throng of emigrants went past, from southeastern Europe, huddled to-

gether, gaping, ticketed for the West. "Out of these staring oxen," he thought, "a master of men may come. By George, this is America!"

He stood a moment, a long moment, breasting the human flood, a growing light in his eyes.

"Good Lord, what does my private grief amount to before this?" he said to himself. "I've married, not as I thought I did, as a free agent, but because nature, I suppose, sent me blindly out to seek a mate. Whether I'm happy or unhappy, what does it matter? This is what counts. Big days—and it's good to live in them. This is my life—my man's life—my part in the fight!"

The next instalment of *Virtuous Wives* will appear in April *Cosmopolitan*.

Camilla

(Continued from page 71)

picture she loved the best. Miss Mary noticed the renewed brightness.

Camilla was stricken with terror of the need to confess. Her face would have saved her the trouble had Miss Mary happened to look at it! But Miss Mary thanked the chambermaid and tipped her.

Miss Mary had been invited to spend Easter at grandfather Charlton's. She and Camilla were going down together.

One day, she came in and surprised Camilla standing in front of the dressing-table, quite lost to caution, hypnotized by long staring at the pictures. Miss Mary put her arm round the girl.

"What do you think your family would say if I made Leroy come down for the holidays?"

To have Leroy at home! The prospect shimmered and shone.

Camilla wrote a pretty letter to her grandfather, setting out the young man's claims to consideration, chief among these being his horsemanship. That would "get grandfather." To her mother, she represented the scheme as "a return to Miss Mary for being so kind to me. Leroy is her favorite relation, and she says he needs a change badly."

The letters went off on a Saturday. Camilla hardly slept that night for excitement. Leroy Trenholme at Charlton Hill! She and Leroy!

Saturday, that was. A Sunday of shining dreams, and then that never-to-be-forgotten Black Monday, when the silver-framed photograph vanished from Miss Mary's dressing-table.

The emptiness! Intolerable, yet necessary to be endured, like death. Yes; it was as if Leroy Trenholme had died.

Practically he had, according to Miss Mary.

The papers of that day were full of it. Leroy had run away with Isabelle Mercereau. Sailed away with her, rather.

There was a picture of the yacht. The aching mind supplied two figures to the empty deck—Leroy and the siren singer in each other's arms.

Before taking flight, the leading lady of the Fifth Avenue Opera Comique had admitted a secret marriage between herself and the younger son of the multimillionaire, James Trenholme. There were interviews, columns long, with the friend to whom the aforesaid admission had been made; pictures of the high contracting

parties, of their respective homes, and of Miss Mercereau in her favorite rôles.

The evening papers printed feeble denials of the story.

The young man's father had said with icy anger,

"There is nothing in it."

The answer to that came from the impresario at the Opera Comique. If nothing more, there was a lawsuit in it. Miss Mercereau had committed a breach of contract. She herself was bankrupt. The young gentleman who had called the new tune must pay the piper.

"He is a minor," the Trenholmes' lawyer had replied.

"He is the lady's husband," blared back the impresario as with every brazen instrument in his famous band. Friedrich Weinberg didn't care whether the damages were paid by young Trenholme or by young Trenholme's father—just so they were paid.

The wrangle went on—with a minimum of aid from James Trenholme. For days, the story and its ramifications occupied the front page of the New York dailies. Meanwhile, the disturbing pair had melted into the horizon that spans the Southern seas.

The misery of those days was a worse thing than homesickness. During all that other grief of parting, you knew that all your torn heart had clung to was still there. You would go back to it one day. But here was loss, utter, final. Loss of both, she told herself. The glorious Leroy had thrown himself away. He had thrown her away. She, Camilla Charlton, was a mere husk on the rubbish-heap of the world. And *this* was how it was to end!

She was far too profoundly absorbed in contemplation of her own tragedy to think of what this event might mean to others. Miss Mary's sudden decision that she'd had enough of parlor-boardering scarcely mattered at all. After the silver frame had gone, it mattered less than little that Miss Mary should go, too. Her elder brother, Willis, came for her, and they joined the family abroad.

Camilla had been two years at school when the United States battle-ship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor. America burst into a blaze of anger against the long-suffered Cuban chaos. Nobody talked of anything but war.

Camilla had heard as little as possible of the accounts, ghastly and ever ghastlier, of General Weyler's alleged cruelties. Why doesn't America go to the rescue, she wondered, weeks before the outrage on the Maine. And now America was going to the rescue.

Leroy Trenholme had joined the First United States Volunteer Cavalry.

Not one of all the earlier accounts that filled the papers brought the young lady confidence in our war preparations. But with Leroy and the gallant Colonel Roosevelt—newspapers put Roosevelt first, not Camilla—with those glorious two, rough-riding over wrong, Cuba was saved. American honor was saved. She said as much to Jessica, under the stress of unusual feeling.

"Oh, I'm glad Isabelle hasn't prevented him!"

"Isabelle?" What's she got to say about it?"

"Some wives—"

"She isn't—never was his wife. You are pig-headed about that!"

It was an old controversy. Camilla knew that Isabelle was "back" and singing again. But that didn't prove—

"Of course it does," Jessica said, with a woman-of-the-world air.

Leroy and Isabelle had returned from their cruise after Miss Holroyd's school broke up. Camilla had not seen the papers which chronicled the event and discussed its general bearings.

From holidays spent with her father and mother on Long Island, Camilla came back to find that Jessica had a new hero who climbed mountains. Heroes were plentiful that season.

There was no neglect of the newspapers the summer of the Cuban campaign. Every evening Camilla used to walk to the Cliff Bay station of the Long Island Railroad to meet her father and to get the evening extras.

"Our boys are showing them—" he'd say.

As they walked home, she would open a paper and glance at the head-lines. To this hour, she could see the stretch of dusty road and the look of the burnt, unkempt countryside on that August evening, still hear her father's voice saying: "More muddling in Washington. But our boys down yonder—they're all right!" and



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Makers of "Mum"

she, stopping short for a second, to stare at the opened paper.

"Yes," she brought out: "they are all—" And walked on, folding the headline out of sight. Had Mr. and Mrs. Sambourne come, her father asked; and then he talked about the basket of fruit he was bringing back to her mother. It was Mrs. Charlton's birthday.

And all the way Camilla kept seeing the little wooden villas, the very air painted over in thick black letters:

CAPTAIN LEROY TRENHOLME SEVERELY WOUNDED

"I'm sorry to say your nephew's been getting it," was Mr. Charlton's greeting to his guests. They talked about Leroy for a while. Then, like Miss Holroyd's girls, they forgot him!

After supper, they sat out, as usual, on the porch. The ladies, in thin white muslin, plied their fans and talked about Florida—how grandfather Charlton was growing more and more impossible to get on with and the place was going to ruin. Camilla's father and Mr. Sambourne, in pongee coats, smoked, and talked about Admiral Dewey and the difference in battle-ships since the days of the Merrimac and the Monitor.

Camilla leaned her head against her mother's knees and shut her eyes. Leroy in agony—with a great wound torn in his side! And here was her father, leaving the war to take care of itself, leaving Leroy, and asking about the Sambourne boys—as if they mattered!

Lowe Sambourne was "in Cuba, too," correspondent for a syndicate of Western papers. Good thing for Lowe to have his mind taken off those jejune schemes of his for righting the universe! Lowe had squandered a year—"a whole year of golden youth," said Lowe's father, honeying the phrase, "investigating labor conditions." Mr. Sambourne dropped his indolent air to say, with smiling briskness, as if it were a joke:

"I don't pretend to understand the modern young man. Do you, George—the man, I mean, who doesn't *have* to grub for a living? He seems to have lost—utterly lost—the—what shall I call it?"—he waved a smooth white hand—"the exuberance of youth. The modern young man doesn't run into debt—hasn't so much to run in debt *for*," he threw in slyly. "Doesn't drink—not as men used to. Thinks about his health. Bad enough to *have* to at fifty. Imagine worrying about your health when you're twenty and sound as a bell!"

"Perhaps that's the only time it's any good."

"But think of what they *miss*, man!"

Camilla's father thought in silence.

"No; the modern gilded youth is beyond me. He often lives in the slums. When he *doesn't*, he works. Pretends he likes it. There was my Harrington, let loose in Paris. Entered at the Beaux Arts. And studied architecture!"

"Wasn't that why he went?"

"Lord, yes! That's just what I'm talking about. Thirty years ago, he'd have made architecture his excuse—and his real pursuit. Well, we know what some of 'em pursued. Oh, it isn't only my boys. I see it everywhere. My two nephews just the same. Jim and Leroy Trenholme

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went through Harvard with their pockets
full of money and came away without
sowing a wild oat."

"Leroy?" Mr. Charlton asked doubt-
fully.

"Even Leroy. Studied less and played
more than Jim—lost a little on horses and
developed a taste for the theater—or more
precisely for professors of opera comique.
Even Leroy, with his greater *bonhomie*,
greater good looks, greater joy of life, was
as unlike your reckless, dissipated young
dog of other days."

"Perhaps," said Camilla's father, "he
had too fair a share of the family energy
to throw away time. Preferred to spend
it. Too clear a sense of the value of dol-
lars to throw away money. Again, pre-
ferred to spend it, getting things that,
however mistakenly, he considered a *quid*
pro quo. Like marrying the Mercereau."

"Marrying!" Mr. Sambourne checked
the gentle oscillation of his chair to re-
pudiate the idea. "No such fool!" He
resumed his rocking. "Foreigners do
that sort of thing. Specially Englishmen.
Not your hard-headed young American.
With us, now and then, a rich old man or a
man who makes his money in middle life,
he may lose his balance and tumble into a
marriage of that sort. Our young men
have got themselves too well in hand. If
they're reckless, they're reckless in a reason-
able way. Within definite bounds. I tell
you they manage life with a prudence
that poorer and older people might envy."
Mr. Sambourne laughed a low, rich laugh
in which the ruefulness seemed to count
for humor.

In that same Bay Cliff house, three years
later, under an operation for appendicitis,
Camilla's mother died. Julia, with her
husband and boy, were spending that
summer with her father and mother, but
it was to Camilla that George Charlton
turned when he could bear anyone close to
his grief. In those early-morning walks
above the beaches, those evenings on the
rocks, the girl heard more about her
mother's life, came to know both the dead
and the living better than in all the years
before. She came to know the nobler
possibilities of marriage, as she had only
dimly discerned them through that every-
day atmosphere which is the best of dis-
guises for the heights and depths of human
experience.

Camilla knew before her mother's death
why it was that they had no house of their
own in New York long after they were
quite well enough off to have afforded it.
She could hear her mother's voice: "It is
so good for your father to have a place like
this, open all the year round, where he can
come at any moment and go out in his be-
loved boat. Or just potter about with me
and breathe the good air. He comes much
oftener than if we had a house in New
York."

And she came much oftener. "I nat, he
said, was what made coming a habit. By
putting off the cares of a New York estab-
lishment, she had a great deal more time
for him.

"She was always ready," he said, looking
back. They had agreed, he told Camilla,
to make the most of this time to them-
selves, the time till the girls left school.
Never since the first child was born had
they been so much together as during
these last years.



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"Look, Nell—this coupon! Remember the night you urged me to send it in to
Scranton? Then how happy we were when I came home with the news of my
first promotion? We owe it all, Nell, my place as Manager, our home, our
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who became Architects and Contractors;
mechanics who became Engineers and Elec-
trical Experts; men and boys who rose from
nothing at all to splendid responsible
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with a most unsisterly shyness in her pretty eyes. "And we're dreadfully afraid he's going to upset the apple-cart a second time. To do that twice is at least once too often," said Miss Mary. Camilla was struck by the incongruity between the light-hearted French hat and the anxious face under it. "Oh, it's too long to go into. But from what we gather, his side has been troubling him more than he's admitted. What we have to do is to keep him quiet. And you've got to come and help us."

Camilla explained that she'd been left here with the Italian mistress. Signora Galetti would have to be a little considered, explained to, at all events. She was at vespers. Then there was the packing—

"Well, to-morrow, then—in time for luncheon. Darling Camilla, it's quite like old times, seeing you—though you are so much, much more—" She burst out laughing. "It's perhaps only that I hadn't remembered."

Signora Galetti's favorite way of taking care of Miss Charlton during the holidays had been to take her to mass at the near-by cathedral as often as the girl could be prevailed on to attend.

The signora was little and desiccated and dressed in black. Camilla, at her sister's urging, had put off mourning on the theory that it would make a cheerfuller home-coming for her father.

On Easter morning she came stepping down the avenue in pearl-gray and old rose, her youth blooming in stronger contrast than ever with the sharp little silhouette at her side. They had been to St. Patrick's. Camilla threaded her way through the Fifth Avenue crowds with little-seeing eyes, thrilling still to the music and ceremonial which had been fulfilling in Christian terms the old pagan purpose of celebrating the return of the sun-god, and the quickening of earth.

The girl had brought out of the cathedral the scent of lilies and the strains of triumph over winter, over mourning, over death. Out here, more irresistible still, the springtide rose in her.

"Why do you walk so fast?" said the signora, and, "Who is zat?" she demanded. "Who is who?"

"Zat man you smiled at."

Camilla protested she had smiled at no man.

"Well, you sairrtaingly did smile."

"Did I?"

"You know you deed," snapped the signora; "else why are you blushing like zat?"

Unabashed for once before reproof, Camilla turned her happy eyes to the open door of the Samboorne house—and on to the wide bay window, where she saw a group of young people. Or, to be precise, she saw, with an intensity of clearness, one figure leaning out of the window—and others vague as background ghosts.

She heard about it afterward from Tina. Roy had been in great spirits, mocking at the Sunday passers, "all in their awful best." Then suddenly, "Great Caesar!"

"What is it?" we asked. The door opened and you came in.

"That!" said Roy.

The next instalment of *Camilla* will appear in *April Cosmopolitan*.



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The Kicking Mule

(Continued from page 75)

"Splendid! Why don't you manufacture this yourself?"

"Because my brother is the fool of the family." A large "Ha-ha!" went with this. "I'm willing, Eldred is, to let daring investors manufacture the Doaken chicken-silo and pay Eldred a handsome royalty—if they win. If they lose, all it costs me is a pang of pity."

"Pretty slick, Doaken!" laughed J. Rufus. "I didn't know they raised 'em that shrewd in Cokeville. How's business there?"

"Pretty fair. A lot of factories and mines. I made Eldred's in the salary-loan game." "No wonder you're so hep!" chuckled J. Rufus, and clapped him on the shoulder. "You loan a guy ten dollars, and at the end of the year he's paid you forty-six and owes you fifty-four. You must have it to burn!"

Mr. Doaken laughed loudly.

"Enough to provide the oats for some moons to come," he exulted. "Over a hundred thousand bucks to the velvet, and the wine-bill paid."

Had he been looking closely, he might have seen the slightest momentary droop of his boon companion's eyelids, the slightest possible straightening of the boon companion's lips. He did notice the boon companion rise.

"Excuse me a moment," said J. Rufus. "I have to telephone about the disposal of some bonds. Order another high-ball and a consignment of that sharp, free cheese." He hurried to the telephone-booth, and stood there for five minutes in profound meditation. Suddenly he chuckled and called Blackie Daw.

When he returned, his step was light and his mind was free.

"I've been thinking about your hens' delight, Doaken. Why old man, it's the most practical invention I've seen in years! It's a world-beater! Every chicken should have one! I'd take it in the new manufacturing company I'm organizing, but our plans are all laid." A brief twinkle in his eye. "Anyhow, you want to keep your bonanza to yourself. You know, you don't need to run a risk in manufacturing it."

"Show me," invited Cokesville's best, sticking his thumbs in his armpits. "I'm game enough to do anything if there's no risk in it." His laugh died down as he saw the serious change in the expression of the boon companion. That gentleman's eyes narrowed, and, at the same time, they twinkled. He hitched his chair closer, and covered the side of his mouth so that no one but Doaken, he alone, should read his lips and know his secret.

"Here's the cute way. If you can cop the controlling interest in a factory which is already making money, you can put in the chicken-silo as a side-line, and sign a contract with yourself which will give you all the profits."

That idea was so striking, so shrewd and sensible, so safe, and so full of possibilities that the man from Cokeville stared J. Rufus Wallingford soberly in the eye. The impression was made. So J. Rufus nodded slightly to the long, lank figure which hovered in the doorway behind Mr. Doaken.

"That's how I made my half-million," he smiled.

"Gentlemen, greetings!" Blackie Daw stood grinning over the table, with a long black case under his arm. Can I induce anybody to take a few saxophone-lessons? Before you answer, permit me to give you a sample note." He produced his shining instrument and blew one blast which brought the barkeeper on the jump.

"Choke it!" he ordered.

"We'll pay the man, anyhow," chuckled Wallingford. "His salary's a drink."

"And I'll shoot to see who pays for it." The wandering musician produced a huge roll of bills. He peeled one loose—a twenty. "Odd or even on the number? You both guess, and I'm with the number on the bill. The third man loses."

There was a blinking instant, at the end of which they all grinned, including the interested barkeeper; and Eldred Doaken pushed away Blackie's closed hand.

"You'll do," he said. "Whichever way it jumps, you win. What'll it be?"

"The same," Blackie drew up his chair and shook hands heartily with Doaken, also less heartily with Mr. Wallingford.

"You didn't stay for the finish of the patent-grafters' riot," the latter suggested.

"Nobody seemed to need help," grinned Blackie. "And nobody seemed to need amusement. My sole object in life is to amuse myself and others. I love to play the saxophone, the piano, billiards, cards, the ponies, and the devil. What's your favorite, gentlemen?"

"Well, I hold a good stick at billiards." And Mr. Doaken smoothed his vest. "Cokeville had to import a champion to get my medal!"

"I was his instructor," stated Mr. Daw soberly, and twisted his mustaches. "I don't know how strong you are, Doaken, but I'll play you for a dollar."

"You're pretty fly yourself," complimented the champion from Cokeville. "You'll take a stick, Wallingford?"

"Sorry, fellows." The boon companion rose regretfully. "But I've a business engagement in fifteen minutes."

III

A PRINCE of entertainers, Blackie Daw, and a born fool! No thought in his head but to have a good time. Why, he and Eldred were like twins from the minute they met! Billiards, luncheons, dinners, theaters, suppers—every known form of hilarious time-killing with plenty of motor-ing in between to rest from the drinks. It was Eldred's suggestion to inspect a few factories as they drove, the suggestion probably coming from the fact that every drive, sooner or later, touched a factory district. What Mr. Doaken wanted was a money-making shop small enough for him to obtain a controlling interest. Then he could put in his chicken-silo as a side-line, and sign a contract with himself which would give him all the profits if the silo proved to be a world-beater.

It was exactly one-fifty-five on the third day, when Mr. Daw, looking at his watch, drove past a factory so conspicuously of interest to Mr. Doaken that he nearly choked on his cigar in yelling,

"Whoa!"
Ulrik's Poultry-Farm Supplies!
A neat and prosperous place it was, with its four clean brick buildings, and enormous white signs everywhere. There was the whir of machinery, and the noises of pounding and clanking and grinding. Freight-cars on the siding, and men loading them, trundling their trucks with a rush.
"Going in?" asked Blackie indifferently, but his eye was on a short, square-built fellow in the wide doorway. The man was in his shirt-sleeves and without a hat, and he was looking at his watch through thick spectacles. He wore his wiry hair pompadour, and there was a pencil behind his ear.
"Going in? Is Eldred's name!" stated Doaken with enthusiasm, leaping out of the car.
"Right in your line," noticed Blackie, following. "First thing you know, Eldie, you'll find your plant, and I'll be soliciting saxophone pupils."
The short man looked up at the arrivals with the glance which one gives to strangers, and then said to a respectful fellow by his side,
"Ship the incubators by express." Thereupon, he turned and went into the office, the respectful fellow at his heels.
"The Ulrik Manufacturing Company," said Blackie, looking round with appreciation. "Busiest place we've been in, Eldie. I guess this looks like a foreman. Just rubbering through your factory, old man."
"Glad to have you," invited the foreman pleasantly. "Are you gentlemen connected with the poultry business?"
"Oh, no!" Eldred spoke up breezily. "Just interested in manufacturing." He studied that plant, building by building, with a calculating eye. "What's your capitalization?"
The foreman looked him over.
"A hundred thousand."
"What's the value of the stock?"
The foreman laughed.
"Par, I suppose, if there is any for sale; but a nine-per-cent. stock is never without a home."
"I should say not!" agreed Eldred promptly. "Nine per cent.!" Oh, this was it! A great place to try out the chicken-silo without a dollar of expense.
"Who owns the stock?"
"Several people."
"I'd like to buy some."
The foreman looked at him with respectful attention.
"I doubt if you can," he returned. "I wouldn't sell mine, I know. But you might speak to Mr. Ulrik."
Blackie had been earnestly gazing out of the factory door.
"Is this an incubator?" he hastily asked. "How does it work?"
The foreman drew a deep breath and explained carefully how the incubator worked. As he bent over the thing, Blackie accidentally nudged Doaken on the elbow. When Eldred looked up, he saw that the nudge must have been accidental. Blackie was looking idly out the factory door, and across the field of vision were passing the spectacled short man, now coated and hatted, and the respectful man who had been with him. Blackie suddenly recalled the prospective investor's attention to the incubator. A few minutes later, they released the patient foreman and stepped into the office.

"Is Mr. Ulrik here?" asked Doaken.
The girl at the typewriting machine looked up.
"He's gone across to the New York office," she said.
"Come on, Eldie!" And Blackie glanced at his watch. "You don't want to be too impulsive over this thing, you know. When we've seen the rest of New York's factories, we can come back to the Ulrik Manufacturing Company."
As they drove away, Mr. Doaken looked back again and again at the trim little plant of the Ulrik Poultry-Farm Supply Company.
"It's some shop," he commented.
"I should say it is," agreed Blackie. "The Ulrik Manufacturing Company!"
Mr. Doaken was full of the Ulrik Manufacturing Company. He was full of it all through dinner; he was full of it at the theater; he was full of it at supper, full of it when Blackie Daw, declining a drink at the last minute, left him at the door of the bar at the Hotel Edwin. Cutey from Cokeville was still full of his splendidly original scheme for getting all the profit out of his chicken-silo if it were a success, and having his money make him nine per cent. if it were not, when he entered the bar to make up for the drinks which had been unusually lacking that evening.
It was a dull place, this room, at twelve-thirty. Two of the guests were at a table in the corner, but at the bar, with his foot on the rail and a tall glass in front of him, was a short, chunky man who wore thick spectacles; and he was talking steadily to the bored bartender.
"Yes, sir; and the minute I find a spot-cash buyer, I'll sell my fifty-one per cent. in the Ulrik Manufacturing Company, and retire."
Eldred Doaken was no man to let the grass grow under his feet. He walked right up, in his breezy way.
"Mr. Ulrik, I believe."
The chunky gentleman turned and looked him up and down.
"No, sir."
"Excuse me," and Doaken looked pained. "Aren't you a member of the Ulrik Manufacturing Company?"
"I own fifty-one per cent. of the stock."
"How much do you want for it?"
"Are you in the market for it?" Crisp and curt, that question.
"Well, I might talk about it. How much do you want for it, Mr. —"
"Pollet; P. Pollet. What's your name?"
"Eldred Doaken, of Cokeville, Illinois. I can show all the credentials —"
"Not to-night, Mr. Doaken." And P. Pollet smiled. "I never talk business outside my place of business. If you wish to consider the purchase of my stock, come up to our new city offices to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. Here's the address." And he handed the eager stranger a neatly engraved card.
It was nine o'clock to the second when Mr. Doaken walked into the neatly furnished offices of the Ulrik Manufacturing Company, where four stenographers were batting out copies of form-letters at the rate of one a minute, and an office boy in brass buttons demanded the gentleman's business. He was compelled to wait, but at the end of five minutes he was ushered through the door marked,
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and was seated in a leather chair on a red carpet at the end of P. Pollet's vacant desk. In the room beyond, a violent altercation was going on—loud voices, a terrific quarrel—then P. Pollet slammed through and banged the door behind him. "Good-morning," he said curtly. "Well, Mr. Doaken, I've just had a final scrap with my partners and refused to sell them my stock. If you want it, talk quick!"

Mere minutes later, the inventor of the chicken-silo possessed fifty-one per cent. of the Ulrik Manufacturing Company, and P. Pollet had his check for fifty-one thousand dollars.

"Can I drop you at your hotel?" offered Mr. Pollet, jumping up the minute he had the check.

"Why, yes," hesitated Eldred, but he followed right on out. "I want to ask some questions about the factory—"

"Excuse me," Mr. Pollet looked at his watch, and stepped out of the elevator. "I'll join you down-stairs. The car's at the curb."

The owner of the majority stock in the Ulrik was at the curb safely enough when P. Pollet bustled down, and he was helped briskly into a limousine; then P. Pollet poked his head in at the door.

"Pardon me," he said, with polite crispness. "I must give my chauffeur some instructions. Hotel Edwin, isn't it?" He nodded brightly and closed the door, jumped up with the chauffeur, and away they whizzed to the Hotel Edwin.

"By the way," remembered Pollet, as Doaken stepped out, "I almost forgot to tell you. There's a stockholders' meeting in the office at eleven. So long!" And he shook hands hastily.

"Why, hello, Eldie!" Blackie Daw rushed out from the door of the Edwin, and, as Eldie turned, the limousine whizzed away. "Out so early in the morning?"

"I pinched it off," proclaimed the investor, looking regretfully after the disappearing car. "I'm the big noise of the Ulrik Manufacturing Company!"

"Impulsive party!" grinned Blackie. "Nevertheless, I see that here's where we celebrate."

"For about a minute." Eldred was quite businesslike this morning. "I'm going over and take charge of my factory."

"Fine! I'll drive you over." Daw said this as he led the way into the hotel, and his enthusiasm was still unabated when he gave the bartender an order for a drink which took a long time to prepare. "Now tell me all about it, Eldie, old pal."

"Well, it was a dark and stormy night," began Eldred, filled with jubilation, and he followed with all the details.

"Kick me!" invited Blackie, as they were walking out after a decent half-hour of it. "I forgot to order the car. Have the barkeep build another one while we wait."

That second one was insidious. It made time seem of smaller importance. It made a third one seem desirable, and businesslike briskness an inharmonious intrusion. It was nearing noon when they finally walked into the sunlight and blinked, and the blinds were going down in a wholesale house across the street.

"Saturday," remembered Blackie. "Too late, old pal! The factory will be closed. Tell you what we'll do: We'll get our other collar, take a week-end spin to Atlantic City, and be back, bright-eyed for business, Monday morning!"

Long ere this, P. Pollet had seen to the certification of that check, and was shooting it through the banks.

IV

YOUNG Jimmy Wallingford, busy with his share of a jumping cow which was to succeed the kicking mule, had been quiet for half an hour. Now he pushed it aside. "We should go to Lammett & Curser's," he announced.

"What for?" Toad paused for a moment in his hammering. "We got our twelve-fifty."

"Yes," admitted Jimmy. "But that wasn't Lammett & Curser's money. It was father's and uncle Blackie's, which they gave us because they hadn't time to bother with it just now." A curious light came into his eyes. "So that money was a gift, and Lammett & Curser still owe us twelve dollars and a half."

Toad dropped his hammer with a thud. "You bet they do! Let's go smack down and get it!"

Both boys raced for their caps and coats, and Jimmy went dutifully to his mother to report their absence.

"It isn't so much the twelve dollars and a half," explained the thoughtful Jimmy, as they hurried over to the station; "it's the principle of the thing."

"You bet it is!" stoutly vociferated Toad. "Anyhow, we can use that twelve-fifty."

Thus, each satisfied in his respective way, the boys presented themselves outside the dingy railing of the dingy Lammett & Curser office.

"What can we do for you, little boys?" asked Mr. Lammett, bending over them pleasantly. They wore good clothes.

"I'm James R. Wallingford," stated young Jimmy, in his clear and clean enunciation. "We patented a kicking mule, and you were to try to sell it for us and didn't. And you promised my father to give us back the twelve dollars and a half."

"And we want it!" finished Toad. "You're cheats!"

"Wait a minute; wait a minute!" Lammett's eyes had widened, and then they closed, and then they exchanged a long stare with Curser; then the partners ran over in the corner by the printing-machine and whispered. Then Lammett came back, smiling and nodding and rubbing his hands.

"You say you are James R. Wallingford, little boy?"

"Yes sir."

"And it was your own patent, the kicking mule?"

"You bet it was!" broke in Toad. "I helped, but it was Jimmy's scheme. So we took the patent out in his name; but I get half."

"Come right in, little boys!" The fat one was highly excited. The thin one was also highly excited as he hurried through the letter-files. "Sit right down at this desk. Now let me see how well you can sign your name."

Jimmy looked at the kindly-spoken Mr. Lammett for a minute; then, with a thoughtful hesitation, he wrote his name. It was jerked from under his hand almost before it was finished. Lammett ran over to the letter-files. The signature was the same as on the Wallingford letter in which

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the money had been enclosed! The part-
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to the desk.

"The gentleman who was in here was
your father?"

"Yes sir."

"And Daddy Blackie," added Toad.

"Oh!" Mr. Lammett and Mr. Curser
looked at each other a long, long time;
then they slowly smiled, an oily smile
and a dry smile. "So those two gentlemen
were together. Where is your father, little
boy?"

"I don't know where he is this morning.
But you can just pay me."

"And pay us quick!" urged Toad.

The partners trotted over to the corner
and whispered. Then said Lammett,
coming back to the desk and leaning over
Jimmy with his most kindly smile:

"You stay right here till I come back.
Maybe I'll find a customer for your patent.
Now don't go away, little boys; don't go
away. Curser, send Miss Rine out to buy
a nickel's worth of candy." With this,
Lammett hurried out to the Hotel Edwin.

Unusual as was the hour, Mr. Lammett
was fortunate enough to learn that Mr.
Doaken was in his room.

"Well?" came the gruff voice of Doaken
in response to the knock; then he opened
his door far enough to look out. "Well,
I'll be— What do you want!"

"I want to do you a favor, maybe,"
smiled Lammett, pushing into the room.

Doaken was partly dressed and strug-
gling with a collar. Dusty clothing lay
scattered where he had thrown it. Blackie,
in the slow run from Atlantic City, had
given him barely time to make his meeting.

"Look here, Lammett: If you're up here
on any cheap little graft, get out! I'm in
a hurry."

"Have you invested any money?"

The man from Cokeville stared.

"Why?"

"I knew it!" exclaimed Lammett. "Was
it with Mr. Wallingford or Mr. Daw?"

"No. What are you driving at?"

"Oh, you see, they saw you have the
money," smiled the patent-dealer, and
nodded many times. "Did you see them
since that day in my office?"

Eldred Doaken studied the man a
moment in silence. Eldred had recently
parted with fifty-one thousand dollars!

"I just got in from Atlantic City with
Daw."

"Then I believe something!" exulted
the caller. "What did you invest in?"

"The Ulrik Manufacturing Company."

"Telephone 'em and see if you did!
You see!" he shrilled. "There ain't any
Ulrik Manufacturing Company! There's
only a Ulrik Poultry-Farm Supply Com-
pany! Is that what it says on your
stock-certificate, or have you got a stock-
certificate?"

"Of course I have!" snapped Doaken.

"Do you suppose I'm a boob?"

"Not a boob," Lammett denied; "but
you never know who your partners are in
a stock company. And the smartest man
can get stung if he shows a roll of money."

"Lammett, we're going over to that
stockholders' meeting, and if you're right,
that bunch is in trouble"—his jaw muscles
were working—"and if you're wrong,
you're in trouble."

"Excuse me." And the fear was in eyes
and voice. "Now I got to telephone!"

The fat little (Continued on page 148)



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investigator came out of that long-distance conference triumphantly. There was no change in the stock-holders of the Ulrik Poultry-Farm Supply Company, none likely to be, and no stockholders' meeting for six months. It was he who led the way out of the room and who jabbed the down-button of the elevator, five, short, quick jabs. At the office door of the Ulrik Manufacturing Company, however, he dropped behind the towering majority stockholder, and he quaked when he heard that thunderous voice demanding,

"Where's P. Pollet?"

"Out," was the prompt report of the brass-buttoned office-boy.

"Where's that stockholders' meeting?"

"Why, good-morning, Mr. Doaken!"

The suavely genial voice of J. Rufus Wallingford, and he stood beaming in the door of P. Pollet's room. "What an unexpected pleasure!"

"What did I tell you? What did I tell you?" shrilled Mr. Lammett, poking Doaken agitatedly in the back.

"You grafters dig in a hurry!" yelled Doaken.

For just one instant, wax strove to replace blood in J. Rufus Wallingford's pink face as he realized Lammett. Then his broad chest expanded.

"Sir," said he, with round impressiveness. "I warn you to be careful of what you say. I have six witnesses to your libelous language. Now, what is the trouble?"

"You know well enough, you big —"

"Don't say it, mister; don't say it!"

A violent back-jabbing accompanied this. "Hit him, if you want to, it's only a fine; but libel is damages!"

"I asked you what was the matter," repeated Wallingford severely; and the sternness of his eye carried confusion to the mind of Doaken.

"I was faked into buying the majority of stock in the Ulrik Poultry-Farm Supply Company, and this is what I got!" He flourished a purple certificate, and cracked it open under Wallingford's nose.

"P. Pollet's stock!" exclaimed Mr. Wallingford, in vast surprise. "Do you mean to say that Mr. Pollet told you that this was the stock of any other company?"

"Well—" Doaken's memory did a backward leap.

"I do not believe it, sir!" stated Wallingford majestically. "I have quarreled with Mr. Pollet, but I have no reason to doubt his honor. I would guarantee, even in the face of your assertion to the contrary, Mr. Doaken, that he sold you this as the stock of the Ulrik Manufacturing Company. And why not?"

Mr. Lammett poked Doaken in the back and whispered in his ear.

"Where's your factory?" demanded the uncertain Eldred. "Where's your property? Where's your tangible assets?"

"We are a new company, Mr. Doaken," explained Wallingford, "chartered for the purpose of manufacturing miscellaneous small articles. If you will remember, I told you that I was in the organization of one. I also told you that it would not be what you wanted. Nevertheless, we are a company above reproach. We have, of course, no factory and no property as yet. But we have tangible assets in the shape of rights to the manufacture of miscellaneous small articles, including a patent—one of my own; and we have

a capitalization of one hundred thousand dollars, fully paid in." His broad chest expanded, and his round pink face beamed, while Mr. Doaken moistened his lips and seemed helpless; but Mr. Lammett leaned eagerly over the lad with the brass buttons.

"Little boy," he whispered, his eyes glistening, "where is the nearest telephone outside of this office?"

"Floor below, end of the hall."

"Come right in, Mr. Doaken!" invited Wallingford. Suavity in him, as he addressed the majority stockholder, but worry in him as he watched little Lammett shoot out of the door. How did Lammett get in, and why? "Come right in, and transfer your stock, inspect our books, and take part in the meeting."

He left the new member flat in P. Pollet's office and hurried back to the far end of the outer office, where he grabbed a 'phone, secured a number, and delivered a message of just two words:

"Hey—Rube!"

It was the old-time circus-lot slogan, the rallying cry for all the tent-men and wagon-men and animal-men to grab pegs and poles and beat up invading rowdies or protesting victims. J. Rufus was amply prepared for Doaken, but he needed an outpost for the unexpected Lammett.

"Time for the meeting," announced Wallingford, briskly and cheerfully on the exterior, as he breasted into P. Pollet's room. Doaken rose immediately, reassured by that confident bearing, those expensive clothes, and the snapping diamonds. After all, since the company was a hundred-thousand-dollar capitalization, fully paid in, and he had control, he could dissolve, if he liked, and take out the pro rata of his fifty-one per cent.—fifty-one thousand dollars!

"Gentlemen, our future president!" proclaimed Wallingford, as he threw open the door. Then the future president found himself in a small room where, round a plain table, sat five stockholders—a bald-headed one, a much bewhiskered one, a big one with a mustache which was straight on the right side and chewed to a tassel on the left, a pumpkin-faced man who looked like a truck-driver, and a flat-faced fellow with a dumb, glazed eye, whose name was Ulrik. They'd hunted through the city directory and all over Hoboken for an Ulrik who would do—on the level!

"A cabinetmaker, Mr. Doaken," explained Mr. Wallingford, as he introduced Mr. Ulrik. "He has a spice-box, a butter-mold, and a stirring-paddle, which he has been making in a small way, and which we propose to manufacture—consequently the name of the company. Mr. Doaken, this is Secretary Williams." The man with many whiskers. "Williams, transfer his stock on the books of the company. The meeting will now come to order."

He seemed in a great hurry as he picked up his gavel, a nice, heavy mallet of solid oak, and he raced Williams through the minutes of the previous meeting at top speed. He was perspiring when he rose for his specialty, an organization speech, but he was not pink until he was full three minutes on his way. A splendid company—the Ulrik Manufacturing Company—a fine young company with a great and glowing future before it! The money in its treasury was slight, it was true; but the organization had more than money—it had remarkably ingenious articles of manu-

facture; it had energy; it had hope! Perhaps—and here he smiled at the now troubled majority stockholder—perhaps their future president would add his chicken-silo to the list. Since he would be in absolute control of the company after this meeting, he would doubtless do so, and have things all to himself. Whereupon the chairman glared at Onion Jones, who had snickered but who now mopped his totally bald head round and round and conspicuously sneezed.

"Mr. Wallingford!" The boy of the buttons had entered hastily.

The chairman paled. He could tell from that boy's very buttons that something had happened. Lammett! He sighed. He had been proceeding excellently in the artistic work of breaking it to Doaken gently, so as to leave him standing alone on the pinnacle without a jolt—and without recourse.

"All right, Johnnie!" This to the boy. A bright idea had suddenly struck him. He leaned forward suavely. "You might as well get used to it, Doaken," he chuckled. "Take the chair, please. Treasurer's report is next in order."

The truck-driver and Big Jim Measen, the man with the semi-tasseled mustache, moved closer to the head of the table as the deeply doubtful Doaken took the chair, and W. O., or Onion, Jones, with a glance at the retreating Wallingford, produced the treasurer's report.

Lammett it was, waiting in P. Pollet's room, but he was not all! With him were Curser—and Master Toad Jessup and Master James R. Wallingford! And they were all happy.

"We come to sell you a patent," said Mr. Lammett, rubbing his hands and smiling oilyly.

"We just bought it from your son," expanded Curser, rubbing his hands and smiling dryly.

"For two hundred dollars!" chorused the boys. "Here's the money!" They each flourished a hundred dollars.

A quick step in the hall. Blackie Daw inside the door.

"Now, here it is, Mr. Wallingford," went on Lammett: "How much do you give us for this patent, or do we sell it to Mr. Doaken?"

"What's this game?" Blackie's fingers stretched out, and curved.

"Take the kids out, Blackie," ordered Wallingford huskily.

"Father!" Jimmy seemed in some anxiety to make matters perfectly clear. "We went down to see Lammett & Curser to get our twelve dollars and a half as a matter of principle."

"You were too busy, you know," began Toad, but a firm hand was on his collar; and he was outside the door. Jimmy had gone without that, taking his dignity with him. Between father and son, as he went, there was a curious glance.

"Now, Lammett!" Wallingford was trembling with anger.

"What can you do?" Lammett was behind Curser. "You stole your boy's patent—your own son, mind you!"

"You ain't got any patent to sell!" Curser—he was behind Lammett. "We bought it!"

"From a minor," corrected Wallingford. "It's no sale."

"You can't dispute it, because you'd lay your hand open!" Lammett tried to edge

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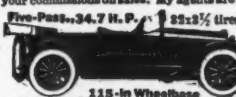
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behind Curser, but the wall was there. "You can give us ten thousand dollars; or we take it to Mr. Doaken!"

"Where is he?" The door burst open, and out came Eldred, wild-eyed and purple of face, with the entire stockholders' meeting in hot pursuit. He'd have had Wallingford in one more jump but that Blackie Daw, springing through the opposite door, shot himself head first, silk hat and all, into the pit of Doaken's stomach. Eldred was already kinked for the purpose when Tim Measen and the truck-driver sat him in a chair and piled Onion Jones and Chinchilla Williams on top of him.

"I'll have the law on the crowd of you!" yelled Doaken. "You're a set of rotten fakers! Take it down in a book—I don't care!" He made a strenuous effort to rise, but that ended in a grunt as he received the full weight of Big Tim. "Forty thousand dollars for your kicking mule! Ten thousand for Ulrik's junk! Forty for promotion stock! There's only ten thousand dollars in the treasury, and I paid fifty-one thousand for fifty-one per cent. of it!"

"If I die for it, I speak!" suddenly shrilled Lammett, with Curser patting him encouragingly on the back. "He didn't have any kicking-mule patent to sell, Mr. Doaken. It's his little son's. We bought it. We——"

No more from Mr. Lammett. He slid out into the hall as if he were on skates, propelled by the power of a long, lean arm. Curser did the grape-vine when he skated.

There was a mighty lurch in the chair, and Doaken succeeded in getting to his feet.

"Then I have got you!" Before he could get any further, he was reinked and replaced.

"Tie him!" panted Wallingford from behind P. Pollet's desk, as much out of breath as if he had been undergoing the exertion. "Now, Doaken, if you'll gag yourself until I get through talking, you'll find you've nothing to strain your throat about. The Ulrik Manufacturing Company is a properly organized concern into which you were never invited. Every transaction on its books and in its minutes is clear and correct, and shows the proper purchase of patents and the proper setting-apart of promotion-stock. As for my own patent, I have a right to its sale, being the natural guardian of my minor son. If you find one place to make anybody any legal trouble, I'll present you with a free ticket back to Cokeville."

Doaken stared at him in stupefaction; then his eye chanced to light on Blackie.

"You're in this!" he flared. "You're a friend of Wallingford's!"

"I never said I wasn't, Eldie, my boy; but what about it?"

"He's your friend, too, it seems," charged Wallingford. "Did Daw ask you to butt into this company?"

"Never even mentioned it to him," spoke up Mr. Daw. "Did I, Eldie?"

"Did he urge you to buy stock in the company into which you say you thought you had bought?"

Doaken was silent and blinking.

"Tell me this," he suddenly yelled: "What was Pollet doing out at the Ulrik Poultry-Farm Supply Company, acting like the president?"

"Was he?" Mr. Wallingford, in shocked surprise, looked around at his

fellow stockholders, and his broad chest swelled with indignation. "I do not believe that possible of Mr. Pollet."

"I think he was out there, Mr. Wallingford," speculated the bewhiskered man—Secretary Williams. "It was that hot day last week. He said he was going to buy some incubators for a friend out West, and he picked the Ulrik Company from the telephone directory because of a friendly feeling for the name."

"But that was before the scrap," laughed Big Tim Measen, chewing the tasseled end of his mustache.

"That explains it!" The dignified J. Rufus glared at the slick man from Cokeville with severity. "You were probably so eager to secure control of a going concern and manufacture your chicken-silos with no risk to yourself but with all the profit that you failed to investigate. You owe this concern an apology, sir. Do you dare look me in the eye and tell me you know, and can prove, that anyone here, or even Mr. Pollet, deliberately stung you?"

"Tell it to him!" shrilled a voice from outside the keyhole; but no one paid any attention.

Mr. Doaken, looking into the practised eye of Mr. Wallingford, beat back his impulse of rage, for he knew this to be a serious moment, with seven witnesses to swear to what he said. After all, what had happened? Wallingford, meeting him by accident, and chatting with him for scarcely an hour, had recommended that he buy control of a live manufacturing concern. Good advice! Wallingford had said that he was going into a newly organized manufacturing company himself. Then Wallingford had gone away and had never come back. Blackie Daw now seemed to be a friend of Wallingford's. He had never said he wasn't. What share had Blackie Daw in the game? He had played billiards, gone to the theater, lunched, and dined with Eldred, and had never talked business. It had been Eldred's own suggestion, while they were motoring, to look at factories. Eldred himself had asked to stop as they passed the Ulrik. P. Pollet had been out there, selecting incubators. It was a hot day, and Pollet had taken off his coat and hat. Had anybody suggested that Pollet was Ulrik or any member of that firm? No; Pollet hadn't misrepresented anything that night at the bar, as Eldred went back over the conversation. He had said distinctly, "Ulrik Manufacturing Company." He was quarreling with his partners and wanted to sell out his par value, fully paid-in stock. Had anything been misrepresented in the office of the company? Nothing. The company was there, and the stock was there, and it had transpired that this was the company into which Wallingford had bought. A remarkable series of coincidences. Remarkable! These had stung Eldred? No; Eldred had stung himself! In trying to secure control of a going concern and contracting crookedly for his own patent, he had been so eager that he had taken surface for bottom, and had failed to investigate properly—he, the smartest guy in Cokeville!

"I asked you a question, Doaken," observed Mr. Wallingford, now quite calm. "Can you look me in the eye and say that

you know, or can prove, that any one of us, or even Mr. Pollet, deliberately stung you?"

"No," gulped Eldred, and the sitters removed themselves from him. He rose and shook himself, and smoothed his coat, and stamped his feet to shake his trousers-legs down. "Gentlemen," said he, "it's the first time I was ever a boob, and I won't stand for it! I'm going back in and call that meeting and elect myself president, general manager, and most of the works; and I'm going to manufacture chicken-silos, kicking mules, butter-molds, or any other small articles which will get back the money I got too easy!"

Blackie shook hands heartily.

"Eldie, old pal," he grinned, "I feel that this has made a man of you!"

The flat-faced carpenter in the doorway came forward, asking,

"What's your chicken-silo like?"

In a minute more, he was being shown the patent-office drawings and specifications, and the chicken-silo's ease of manufacture, its practical operation, and its marketable value. It was an affecting tableau to the group in the window, and the reformation of Eldred Doaken filled them all with virtuous satisfaction.

"How'll we get rid of our stock when this meeting's over?" whispered Onion Jones, mopping his head.

"Bunch it, and split it fifty-fifty between the carpenter and the boob," decided Wallingford.

And that was what they did.

"How much do we clear?" asked Blackie, as they went down the hall, alone.

"Let's see," sighed Wallingford wearily. "Five thousand for Paul, a thousand apiece for Onion, Tim, and Chinchilla, and a hundred for Mickey O'Rafferty. That's eight thousand one hundred. Count nine hundred more for expenses and ten thousand for the cash in the treasury. Deduct that from Paul's fifty-one-thousand-dollar check—thirty-two thousand clear, Blackie. But, believe this: Never again will I hold a stockholders' meeting to smooth away all the legal come-backs—after we have the money in our jeans."

"Mr. Wallingford! Mr. Wallingford!" shrilled a voice. Lammett, waiting round the corner of the elevator, with Curser behind him.

"What do you want?"

"Our two hundred dollars! We——"

"I'll give you thirty seconds start!" interrupted Mr. Daw, jerking down his left-hand cuff.

They took one look at the fiercely up-turned mustache and the gleaming white teeth and the wicked eyes of Mr. Daw; then they wedged at the newel-post for an instant. The fat partner was the first to reach the landing below, but the thin partner beat him to the next one.

"Thirty-two thousand," speculated Blackie, as he rang for the elevator. "We're eight thousand shy, Jim. We sold the kicking mule for forty thousand, and it goes into a trust fund for the kids."

Wallingford considered for a moment, with a serious memory of the light in young Jimmy's eyes; then he began to chuckle, his broad shoulders heaving and his big round face turning pink.

"We'll have to make it up. It's a matter of principle."

The next Wallingford story will appear in *April Cosmopolitan*.

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